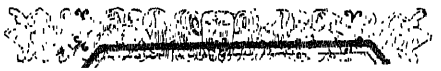
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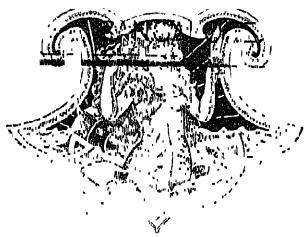
PHILIP MASSINGER

From the frontispiece to his Plays

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PHILIP MASSINGER

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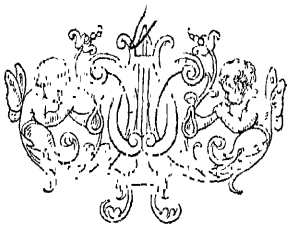


"I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine."—*Beaumont.*

I.

UNEXPURGATED EDITION.

LONDON:
VIZETELLY & CO., 42, *CATHERINE ST.*, *STRAND.*
1887.



"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

"Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

Keats.

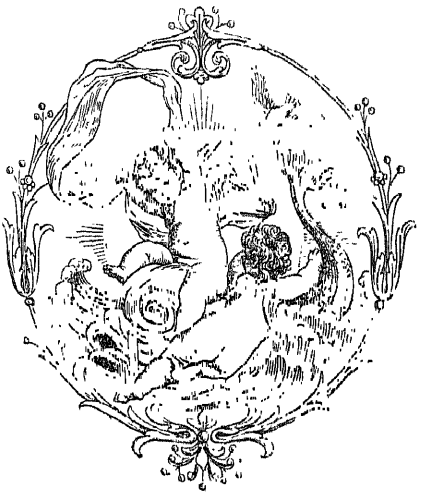
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PHILIP MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born at Salisbury, and was baptized at St. Thomas's on the 24th November, 1583; he died at London, in his house on the Bankside, and was buried in St. Saviour's on the 18th March, 1638. His father, Arthur Massinger, was a retainer of the Herbert family, in whose service, we learn from the dedication of *The Bondman*, he "happily spent many years, and died a servant to it." The exact significance of the word "servant," used many times in reference to Arthur Massinger's position, is not quite clear; it certainly represents an honourable form of service. Evidence of the respect in which the elder Massinger was held may be found in the letters and despatches of Henry, Earl of Pembroke. One of these, addressed to Lord Burghley, recommends him for the reversion of the office of Examiner in the Court of the Marches of Wales; another refers to him as negotiator in a treaty of marriage between the Pembroke and Burghley families; yet another describes him

as the bearer of letters from Pembroke to the queen. It has been conjectured that Philip Massinger may himself have been page to the Countess of Pembroke at Wilton, and imaginative historians are pleased to fancy Sir Philip Sidney as his possible godfather. Life at the most cultured and refined house in England, if such favour was indeed granted him, would acquaint the future painter of courtly manners with the minutest details of his subject; and in some of the men and women who met at Wilton he would see the ideal of manly chivalry, and a higher than the ideal of womanly virtue, to which his writings were to bear witness.

The first authentic account of Massinger, after the register of his baptism, is the entry of "Phillippus Massinger, Sarisburiensis, generosi filius, nat. an. 18" (Philip Massinger, of Salisbury, the son of a gentleman, age 18) as a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, May 14th, 1602. Wood states that "he gave his mind more to poetry and romances for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronized to that end" by the Earl of Pembroke. Langbaine, on the other hand, asserts that he closely pursued his studies for three or four years, and that he was supported solely by his father. It is difficult for a reader of Massinger to help believing that logic and philosophy alternated pretty evenly with poetry and romances. Massinger's Latin, by no means despicable, though it has a tendency to concentrate itself in the very serviceable phrase *Nil ultra*, scarcely suggests the temper of a scholar; but

that passionate fondness for argument, and intense devotion to principles in the abstract, visible in every page of his works, would consort very ill with the character of the heedless loiterer on learning indicated to us by Wood. In 1606 he quitted the University, abruptly, and without taking a degree. About the same time occurred (it is believed) the death of his father; it has been suggested, on the one hand, that he was by this circumstance deprived of his support (supposing it to have been provided by his father); on the other, somewhat fancifully, that "his father's death bereft him of the heart and hope of his academical studies." But if we believe Wood's account, his exhibition was from the Earl of Pembroke. The old earl Henry, Arthur Massinger's patron, had died on January 19, 1601. Philip Massinger, therefore, who went to Oxford more than a year after Earl Henry's death, would owe his support to William (the supposed "Mr. W. H." of Shakespeare's Sonnets), eldest son and successor of the old earl.[1] Why should this support be suddenly and finally withdrawn? Earl William, we are told by Clarendon, was "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age . . . of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition generous and munificent ready to promote the pretences of the worthy." Why then should he have ceased to promote the "pretences" of such a man as Philip Massinger,

[1] The Countess of Pembroke, though living at the time, had been left by her husband so badly provided for, that any assistance from her would be quite out of the question.

the son of one of his father's most trusted retainers? It is conjectured by Gifford that Massinger, "during his residence in the University, had exchanged the religion of his father for one at that time the object of terror, persecution, and hatred," and had by becoming a Roman Catholic alienated the sympathies of the Earl of Pembroke, who is known to have professed a zealous and patriotic Protestantism. "He was a great lover of his country," says Clarendon, "and of the religion and justice which he believed could only support it; *and his friendships were only with men of these principles.*" In support of his hypothesis Gifford points particularly to *The Virgin Martyr*, *The Renegado* and *The Maid of Honour*. I cannot think the evidence of these plays conclusive; but, such as it is, it certainly goes a long way in favour of the supposition. Besides the ecclesiastical legends, the curious conversions of *The Virgin Martyr*, the implied belief in baptismal regeneration, and the wonder-working Jesuit of *The Renegado*, Massinger's view of life and tone of moralising, not in these plays alone, are far removed from the Puritan standpoint, while distinctly and indeed assertively religious. The Roman Catholic religion, with its tendency to the overwrought and the popularly impressive, would naturally have considerable attraction for a man of Massinger's temperament; and he would certainly have every opportunity of association with it in a University of such Catholic and conservative principles as Oxford.

After leaving the University in 1606, Massinger appears to have gone to London, where, according to Antony Wood, "being sufficiently famed for several specimens of wit, he betook himself to writing plays." The English drama was now at its height; Shakespeare was producing his latest and greatest tragic masterpieces; Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Middleton, and perhaps Marston, were at their best; Webster was nearing his artistic maturity, and Tourneur flaming out in his sudden phase of short-lived brilliance; Beaumont and Fletcher were about to begin their career. When and how Massinger commenced to write we are not aware: probably, like most playwrights of the time, he began with adaptation. The first mention of his name as a dramatist occurs in the year 1621, when his comedy *The Woman's Plot* (the play known to us under the name of *A Very Woman*) was performed at court. During this period of fifteen years he probably produced seven plays, now lost to us through Mr. Warburton's insatiable cook;[1] several others in collaboration with Fletcher;[2] and *The Virgin Martyr*, *The Fatal*

[1] The plays in Warburton's possession, burnt leaf by leaf by his cook as covers for pie-crust, were the following:—*Minerva's Sacrifice, or, the Forced Lady* (tragedy); *The Noble Choice, or, The Orator* (comedy); *The Wandering Lovers, or, The Painter* (comedy, by Massinger and Fletcher); *Philenzo and Hippolita* (tragi-comedy, altered by Massinger); *Antonio and Vallia* (comedy, altered by Massinger); *The Tyrant* (tragedy); and *Fast and Welcome* (comedy).

[2] The plays written by Massinger and Fletcher together (mostly near about this period) are probably not less than thirteen or fourteen.

Dowry, *The Unnatural Combat* and *The Duke of Milan*. It may be doubted whether Massinger was ever sufficiently popular to make a very good living out of his profession of playwright. We have evidence, in the pitiful document discovered by Malone in the archives of Dulwich College, that in the early part of his career he was reduced to beg urgently for an immediate loan of £5. The document is undated; but it is assigned by Mr. Collier to 1624 or the previous year.

After this melancholy flash of light into the darkness of his career, we learn nothing more of Massinger's personal history up to the time of his death, with the exception of the dates of the licensing of his plays, a few allusions to them, and an inference or two which may be drawn from their dedications. It is interesting to know that Henrietta Maria paid Massinger the unusual compliment of attending the performance of his lost tragedy *Cleander* (produced May 7th, 1634); and that another play now lost, *The King and the Subject*, having been referred by the Master of the Revels to the decision of Charles, the king gave judgment in its favour, contenting himself with striking out a single passage touching too closely on the burning question of Ship-Money, with the words, "This is too insolent, and to be changed."

On the morning of the 17th of March, 1638, Massinger, who had gone to bed on the previous night in apparent health, was found dead in his house on the Bankside. He was buried in St. Saviour's,

Southwark; the entry of his interment reads:—

"1638. March 18th. Philip Massinger, stranger, in the church . . 2 li."

The word "stranger," pathetic as it now sounds, meant nothing more than non-parishioner; and it has been supposed that this fact accounts for the unusual amount of the charge, £2, or double that entered twelve years earlier in the register of the same church for "John Fletcher, a poet." It is said by Sir Aston Cockayne, in his *Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Philip Massinger*, that Massinger and Fletcher, friends and comrades in life, were buried in the same grave.

When Massinger came to London, the English drama, as I have said, was at its height. But before he had begun any dramatic work of importance the turning-point had been reached, and the period of descent or degeneration begun. Elizabethan had given place to Stuart England, and with the dynasty the whole spirit of the nation was changing. Fletcher and Massinger together represent this period: Fletcher by painting with dashing brilliance the light bright showy superficial aristocratic life of wild and graceful wantonness; Massinger by limning with a graver and a firmer brush, in darker tints and more thoughtful outlines, the shadier side of the same impressive and unsatisfactory existence. The indications of lessening vitality and strength, of departing simplicity, of growing extravagance and affectation which mark the period of transition, reappear in the drama of Massinger, as in that of Shirley, and

sever it, by a wide and visible gulf, from the drama which we properly name Elizabethan. Massinger is the late twilight of the long and splendid day of which Marlowe was the dawn.

The characteristics of any poet's genius are seen clearly in his versification. Massinger's verse is facile, vigorous, grave, in the main correct; but without delicacy or rarity, without splendour or strength of melody; the verse of a man who can write easily, and who is not always too careful to remember that he is writing poetry. Owing no doubt partly to the facility with which he wrote, Massinger often has imperfectly accentuated lines, such as :—

"They did expect to be chain'd to the oar."

Coleridge has remarked on the very slight degree in which Massinger's verse is distinguished from prose; and no one can read a page of any of his plays without being struck with it. It is not merely that a large proportion of the lines run on and overlap their neighbours; this is only the visible sign of a radical peculiarity. The *pitch* of Massinger's verse is somewhat lower than the proper pitch of poetry; somewhat too near the common pitch of prose. Shakespeare, indeed, in his latest period extended the rhythm of verse to its loosest and freest limits; but not merely did he never pass beyond the invisible and unmistakeable boundary, he retained the true intonation of poetry as completely as in his straitest periods of metrical restraint.

Massinger set himself to follow in the steps

of Shakespeare; and he succeeded in catching with admirable skill much of the easy flow and conversational facility at which he aimed. "His English style," says Lamb, "is the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions, of any of the dramatists who were his contemporaries." But this "pure and free" style obtains its freedom and purity at a heavy cost: or let us say rather, the style possesses a certain degree of these two qualities because of the absence of certain others. Shakespeare's freest verse is the most full of episodical beauties and magical lines. But it is a singular thing that in the whole of Massinger's extant works there are scarcely a dozen lines of such intrinsic and unmistakeable beauty that we are forced to pause and brood on them with the true epicure's relish. It is singular, I repeat—especially singular in a writer distinguished not only by fluency but by dignity and true eloquence—that so few, so very few, of his lines can stand by themselves, on their own merits. It would be useless to look in the Massinger part of *The Virgin Martyr* for any lines like these—

> "I could weary stars,
> And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
> By my late watching."

It would be equally useless to search from end to end of his plays. Easy flowing lines, vigorous lines, eloquent and persuasive lines, we could find in plenty; but nowhere a line in which colour and music make a magical delight of golden concords. Not quite so difficult, but still very hard indeed,

would it be to find any single lines of that rare and weighty sort which may be said to resemble the jar in the *Arabian Nights* into which Solomon had packed the genie. Had Massinger wished to represent Vittoria Accoramboni before her judges, he would have written for her a thoroughly eloquent, admirable and telling oration; but he could never have fashioned her speech into the biting dagger with which Webster drives home the splendid blows of her imperial scorn. That one line of infinite meaning—

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young"—

spoken by Ferdinand in *The Duchess of Malfy* over the corpse of his murdered sister, has no parallel in Massinger, who would probably have begun a long and elaborate piece of rhetoric with—

"Stay, I feel
A sudden alteration."

If we carry these considerations further, we shall see that the mental characteristics of Massinger correspond with the evidences of them in his versification. The ease and facility shown in the handling of metre are manifested equally in the plot and conduct of the plays. Massinger thoroughly understood the art of the playwright. No one perhaps, after Shakespeare, proved himself so constantly capable of constructing an orderly play and working it steadily out. His openings are as a rule admirable; thoroughly effective, explanatory and preparatory. How well, for

instance, the first scene of *The Duke of Milan* prepares us, by a certain uneasiness or anxiety in its trembling pitch of happiness, for the events which are to follow. It is not always possible to say as much for his conclusions. Ingenuity, certainly, and considerable constructive skill, are usually manifested more or less; and in not a few instances (as in that delightful play *The Great Duke of Florence*, or in *Believe as You List*, a very powerful work) the conclusion is altogether right and satisfying. But in many instances Massinger's very endeavour to wind off his play in the neatest manner, without any tangles or frayed edges, spoils the proper artistic effect. His persistent aversion to a tragic end, even where a virtual tragedy demands it; his invincible determination to make things come to a fortunate conclusion, even if the action has to be huddled up or squashed together in consequence; in a word, his concession to the popular taste, no matter at what cost, not unfrequently distorts the conclusion of plays up to this point well conducted.

Massinger's treatment of character follows in some respects, while it seems in others to contradict, his treatment of versification and of construction. Where Massinger most conclusively fails is in a right understanding and a right representation of human nature; in the power to conceive passion and bring its speech and action vividly and accurately before us. His theory of human nature is apparently that of the puppet-player: he is aware of violent but not of

consistent action, of change but not of development. No dramatist talks so much of virtue and vice, but he has no conception of either except in the abstract; and he sees nothing strange that a virtuous woman should on a sudden cry out—

"Chastity,
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee!"

or that a fanatical Mohammedan should embrace Christianity on being told that the Prophet was a juggler, and taught birds to feed in his ear. His motto might be—

"We are all the balls of time, tossed to and fro;"

for his conception of life is that of a game of wild and inconsequent haphazard. It is true that he rewards his good people and punishes the bad with the most scrupulous care; but the good or bad person at the end of a play is not always the good or bad person of the beginning. Massinger's outlook is by no means vague or sceptical on religion[1] or on morals; he is moralist before all things, and the copy-book tags neatly pinned on to the conclusion of each play are only a somewhat clumsy exhibition of a real conviction and conscientiousness. But his morality is nerveless, and aimless in its general effect; or it translates itself, oddly enough, into a co-partner of confusion, a disturbing and distracting element of mischief.

Notwithstanding all we may say of Massinger's

[1] *The Renegado* is a treatise on Christian evidence, *The Virgin-Martyr* a chronicle of Christian martyrdom, *The Maid of Honour* concludes with a taking of the veil.

facility, it is evident that we have in him no mere improvisator, or contentedly hasty and superficial person. He was an earnest thinker, a thoughtful politician, a careful observer of the manners and men of his time, and, to the extent of his capacity, an eager student of human nature; but, for all that, his position is that of a foreigner travelling through a country of whose language he knows but a few words or sentences. He observes with keenness, he infers with acumen; but when he proceeds to take the last step—the final touch which transmutes recorded observation into vital fact—he finds (or, at least, we find) that his strength is exhausted, his limit reached. He observes, for instance, that the characters and motives of men are in general mixed; and especially, and in a special degree, those of men of a certain class, and in certain positions. But when we look at the personages whom he presents before us as mixed characters, we perceive that they are not so in themselves, but are mixed in the making. "We do not forbid an artist in fiction," says Mr. Swinburne in speaking of Charles Reade, "to set before us strange instances of inconsistency and eccentricity in conduct; but we do require of the artist that he should make us feel such aberrations to be as clearly inevitable as they are confessedly exceptional." Now this is just what Massinger does not do; it is just here that he comes short of success as a dramatic artist. In Calderon's figure, we see his men dancing to the rhythm of a music which we cannot hear: nothing is visible to us but

the grotesque contortions and fantastic motions of the dancer.

Where Massinger fails is in the power of identifying himself with his characters, at least in their moments of profound passion or strenuous action. At his best (or almost his best, for of course there are exceptions) he succeeds on the one hand in representing the gentler and secondary passions and emotions; on the other, in describing the action of the primary passions very accurately and admirably, but, as it were, in the third person, and from the outside. As Mr. Leslie Stephen says with reference to a fine speech of Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, "Read 'he' for 'I,' and 'his' for 'my,' and it is an admirable bit of denunciation of a character probably intended as a copy from real life."[1] His characters seldom quite speak out; they have almost always about them a sort of rhetorical self-consciousness. The language of pure passion is unknown to them; they can only strive to counterfeit its dialect. In handling a situation of tragic passion, in developing a character subject to the shocks of an antagonistic Fate, Massinger manifests a singular lack of vital force, a singular failure in the realising imagination. He mistakes extravagance for strength, eloquence for conviction, feverishness for vitality. Take, for instance, the jealousy of Theodosius in *The Emperor of the East*. His conduct and language are altogether unreasoning and unreasonable, the extravagances of a weak and unballasted nature,

[1] *Hours in a Library: Massinger.*

depicted by one who can only thus conceive of strong passions. His sudden and overmastering jealousy at sight of the apple given by Eudocia to Paulinus is without probability; and Eudocia's lie when charged with it is without reason. It is almost too cruel in this connection to think of Desdemona's handkerchief; of the admirable and inevitable logic of the means by which Othello's mind is not so much imbued with suspicion as convinced. "All this pother for an apple!" as some sensible person in the play observes. Again, in *The Fatal Dowry*, compare for a moment Malefort's careful bombast, which leaves us cold and incredulous before an impossible and uninteresting monster of wickedness, with the biting and flaming words of Francesco Cenci, before which we shudder as at the fiery breath of the pit. Almost all Massinger's villains, notwithstanding the fearful language which they are in the habit of employing, fail to convince us of their particular wickedness; most of his tried and triumphant heroes fail to convince us of their vitality of virtue. Massinger's conception of evil is surprisingly naïve: he is frightened, completely taken in, by the big words and blustering looks of these bold bad men. He paints them with an inky brush, he tells us how bad, how very bad they are, and he sets them denouncing themselves and their wickedness with a beautiful tenderness of conscience. The blackness of evil and the contrasted whiteness of virtue are alike lost on us, and the good moral with them; for we are unable to believe in the existence of any such

beings. It is the same with those exhibitions of tempted virtue of which Massinger is so fond. I do not allude at present to cases of actual martyrdom or persecution, such as those of Dorothea or Antiochus; but to situations of a more complex nature, such as that of Mathias with Honoria, or Bertoldo with Aurelia, in which we are expected to behold the conflict in the soul of virtue enthroned and vice assailant. The fault is that of inadequate realisation of the true bearing of the situation; inadequate representation of the conflict which is very properly assumed to be going on. Massinger is like a man who knows that the dial-hand of the clock will describe a certain circle, passing from point to point of significant figures; but instead of winding up the clock, and setting it going of itself, he can only move round the hand on the outside. To use another figure, his characters oscillate rather than advance, their conversions are without saving effect on their souls, their falls have no damnation. They are alike outside themselves, and they talk of "my lust," "my virtue," as of detached and portable conveniences.

When we drop to a lower level than that of pure tragedy, when we turn to characters who are grave or mild or melancholy or unfortunate rather than passionate, intense and flexible, we find that Massinger is more in his element. "Grave and great-hearted," as Mr. Swinburne styles him, he could bring before us with sympathetic skill, characters whose predominant bent is towards a melancholy and great-hearted gravity, a calm and

eloquent dignity, a self-sacrificing nobility of service, or lofty endurance of inevitable wrong. Massinger's favourite play was *The Roman Actor:* "I ever held it," he says in his dedication, "the most perfect birth of my Minerva." It is impossible to say quite that; but it is certainly representative of some among the noble qualities of its writer, while it shows very clearly the defects of these qualities. What it represents is scarcely human nature; but actions and single passions writ large for the halls of kings. A certain cold loftiness, stately indeed, but not attained without some freezing of vital heat, informs it. Paris, the actor, is rather a grave and stately shadow than a breathing man; but the idealisation is nobly conceived; and both actor and tyrant, Paris and Domitian, are in their way impressive figures made manifest, not concealed, in rhetorical prolusions really appropriate to their time and character. Another classical play, the less-known *Believe as You List*, contains a figure in which I think we have the very best work of which Massinger was capable. The character of the deposed and exiled King Antiochus has a true heroism and kingliness about it; his language, a passionate and haughty dignity at times almost Marlowesque. The quiet constancy and undaunted and uncomplaining endurance of the utmost ills of Fate, which mark the character and the utterance of the Asian Emperor, raise the poetry of the play to a height but seldom attained by the pedestrian Pegasus of Massinger. As Antiochus is the most

impressive of his heroes, so Flaminius is one of the most really human and consistent of his villains. The end of the play is natural, powerful and significant beyond that of any other; so natural, powerful and significant, that we may feel quite sure it was received with doubtful satisfaction by the audience above whose head and against whose taste the poet had for once elected to write.

In one or two striking portraits (those for example of the ironical old courtier Eubulus in *The Picture*, the old soldier Archidamus in *The Bondman*, or the faithful friend Romont in *The Fatal Dowry*), Massinger has shown his appreciation of honest worth and sober fidelity, qualities not of a showy kind, the recognition and representation of which do him honour. In *The Bashful Lover* and *The Maid of Honour* he has represented with special sympathy two phases of reverential and modest love. Hortensio, of the former, is a sort of pale Quixote; a knight-errant a little cracked or crazed; very sincere, and a trifle given to uttering vague and useless professions of hyperbolical humility and devotion. There is a certain febrile nobleness, a showy chivalry, about him; but we are conscious of something "got-up" and over-conscious in the exhibition. Adorni, the rejected lover in *The Maid of Honour*, is a truly noble and pathetic figure; altogether without the specious eloquence and petted despair of Hortensio, but thoroughly human and rationally self-sacrificing. His duet with Camiola at the close of the third act is one of

the very finest scenes in Massinger's works—that passage, I mean, where the woman he loves despatches him to the rescue of the man on whom her own heart is set. "You will do this?" she says; and he answers, "Faithfully, madam"—and then to himself aside, "but not live long after." A touch of this sort is sufficiently rare in Massinger.

While I am speaking of *The Maid of Honour*, I may take the opportunity of referring to the character of Camiola herself,—incomparably the finest portrait of a woman ever achieved by the poet. Camiola—"that small but ravishing substance," as, with a rare and infrequent touch of delicate characterization, she is somewhere called,—is, notwithstanding a few flaws in her delineation, a thoroughly delightful and admirable creature; full of bright strength and noble constancy, of womanly heart and right manly spirit and wit. Her bearing in the scene, to a part of which I just alluded, is admirable throughout; not admirable alone, but exquisite, are her quick "Never think more then" to the servant; her outcry about the "petty sum" of the ransom; and especially the words of "perfect moan" which fall from her when she learns the hopeless estate of her lover, imprisoned by his enemy, abandoned by his King:—

> "Possible! pray you, stand off.
> If I do not mutter treason to myself,
> My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;
> He is my King. The news you have delivered
> Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute
> When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
> Nay, pray you, no more compliments."

When she learns of the treachery of the lover for whom she has done so much, her wondering sorrowful "O Bertoldo!" is worth a world of rhetoric. It is she who utters the most famous phrase in Massinger, the fearless indictment of the court doctrine of the divinity of kings. "With your leave," she says to the King of Sicily,—

> "With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
> While I reply to this: but thus rise up
> In my defence, and tell you, as a man,
> (*Since, when you are unjust, the deity,*
> *Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you*)
> 'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
> That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
> To love their sovereign's vices."

Her speech in answer to Bertoldo's hollow protestations of penitence,—the "Pray you, rise"—is full of exquisite genius and subtle beauty of spirit.

Unfortunately all Massinger's women are not of the stamp of Camiola. Lidia, indeed, in *The Great Duke of Florence*, is a good sweet modest girl; Cleora in *The Bondman* would like to be so; Bellisant in *The Parliament of Love* is a brilliant dashing creature; Margaret in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* is an emphatically nice shrewd pleasant woman; and Matilda in *The Bashful Lover* a commonplace decent young person, without a thread or shade of distinction. But Massinger's general conception of women, and the greater number of his portraits of them, are alike debased and detestable. His bad women are incredible monsters of preposterous vice; his good

women are brittle and tainted. They breathe the air of courts, and the air is poisoned. Themselves the vilest, they walk through a violent and unnaturally vicious world of depraved imagination, greedy of pleasure and rhetorical of desire. They are shamefacedly shameless; offensive and without passion; importunate and insatiable Potiphar's wives. "Pleasure's their heaven," affirms somebody; and their pleasure is without bit or bridle, without rule or direction. Massinger's favourite situation is that of a queen or princess violently and heedlessly enamoured of a man—apparently a common man, though he generally turns out to be a duke in disguise—whom she has never seen five minutes before. Over and over again is this wretched farce gone through; always without passion, sincerity or strength; always flatly, coldly, ridiculously. I am afraid Massinger thought his Donusas, Coriscas, Domitias, Aurelias, Honorias and Beaumelles brilliant and fascinating flowers of evil, sisters of Cleopatra and Semiramis, magnificently wicked women. In reality they never attain to the level of a Delilah. They are vulgar-minded to the core; weak and without stability; mere animals if they are not mere puppets. The stain of sensuality or the smutch of vulgarity is upon even the virtuous. Marcelia, in *The Duke of Milan*, supposedly a woman of spotless virtue, utters language full of covert licence; for Massinger seems to see virtue in women mainly as a sort of conscious and painful restraint. Eudocia, in *The Emperor of the East*, an injured innocent wife,

betrays an unconscious vulgarity of mind which is enough to withdraw our sympathy from a fairly well-deserving object. The curious thing is, not so much that the same pen could draw Camiola and Corisca, but that the same pen could draw Camiola and Marcelia.

Massinger's main field is the Romantic Drama. He attempted, indeed, Tragedy, Comedy and History; but both tragedy and history assume in his hands a romantic cast, while his two great comedies verge constantly upon tragedy. Of his two most distinct and most distinguished tragedies, *The Duke of Milan* and *The Fatal Dowry*, the former is a powerful and impressive work, rising in parts to his highest level; the latter, despite its conventional reputation, which it owes partly to Rowe's effective plagiarisation in *The Fair Penitent*, an inadequate and unsatisfactory production. Two or three passages[1] in the latter part of *The Fatal Dowry* have the true accent of nature; but even these are marred by the base alloy with which they are mingled. But *The Duke of Milan*, despite much that is inadequate and even absurd in its handling, rises again and again to something of passion and of insight. The character and the circumstances of Sforza have been often compared with those of Othello: they are still more similar, I should venture to think, to those of Griffith Gaunt; and

[1] Found chiefly in the last scene of the fourth act; from "If this be to me, rise," to "That to be merciful should be a sin," and again in the few words following on the death of Beaumelle; with a passage or two in the fifth act.

they have the damning fault of the latter in that the jealousy and its consequences are not made to seem quite inevitable. Sforza is an example, albeit perhaps the most favourable one, of that inconsequential oscillation of nature to which I have already referred as characteristic of most of Massinger's prominent characters. But his capacity for sudden and extreme changes of disposition, and his violent and unhinged passion, are represented with more dramatic power, with more force and naturalness, than it is at all usual to find in Massinger; who has here contrived to give a frequent effect of fineness to the frenzies and delusions of his hero. If Sforza is after all but a second-rate Othello, Marcelia is certainly a very shrewish Desdemona, and Francisco a palpably poor Iago.[1]

In tragi-comedy, the romantic drama pure and simple, we may take *The Great Duke of Florence* as the most exquisite example. In this, the most purely delightful play, I think, ever written by Massinger,—a play which we read, to use Lamb's expression, "with composure and placid delight"—we see the sweetest and most delicate side of Massinger's genius: a country pleasantness and freshness, a masquerading genial gravity, altogether charming and attractive. The plot is admirably woven, and how prettily brought about to a happy conclusion, with its good humour, forgiveness,

[1] There is one touch, however, in the temptings of Francisco which is really almost worthy of Iago:—

"She's yet guilty
Only in her intent!"

and friendship all round! There is something almost of Shakespeare's charm in people and events; in these princes and courtiers without ceremony and without vice, uttering pretty sentiments prettily, and playing elegantly at life; in these simple lovers, with their dainty easy trials and crosses on the way to happiness; in the villain who does no real harm, and whom nobody can hate. *The Guardian*, a late play, very fine and flexible in its rhythm, and very brisk in its action, has some exquisite country feeling, together with three or four of the most abominable characters and much of the vilest language in Massinger. One character at least, Darazzo, the male of Juliet's nurse, is really, though offensive enough in all conscience, very heartily and graphically depicted. *A Very Woman*, again, by Massinger and Fletcher,[1] has much that is pleasant and delightful; some of it very sweet and right, with some that is rank enough. I have spoken already of *The Maid of Honour*, or it might be mentioned here as a play uniting (somewhat as in *Measure for Measure*, which it partly resembles) the lighter and graver qualities of tragedy and comedy under the form of the romantic drama.

Massinger's lack of humour did not prevent him from writing comedy, nor yet from achieving signal success therein. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* is the most memorable of his plays; but, though it is styled a comedy, it is certainly not for

[1] Fletcher's slave-market scene in Act III. is a piece of admirable merriment; singularly realistic and inventive.

laughter that we turn to it. *A New Way* and *The City Madam* belong to the Comedy of Manners; satirical transcripts of contemporary life, somewhat after the style of Terence or Plautus. All Massinger's plays are distinguished by an earnest and corrective tone on contemporary politics and current fashions; and it is no wonder that he succeeded in a species of play devoted wholly to the exhibition and satirisation of the follies and vanities of the day. His constant touch on manners, even in romantic plays with classical or eastern localities, is peculiar, and suggests a certain preoccupation with the subject, possibly due to early associations at Wilton House, possibly to mere personal bent or circumstances. Remembering the letter of 1624, we may be allowed to fancy a personal applicability in the frequent denunciations of usurers and delineations of the misery of poor debtors. But besides this, I think that Massinger, being no great spirit, winged, and having force to enter into the deep and secret chambers of the soul, found his place to be in a censorship of society, and was right in concerning himself with what he could do so well. His professedly comic types, even Justice Greedy, are mere exaggerations, solitary traits frozen into the semblance of men; without really comic effect. But in the conduct of these two plays; in the episodical illuminations of London and provincial life; in the wealth of observation and satire which they exhibit, Massinger has left us work of permanent value; and in the character of Sir Giles Overreach

he has made his single contribution to the gallery of permanent illustrations of human nature—a portrait to be spoken of with Grandet and with Harpagon.

Massinger is the product of his period, and he reflects faithfully the temper of court and society under the first Charles. Much that we have to regret in him was due to the misfortune of his coming just when he did, at the ebb of a spent wave; but the best that he had was all his own. Serious, a thinker, a moralist; gifted with an instinct for nobility and a sympathy in whatever is generous and self-sacrificing; a practical student of history and an honest satirist of social abuses; he was at the same time an admirable story-teller, and a master of dramatic construction. But his grave and varied genius was lacking in the two primary requirements of the dramatist—imagination and grip. He has no real mastery over the passions, and his eloquence does not appeal to the heart. He interests us strongly; but he has no power to overwhelm or carry us away. The whole man is seen in the portrait by which we know him: in the contrast and contradiction of that singular face which attracts, yet always at the last look fails to satisfy us, with its melancholy and thoughtful grace, tempered always and marred by the weakness and the want which we can scarcely analyse, nor by any means overlook.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE DUKE OF MILAN.

THE *Duke of Milan* is one of Massinger's earliest and at the same time most popular plays. It was first printed, in quarto, in 1623; a second and inferior edition bears date 1638. It is said on the title-page to have been "often acted by His Majesty's servants at the Black Friars." In 1816 it was altered, and produced at London and Bath.

The plot is derived partly from Guicciardini (Books 15 and 19), partly from the story of Mariamne, in Josephus (History of the Jews, book 15, chapter 4). There is very little that is historical in the play, beyond the mere fact of the war in Italy between the Emperor and the King of France, and the part taken in it by the Duke of Milan. This Duke, however, was not, as in Massinger, Ludovico, but Francesco Sforza.



To the Right Honourable, and much esteemed for her high birth, but more admired for her virtue, the

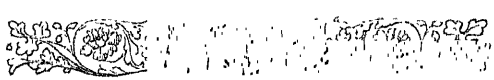
LADY CATHERINE STANHOPE,

Wife to PHILIP LORD STANHOPE, Baron of Shelford.

MADAM,

If I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my pardon, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever be

An humble Servant to your
Ladyship, and yours,
PHILIP MASSINGER.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUDOVICO SFORZA, supposed Duke of Milan.
FRANCISCO, his especial Favourite.
TIBERIO, STEPHANO, } Lords of his Council.
GRACCHO, a creature of MARIANA.
JULIO, GIOVANNI, } Courtiers.
CHARLES, the Emperor.
PESCARA, an Imperialist, but a friend to SFORZA.
HERNANDO, MEDINA, ALPHONSO, } Captains of the Emperor.
Three Gentlemen.
Fiddlers.
An Officer.
Two Doctors. Two Couriers.

MARCELIA, the Duchess, Wife of SFORZA.
ISABELLA, Mother of SFORZA.
MARIANA, Wife of FRANCISCO, and Sister of SFORZA.
EUGENIA, Sister of FRANCISCO.
A Gentlewoman.

Guards, Servants, Attendants.

SCENE.—*For the First and Second Acts, in* Milan; *during part of the Third, in the* Imperial Camp *near* Pavia; *the rest of the Play, in* Milan *and its neighbourhood.*

THE DUKE OF MILAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An outer Room in the Castle.*

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI, *with Flagons.*



RAC. Take every man his flagon: give the oath
To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I am sure against my will; and if you find [traitor,
A man at ten that's sober, he's a
And in my name, arrest him.

Jul. Very good, sir:
But, say he be a sexton?

Grac. If the bells
Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning,
And he cry, "'Tis rare music!" bid him sleep:
'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in Geneva print,
Lay him by the heels.

[1] Spirituous liquor, so called.

Jul. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?
Grac. It is capital treason:
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,
Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distempered,[1]
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
They do the country service. If you meet
One that eats bread, a child of ignorance,
And bred up in the darkness of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him
In the true posture; though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills[2] not: what's a private man,
For the public honour! We've nought else to think on.
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the duchess!

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?
Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse.[3] Long live the duchess!
[*Exeunt* GRACCHO, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI.
Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the court
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,

[1] Intoxicated. [2] Matters.
[3] Glass in which a health was given.

Or common jester: the Great Duke himself
Had sorrow in his face; which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest duchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath laboured for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reaped too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirmed,
Or lost for ever.

Steph. I know no such hazard:
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full;
The people well affected; and so wisely
His provident care hath wrought, that though war rages
In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected:
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.
The wars so long continued between

The Emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,
Have interessed,[1] in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.

Steph. 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the King of France:
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embarked
With his great patron's fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But should it change,
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrenched, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,
Until it be determined by the sword,
Who hath the better cause: for the success
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquished
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in suspense on whose fair tent
Winged Victory will make her glorious stand,
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear
Perplexed and troubled.

Steph. But why, then,
In such a time when every knee should bend

[1] Allied.

For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.
Tib. I judge so too;
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the duchess' birthday, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doted;—but to tell
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.
Steph. She's, indeed,
A lady of most exquisite form.
Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.
Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted
In any point of honour.
Tib. On my life,
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But, when beauty is
Stamped on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free: presuming on
The duke's affection, and her own desert,
She bears herself with such a majesty,
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
A lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate
Is smothered for a time, 'tis more than feared
It will at length break out.

Steph. He in whose power it is,
Turn all to the best!
Tib. Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery[1] and cost,
That art can boast of.
Steph. I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a spot
In her proud train.
Isab. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me duty?
Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of women's goodness is given up,
Not use her like herself?
Isab. You are ever forward
To sing her praises.

[1] Finery.

Mari. Others are as fair;
I am sure, as noble.
Fran. I detract from none,
In giving her what's due: were she deformed,
Yet being the duchess, I stand bound to serve her;
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!
She confident in herself he's wholly hers,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure,
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be played with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.
Isab. 'Tis but truth:
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;
But not to serve his idol.
Mari. I shall do
What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.
Fran. Yet, be wise;
Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

Enter three Gentlemen, *setting forth a banquet.*

1st Gent. Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the court put on
Her choicest outside: cost and bravery
Be only thought of.

2nd Gent. All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.

3rd Gent. There's a masque:
Have you heard what's the invention?

1st Gent. No matter:
It is intended for the duchess' honour;
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the duke [*Loud music*]. They come.

3rd Gent. All is in order.

Flourish. Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, SFORZA, MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possessed of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!
And, since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,

And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,[1]
To fashion one; yet still you must confess,
The phœnix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcelia.

Fran. She's, indeed,
The wonder of all times.

Tib. Your Excellence,
Though I confess you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,
So absolute in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!

Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

Sfor. A misfress, ~~mother!~~ ~~she is~~ more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.
Such as are cloyed with those they have embraced,
May think their wooing done: no night to me
But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights
His torches fresh and new; and those delights,
Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,
Enjoyed, beget desires as full of heat,
And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit.—Blest night! and be it numbered
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was, by the full consent of all the stars,
Conferred upon mankind.

Marc. My worthiest lord!

[1] Own.

The only object I behold with pleasure,—
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!
Bear witness, Heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love and honour you.
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to Heaven for the prosperity
And safety of my lord: nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appear
Worthy your favour; and that my embraces
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
For all your noble travail, in the purchase
Of her that's still your servant. By these lips,
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss——

Sfor. O swear, for ever swear!

Marc. I ne'er will seek
Delight but in your pleasure: and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for Heaven,
That one grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believed,
Believed, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus.—Command the eunuch
To sing the ditty that I last composed,
In praise of my Marcelia.

Enter a Courier.

From whence?

Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all lost?

Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] The letter will inform you.

[*Exit.*

Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!

Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.

Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it:

"May it please your Excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the King of France. The battles being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.

"Your Highness's humble servant,

"GASPERO."

"Ready to join!"—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure. [*Aside.*

Marc. My lord.

Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious power,
By supernatural, not usual means,
To inform me what I am. The cause considered,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;

But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me. [*Aside.*

Fran. Excellent lady,
This day was dedicated to your honour;
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dare speak to him.

Marc. I will run the hazard.—
My lord!

Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?—
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferred,
Be, as you purposed, merry.

Sfor. Out of my sight! [*Throws away the letter.*
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of Heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports! By Heaven, he's not my friend,
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a masque.

Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,
And when you please to have it—

Sfor. Bid them enter :
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my days, and years, shall be employed
To do thee honour.

Marc. And my life to serve you. [*A horn without.*

Sfor. Another post ! Go hang him, hang him, I say ;
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head :
Hang him, I say.

Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you ;
Who knows but he brings news we wish to he
To heighten our delights ?

Sfor. As wise as fair !

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero ?

Cour. That was, my lord.

Sfor. How ! dead ? [prayers

Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] With the delivery of this, and
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man. [*Exit.*

Sfor. All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me.—Silence that harsh music ;
'Tis now unseasonable : a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
This pampered lump of flesh must feast the worms,
Is fitter for me :—I am sick.

Marc. My lord !

Sfor. Sick to the death, Marcelia. Remove
These signs of mirth ; they were ominous, and but ushered
Sorrow and ruin.

Marc. Bless us, Heaven!
Isab. My son.
Marc. What sudden change is this?
Sfor. All leave the room;
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your prince, where's your obedience?—Stay, Marcelia;
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.

Marc. And cheerfully
I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy and courage,
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers that fright common men,
Appeared but panic terrors? why do you eye me
With such fixed looks? Love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.
Sfor. O, Marcelia!
It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmoved,
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The King of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies.
Marc. Then you have just cause
To shew you are a man.
Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incensed, lays his command
On his victorious army, fleshed with spoil,

And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
The ransacked temples falling on their saints:
My mother, in my sight, tossed on their pikes,
And sister ravished; and myself bound fast
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else
An enemy's insolence could load me with,
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damned
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia.

Marc. Good sir, have patience:
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me; for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will
To be so be forced, Marcelia; and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compelled, upon another;
Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touched by any but myself;
Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursèd thing
I were, beyond expression!

Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that
Heaven hath bestowed on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in another's power,

There are so many ways to let out life,
I would not live, for one short minute, his:
I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

Enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncalled for?

Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus press
Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The Marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed, to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.

Marc. To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*

Sfor. The Marquis of Pescara! a great soldier:
And, though he served upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter FRANCISCO *with* PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might end so,
And not add this,—to fear!

Sfor. My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara

Looked not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favoured.——But my haste forbids
All compliment; thus, then, sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness;
And I give up myself to be disposèd of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, sir:
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing:
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,
Before you be compelled; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least, excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers
Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.

Sfor. I understand you;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I have travelled hard;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*

Sfor. With all care,

Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me?

Fran. To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement; and repent no grace
I have conferred upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it;
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian fleshed in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinencies: for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
But whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now!
To fall upon't like thunder.

Fran. Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remembered, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er come near us.—
Art thou not shaken yet?

Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirmed—

Sfor. I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?

Fran. As a thing sacred;

To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.
Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wished in woman?
Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose, sir.
Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equalled;
Her innocence, her honour:—O, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!
Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations; there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies
That she would have removed——
Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of hers would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks of this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murdered.
Fran. Murdered!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be beloved again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Picked out the instrument!
Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recalled;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out

A wished companion to me in both fortunes :
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. O, Francisco!
There is no Heaven without her ; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,
To do them service in another world :
Nor will I be less honoured, that love more,
And therefore trifle not, but, in thy looks,
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command ; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.

Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it ;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.

Sfor. I will, Francisco :
But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm concealed ; but poison, if discovered.
I may come back ; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection :—but
I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open space before the Castle.*

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

STEPH. How! left the court?

Tib. Without guard or retinue
Fitting a prince.

Steph. No enemy near, to force him
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course?

Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is, with all strength, conferred,
During his absence) can with ease resolve[1] you:
To me they are riddles.

Steph. Well; he shall not be

[1] Satisfy.

My Œdipus; I'll rather dwell in darkness.
But, my good Lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.
Tib. O sir,
He took the thriving course; he had a sister,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumoured,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off,
(What promises soever past between them,)
Upon the sight of this, forsook the court,
And since was never seen. To smother this,
As honours never fail to purchase silence,
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,
Is raisèd up to this height.
Steph. But how is
His absence borne?
Tib. Sadly, it seems, by the duchess;
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,
No visitants admitted. In the church
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions,
Seasoned with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,
And bravery cast off: and she, that lately
Rivalled Poppæa in her varied shapes,
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,
Mourns for his absence.
Steph. It becomes her virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.
Tib. You take it right: but, on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the duchess' passions; and as

She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appeared so full of mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter GRACCHO *with* Fiddlers.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.

Grac. You shall scrape, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.

1st Fid. But if we should offend,
The duchess having silenced us; and these lords
Stand by to hear us—

Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the duchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now 'll be for my lady's.

Tib. Signior Graccho.

Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;
But you, great lords and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come; we know
You are a man in grace.

Grac. Fie! no: I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently—serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence! when your grave lordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next morning.

Steph. He derides us.

Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring? you know all.

Grac. Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess

The change of the times: I should ask of your lordships,
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them;
Who the duchess smiled on last, or on whom frowned,
You only can resolve me; we poor waiters
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles:
It is our element; and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.

Tib. And would be laid by the heels.

Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change places too.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA; GRACCHO *whispers the latter.*

Tib. The princess!
We must be patient.

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. See, the informing rogue!

Steph. That we should stoop
To such a mushroom!

Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To anything of mine.—Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many descents you're noble:—look to your wives too;
The smooth-chinned courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No way to be a freeman!

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Grac. Your Excellence hath the best gift to dispatch

These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.

Mari. I can speak sometimes.

Grac. And cover so your bitter pills with sweetness
Of princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallowed.

Isab. But the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence and the dangers of my son,
Proclaims a general sadness?

Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them. I'll make use
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;
And she shall know that her idolater,
My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.

Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of gall! A devil of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside.*

Mari. On her birthday,
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure:
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,
And in a high key too.—Play anything
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport.

[*Music and a song.*

MARCELIA *appears at a window above, in black.*

Isab.. She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.
Mari. May it please your greatness,
We heard that your late physic hath not worked ;
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us :
To purge which, we, that are born your highness' vassals,
And are to play the fool to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you
Of a new antic ?
Isab. 'Twould shew rare in ladies.
Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleased to grace it.
Isab. Fie ! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean ; she's made of courtesy.
Mari. The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I pray you,
On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee ;
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,
We will enshrine it as a holy relic.
Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works.
Marc. If I lay by
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,
If doting age could let you but remember,
You have a son ; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister ; and, in making answer
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger——
Isab. A set speech, on my life.
Mari. Penned by her chaplain.
Marc. Yes, it can speak, without instruction speak,
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,
And saucily rude, too.

Grac. Now the game begins.
Marc. You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb
The least of my retirements.
Mari. Note her, now.
Marc. For both shall understand, though the one presume
Upon the privilege due to a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.
Isab. How, a nurse!
Marc. A dry one,
And useless too:—but I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.
Isab. I defy thee;
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one!
Marc. For you, puppet——
Mari. What of me, pine-tree?
Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much less wit;
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,
You owe him as a subject, due to me
Mari. To you?
Marc. To me: and therefore, as a vassal,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.
Isab. A princess!
Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal
Isab. Scornful thing!
Proud of a white face.

Mari. Let her but remember
The issue in her leg.
Isab. The charge she puts
The state to, for perfumes.
Mari. And howsoe'er
She seems, when she's made up, as she's herself,
She stinks above the ground. O that I could reach you!
The little one you scorn so, with her nails
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those eyes out.
Do but come down.
Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break my own,
Rather than be outbraved thus— [*She retires.*
Grac. Forty ducats
Upon the little hen; she's of the kind,
And will not leave the pit. [*Aside.*
Mari. That it were lawful
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen—

Re-enter MARCELIA *below.*

Marc. Where are you,
You modicum, you dwarf!
Mari. Here, giantess, here.

Enter FRANCISCO, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Guards.

Fran. A tumult in the court!
Mari. Let her come on.
Fran. What wind hath raised this tempest?
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.
Mari. I am out of breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, sir!

Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.
Isab. If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!
Fran. O forbear:
In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, [*to* MARCELIA] I much grieve that, in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move you;
It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you in his absence, served and honoured,
As when himself performed the willing office.
Mari. This is fine, i' faith.
Grac. I would I were well off!
Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, madam, frown not
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,
On your poor servant; to your Excellence
I ever was and will be such; and lay
The duke's authority, trusted to me,
With willingness at your feet.
Mari. O base!
Isab. We are like
To have an equal judge!
Fran. But, should I find
That you are touched in any point of honour,
Or that the least neglect is fallen upon you,
I then stand up a prince.
1*st Fid.* Without reward,
Pray you dismiss us.
Grac. Would I were five leagues hence!
Fran. I will be partial
To none, not to myself;

Be you but pleased to shew me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that have offended you.
Isab. I am one,
And I will justify it.
Mari. Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.
Fran. Remember, she's the duchess.
Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I were
A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,
Which with all willingness, I would make my prison
During the absence of my lord, denied me:
But if he e'er return——
Fran. Were you an actor
In this lewd comedy?
Mari. Ay, marry was I;
And will be one again.
Isab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.
Fran. Think not, then, I speak,
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you;
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.
Isab. Mari. Prisoners!
Fran. Bear them hence;
This is your charge, my Lord Tiberio,
And, Stephano, this is yours.
Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.
Isab. Pleased, with a mischief!
Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,

Than in a paradise at her entreaty:
And, for you, upstart——
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. What shall become of these?
Fran. See them well whipped,
As you will answer it.
Tib. Now, Signior Graccho,
What think you of your greatness?
Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.
1st Fid. I was never yet
At such a hunt's-up,[1] nor was so rewarded.
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* MARCELIA.
Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be served and honoured; which, when they confess,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferred upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wished and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this

[1] A tune on the horn played under the windows in the early morning to arouse sleepy sportsmen. The term came to be applied to any unusual noise or clamour.

As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow? [*Aside.*
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell, circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example

Told it is lawful: favours of this nature
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady——

Marc. Keep off!—O you Powers! —
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime, which creatures wanting reason fly from.
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferred upon thee,
In three days' absence buried? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertained thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!

Fran. Hear my excuse.

Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And, with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,
I'll be thy strumpet.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw and loved, as a fair crystal,

I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fallen from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

Marc. Unheard-of impudence!

Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoyed, your sweet embraces,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloyed with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity; and, as he reached not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wished
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.

Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashioned to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.

My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accursed! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeigned affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or anything that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozened!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here; - [*Gives her a paper,*] and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.

Fran. Pray you, do so.

Marc. [*reads,*] "You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant. "LODOVICO SFORZA."

I do obey it! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*Swoons.*

Fran. What have I done?
Madam! for Heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body[1]: this is yet some pleasure:
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake——
Marc. Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remembered. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand: my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arched with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women!
Marc. Thou art a villain!
All attributes of arch-villains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:

[1] To ascertain if there is any life in it.

Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee:
And, making haste to make my peace with Heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*

Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Cursed hope, that flattered me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on: and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot!
Revenge first wrought me; murder's his twin brother:
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another! [*Exit.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The Imperial Camp, before Pavia.*

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.

MED. The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour. We have passed
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced
A passage with our swords through all the dangers
That, page-like, wait on the success of war;
And now expect reward.

Hern. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor's coffers to defray
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumoured:
When, usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er heard
The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.

Alph. But when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves

Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them
New blood and fervour——

Med. I long to be at it;
To see these chuffs,[1] that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins;
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
Battening like scarabs[2] in the dung of peace,
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;
And all that their whole lives have heaped together,
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravished.

Hern. I would be tousing
Their fair madonnas, that in little dogs,
Monkeys, and paraquitos, consume thousands;
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:[3]
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice wantons,
Spurred on by lust, covered in some disguise,
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leaped,
Durst enter into any common brothel,
Though all varieties of stink contend there;
Yet praise the entertainment.

Med. I may live
To see the tattered'st rascals of my troop
Drag them out of their closets, with a vengeance!
When neither threatening, flattering, kneeling, howling,
Can ransom one poor jewel, or redeem
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.

[1] Coarse clowns. [2] Beetles. [3] Spanish dollars, then worth 4*s.* 4½*d.*

Hern. My main hope is
To begin the sport at Milan : there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.
Alph. Every day
We look for a remove.
Med. For Lodowick Sforza,
The Duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,
Can say thus much : he is too much a soldier,
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.
Alph. On my life,
We need not fear his coming in.[1]
Hern. On mine,
I do not wish it : I had rather that,
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.
Med. The emperor!

Flourish. *Enter* CHARLES, PESCARA, *and* Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder :—nay, it is no counsel,[2]
You may partake it, gentlemen : who'd have thought,
That he, that scorned our proffered amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summoned,
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,
Or flattered by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)
First kneel for mercy?
Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire[3] it with you.
Charl. Who, but the Duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French? of all that stand

[1] Surrendering. [2] Secret. [3] Wonder at.

In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Hern. And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feigned submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!

Med. With your honour
You cannot hear him.

Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.

Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear! nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war;
And on what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it:
Yet, for our glory, and to shew him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him. [*Exit* PESCARA.

Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue; all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and, for his order,
A rope about his neck: then kneel and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have the power, and not to use it; then add to that
A tale of King Tigranes and great Pompey,
Who said, forsooth, and wisely! 'twas more honour
To make a king than kill one; which, applied
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted

To him an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemned to beggary. [*Aside to* MED.

Med. Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

Re-enter PESCARA *with* SFORZA, *strongly guarded.*

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers.

Hern. I am cozened:
A suitor, in the devil's name!

Med. Hear him speak.

Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vowed enemy: one that wished
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly followed, furthered it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honoured the French king,
More than myself, and all men.

Med. By Saint Jacques,
This is no flattery.

Hern. There is fire and spirit in't;
But not long-lived, I hope.

Sfor. Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That make me so affected: In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes

Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoyed up again ;
He was indeed to me as my good angel
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.—
The benefits he sowed in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,
And Milan, weighed with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mentioned,
They served but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral ;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken !

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Less than I did.

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations
That, like you, aimed at empire, loved and cherished
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinioned and fettered, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestalled remission : that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory ; for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er feared to die,
More than I wished to live. When I had reached
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,

This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth that now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.

Hern. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;
And could part with three-quarters of my share in
The promised spoil, to save him.

Sfor. But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mixed with yours,
As brooks, devoured by rivers, lose their names,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof he knows to love,
And to be thankful: this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders, should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not, what they may expect
From noble enemies, for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And what you may, not without hazard, force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murdered infants, and of ravished maids,
Which in a city sacked, call on Heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories:
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,
And now expect my sentence.

Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman.
Med. How like a block
The emperor sits!
Hern. He hath delivered reasons,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely, (I myself am one,
I care not who knows it,) as I wonder that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir:
Mercy, an't be thy will!
Charl. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,—
For such I hold thee,—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad for thy sake that in seeking favour
Thou did'st not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That, since my purposes must now be changed
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery, but forced into it
By a fair war of virtue.
Hern. This sounds well.
Charl. All former passages of hate be buried:
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee Duke of Milan,

But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

[*Flourish.* *Exit with* Attendants.

Sfor. May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves; and, if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for Charles the emperor.

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour:
And there we are your scholars.

Sfor. True; but such
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend
In love hereafter: in the meantime, pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet:
In the small body of it there are jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,[1]
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfor. And when great Charles commands me to his presence,
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,

[1] Pistoles—gold coins worth about 16*s*.

Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify[1] the favour.
Hern. In this, and all things,
We are your servants.
Sfor. A name I ever owe you.
[*Exeunt* MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.
Pesc. So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes: but
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,
At least suspicion.
Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,
Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness;
But ride along with me: I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.
Pesc. Use your own pleasure;
I'll bear you company.
Sfor. Farewell, grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Used in the sense of recompense.

SCENE II.—*Milan. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter an Officer *with* GRACCHO.

Offic. What I did, I had warrant for; you have tasted
My office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeing.[1]

Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented and dishonoured?

Offic. Fie! no,
Your honour's not impaired in't. What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way too?
There is no surgeon like me, to take off
A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud
Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.

Grac. Very good, sir:
But am I the first man of quality
That e'er came under your fingers?

Offic. Not by a thousand;
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:
Both men and women of all sorts have bowed
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow
That could indite, forsooth, and make fine metres
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,
Discharged by another that set him on. I have seen him
Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes washed off
With oil of angels.[2]

Grac. 'Twas a sovereign cure.

[1] Gifford prints "feeling." [2] The gold coin, worth about 10*s*.

Offic. There was a sectary too, that would not be
Conformable to the orders of the church,
Nor yield to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had wormed his tongue, and trussed his haunches,
Grew a fine pulpit man, and was beneficed:
Had he not cause to thank me?

Grac. There was physic
Was to the purpose.

Offic. Now, for women, sir,
For your more consolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.

Offic. There was lately
A fine she-waiter in the court, that doted
Extremely of a gentleman, that had
His main dependence on a signior's favour
I will not name, but could not compass him
On any terms. This wanton, at dead midnight,
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, she would never tell
Who played at pushpin with her.

Grac. But what followed?
Prithee be brief.

Offic. Why this, sir: She, delivered,
Had store of crowns assigned her by her patron,
Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,
To marry her, and say he was the party
Found in Lob's pound:[1] so she, that before gladly

[1] A cant name for any place of confinement.

Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,
Is not my office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee;
But what will be my fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft correction, come again.

Grac. I thank you, knave.

Offic. And then, knave, I will fit you. [*Exit.*

Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve
To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well;
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,
That have perused the porter's lodge.[1]

Enter JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Giov. See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,
After his castigation!

Jul. As he came
From a close fight at sea under the hatches,
With a she-Dunkirk,[2] that was shot before
Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a leak too,
Or I am cozened.

Giov. Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me! am I turned to an owl?—
The wonder, gentlemen?

Jul. I read, this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But now I look on you, my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason, sir?

[1] The place of punishment for domestics.
[2] An allusion to the famed privateers of Dunkirk.

Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,
Whipt, Signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,
Is to a gentleman the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.

Giov. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second:
And then I'll answer you.

Jul. Farewell, poor Graccho.

[*Exeunt* JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO *and a* Servant.

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!
My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private?
I will not see him. [*Stands aside.*

Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or suits or suitors.

Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?

Fran. Say, I am rid
Abroad to take the air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.

Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*

Fran. Within there, ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure?

Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the duchess.

Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.

Fran. Come, there's gold to buy thee
A new gown, and a rich one.
Gentlew. I once swore
If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be
With a great lord, as you are; and, I know not how,
I feel a yielding inclination in me,
If you have appetite.
Fran. Pox on thy maidenhead!
Where is thy lady?
Gentlew. If you venture on her,
She walking in the gallery; perhaps,
You'll find her less tractable.
Fran. Bring me to her.
Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold entertainment, when
You are at your journey's end; and 'twere discretion
To take a snatch by the way.
Fran. Prithee, leave fooling:
My page waits in the lobby; give him sweetmeats;
He is trained up for his master's ease,
And he will cool thee. [*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* Gentlew.
Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offered to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider:
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the duchess; and I whipt!
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—
And all his bribed approaches to the duchess
To be concealed! Good, good. This to my lady
Delivered, as I'll order it, runs her mad.—
But this may prove but courtship![1] Let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*

[1] Court-breeding.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MARCELIA *and* FRANCISCO.

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! Can it be hoped,
After a practice so abhorred and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?
Fran. Dearest lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
But you that are all innocence and virtue,
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better:
A sin, a monstrous sin! yet with it many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
To make me straight again.
Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning! [*Aside.*
Fran. But, if no submission
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus
But a loathed detestation of my madness
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon,
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself
Will do a fearful justice on myself,

No witness by but you, there being no more
When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which dying with me,
May prove your ruin.
Marc. Speak it; it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.
Fran. Thus, then, madam:
The warrant by my lord signed for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.
Marc. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter! On.
Fran. Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love.
"And, if I ne'er return," (so said great Sforza,
"No living man deserving to enjoy
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead, (for no man after me
Must e'er enjoy her,) fail not to kill her; but
Till certain proof assure thee I am lost,"
(These were his words,)
"Observe and honour her, as if the soul
Of woman's goodness only dwelt in hers."
This trust I have abused, and basely wronged;
And, if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it. [*Draws his sword.*
Marc. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardoned. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,

Against my resolution hath forced from me.
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes,
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me;
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,
Which, though, such is my love, I would not nourish,
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.

Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,
(Though I shall ever look on you as on
My life's preserver, and the miracle
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.

Marc. Have your wishes:
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least, to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough;
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all.

[*Aside and exit.—Shout and flourish.*

Marc. What shout is that?

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the duchess, that may flow
From the duke's new and wished return!

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it!

Tib. Observe the encounter.

Flourish. *Enter* SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, GRACCHO, *and* Attendants.

Mari. What you have told me, Graccho, is believed,
And I'll find time to stir in't.

Grac. As you see cause;
I will not do ill offices.

Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have borne me
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires, not like a wanton
Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may

Invite or heighten appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me;
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds;—come; kiss me.
Marc. I obey you.
Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her grandfather! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quenched the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect
Of others, in my absence?
Marc. Neither, sir:
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care
And fair observance of me: there was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.
Sfor. How!
Marc. The pleasures
That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter;
And there is more of beast in it than man.
Let us love temperately; things violent last not,
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.
Grac. Observe but this,
And how she praised my lord's care and observance;
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.
Mari. No more; I mark it.
Steph. How the duke stands!
Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.

Pesc. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?
Sfor. It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,
But certain that my life's a burden to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equalled, grown distasteful!
—But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit* MARCELIA.]—Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursèd woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride,
And harshness deadly hatred! From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight.
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new;
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store;—
And never think of cursed Marcelia more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* GRACCHO.

FRAN. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then
My safety and content? [study
Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the elements of courtship,
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common,
In every sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,[1]
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved so,
To raise a coward into name that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publicly; but receives
Rewards for them in private.
Fran. Well observed.
Put on; we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumoured, then confirmed,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,

[1] Dismissed.

I found myself to be another thing;
Not what I was before. I passèd then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,
The liberal courtiers made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offered
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge,
Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shewed rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.

Fran. True:
They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And, by my intercession, they got that
Which, had I crossed them, they durst not have hoped for.

Grac. All this is oracle: and shall I, then,
For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great men
Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves
Must have nor spleen nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in state and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there have been such things seen
In the memory of man.

Fran. But to the purpose,
And then, that service done, make thine own fortunes.

My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the duchess.
Grac. And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's anger is spurred on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.
Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,
And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull Graccho,
My power and honours were conferred upon me,
And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures
Confined and limited? I delight in change,
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,
My wife pleased me a day, the duchess, two,
(And yet I must not say I have enjoyed her,)
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.
Grac. That may prove your ruin;
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath played false.
Fran. There thou art cozened;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,

Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wronged
I dare thee to be false.
Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.
Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true:
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [*Exit.*
Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a puisne
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.
If I discover what but now he bragged of,
I shall not be believed: if I fall off

From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him: Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!

Tib. 'Twas in his fury.

Steph. And he repents it, madam.

Marc. Was I born
To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.

Steph. He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private:

And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted. [*Exit* Gentlewoman.

Tib. How! Francisco?

Steph. He, that at every stage keeps livery mistresses;
The stallion of the state!

Tib. They are things above us,
And so no way concern us.

Steph. If I were
The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)
I should wear yellow breeches![1]

Enter FRANCISCO.

Here he comes.

Tib. Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our duty,
And quit the room.

Steph. Is this her privacy!
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the duke.

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason?

Fran. O, best madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance,
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aims, but that your goodness
Might be a witness of my penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your mercy,
Am robbed of that last hope. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.

[1] Yellow—the livery of jealousy.

Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.

Marc. Jealousy!

Fran. [*Aside.*] It takes.

Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours shewn unto me;
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestowed
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a monster!

Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*

Fran. So, let it work! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning armed
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this longed-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, *and three* Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promised to be merry.
1st Gent. There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.
2nd Gent. Your Excellence vouchsafing to make choice
Of that which best affects you.
Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too: you are rude.
3rd Gent. I have my answer,
Before I ask the question. [*Aside.*
Pesc. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.
Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom;

And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compelled
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve I must be sad;
And I dare shew it.

Pesc. Would it were bestowed
Upon a worthier subject!

Sfor. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.

Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor that vowed your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent? are you returned with honour,
Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court you,
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman?
—Yet I have seen her equals.

Sfor. Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,
(To all men else my sword should make reply,)
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel.

But you will say she's cross; 'tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish; for she's wise, Pescara,
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,
Her honour safe; or, if she were averse,
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
But truly understands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.
Her excellence increasing with her years too,
I might have fallen into idolatry,
And, from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no Power above her;
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,
The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appear
In their full glory.

Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,
As you will have it, has alone dependence
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you
A fair atonement.[1]

Sfor. Time, and my submission,
May work her to it.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

O! you are well returned;
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.

Tib. She, sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite, and some privacy.

1. Reconciliation.

Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted, seemed not
Implacable.
Sfor. There's comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence; my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.
Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,
At whose proud feet himself, his state, and country,
Basely begged mercy!
Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.
Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.
Sfor. O my patience!
My vassal speak thus?
Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.
Pesc. Well said, old fellow. [*Aside.*
Steph. And he that hath so long engrossed your favours,
Though to be named with reverence, lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her. [SFORZA *lays his hand on his sword.*
Pesc. Hold, sir! this is madness.
Steph. It may be they confer of joining lordships;
I'm sure he's private with her.
Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one

Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinned tradesmen,
The undeserving lord, or the unable!
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physic
From her young doctor, physic upon her back,
Because thou hast the palsy in that part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous.
Were I matched to another Messaline,
While I found merit in myself to please her,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment; but, alas!
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian,
I am too secure.

Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Grac. There he is—now speak,
Or be for ever silent.

Sfor. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.

Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.

Sfor. You are my mother;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.

Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour! and, since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A lump of patience only? no fire in you?

But do your pleasure :—here your mother was
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mewed up, to make the way open and free
For the adulteress, I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.

Sfor. Take her head off!
She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.

Isab. Blasphemed! for calling of a whore, a whore?

Sfor. O hell, what do I suffer!

Mari. Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol[1] on record?
For by posterity 'twill be believed,
As certainly as now it can be proved,
Francisco, the great minion, that sways all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the duchess,
Hath leaped into her bed.

Sfor. Some proof, vile creature!
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mari. The public fame,
Their hourly private meetings; and, e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman
This were enough, but to a right Italian
A hundred thousand witnesses.

Isab. Would you have us
To be her bawds?

Sfor. O the malice

[1] A contented cuckold.

And envy of base women, that, with horror,
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast aspersions upon one untainted!
Ye are in your natures devils, and your ends—
Knowing your reputation sunk for ever,
And not to be recovered—to have all
Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have raised
A monumental trophy to her pureness,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her:
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,
Falling upon her sure-armed innocence,
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.

Isab. All is in vain; he is not to be moved.

Mari. She has bewitched him.

Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shews a fable.

Enter FRANCISCO, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port[1]
With care attend me.

Serv. [*within.*] I shall, my lord.

Grac. He's come.
What gimcrack have we next?

Fran. Great sir.

Sfor. Francisco,
Though all the joys in women are fled from me,

[1] The city gate.

In thee I do embrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.
Fran. I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
Sfor. All leave the room.
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* GRACCHO.
Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.
Pesc. You speak, sir,
The language I should use. [*Exit.*
Sfor. Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.
Tib. We shall, sir. [*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.
Sfor. Say on, my comfort.
Fran. Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.
Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once dispatch me.
Fran. Draw your sword then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;
Consider not, but do it.
Sfor. Art thou mad?
Fran. Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,
Cut off my nose and ears; pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light
To see my own deformities. Why was I born
Without some mulct imposed on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunned

Of all societies! Cursed be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women! since those parts, which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

Sfor. I am on the rack:
Dissolve[1] this doubtful riddle.

Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your duchess loves me.

Sfor. Loves thee!

Fran. Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourly.

Sfor. Oh!

Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.

Sfor. O women! women!

Fran. I laboured to divert her by persuasion,
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger;
Denied her, and with scorn.

Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours,
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know

[1] Solve.

That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it,

Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! for her sake,
To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,
And, like to me, a thing so miserable
As words may not express him, that gives trust
To all-deceiving women! Or, since it is
The will of Heaven, to preserve mankind,
That we must know and couple with these serpents,
No wise man ever, taught by my example,
Hereafter use his wife with more respect
Than he would do his horse that does him service;
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do—Within there! Stephano,
Tiberio, and the rest!——I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes,
Abused, knows no degree in hate.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. My lord.

Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—

Steph. What wicked woman, sir?

Sfor. The devil, my wife.
Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,
And know no pity; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring? Go,
And put my will in act.

Steph. There's no disputing.

Tib. But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden raised,
Who durst have dreamed of?

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Sfor. Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.

Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that killed my father.

Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call.—Now to the upshot!
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. [*Aside and exit.*

Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Guard *with* MARCELIA.

Marc. Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you here, sir?
Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you,—
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet,—
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me
Without a seal of shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! Thy intent

To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush: what had the act done?
Marc. Returned thee the dishonour thou deserv'st;
Though willingly I had given up myself
To every common lecher.
Sfor. Your chief minion,
Your chosen favourite, your wooed Francisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know he's dead,
And by my hand.
Marc. The bloodier villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wondered at, thy love
Does know no other object:—thou hast killed then
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.
Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice. [*Stabs her.*
Marc. Oh! I have fooled myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.
Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco [*Exit* STEPHANO]:—for he lives, vile creature,
To justify thy falsehood, and how often,
With whorish flatteries, thou hast tempted him;
I being only fit to live a stale,
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

Re-enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Signior Francisco, sir, but even now
Took horse without the ports.

Marc. We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, Death, a little,
Till I have cleared me to my lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—O, my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, shewed the warrant
That you signed for my death.

Sfor. Then I believe thee:
Believe thee innocent too.

Marc. But, being contemned,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me
Not to reveal it; I, soft hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue! As I do,
May Heaven forgive you! [*Dies.*

Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.

Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopped
The organ of his speech.

Steph. Take up this body,
And call for his physicians.

Sfor. O, my heart-strings! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The Milanese. A Room in* EUGENIA'S *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, *and* EUGENIA *in male attire.*



RAN. Why, could'st thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strewed thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour? [before
Or that I tamely would sit down,
I had dried these eyes, still wet with showers of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepped between
Thy promised hopes, and robbed thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,
And an assurance of all happiness,
But hastened her sad ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.

Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran

A constant course, till I, with cunning malice—
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,—
Made it turn backwards, and hate, in extremes,
(Love banished from his heart,) to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have called on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or concealed.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wished it were undone.

Eug. Indeed I do:
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me, but entertained
A fortune humbly offered to her hand,
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneeled for.
Unless you would impute it as a crime
She was more fair than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort,
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and tears,
Until the church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the mistress of her judgment
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my fair name and my maiden honour
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame
Of all good women.

Fran. Have you then no gall,

Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible, that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?
Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffered. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes
Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal,
I looked for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief
Farewell for ever! Vengeance, armed with fury,
Possess me wholly now!
Fran. The reason, sister,
Of this strange metamorphosis?
Eug. Ask thy fears,
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never
Be washed off from our house, but in his blood,
Would have stirred up a coward to a deed
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent
Had crowned itself with a fair monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access; and, then, with shame,
Hearing my sudden execution, judge
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
By a weak woman.
Fran. Still mine own, and dearer!

And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not,
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamped deeply on my heart
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge. Only, best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance
By your rash undertaking: we will be
As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause to be disposed of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?

Serv. There's one Graccho,
That followed you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied:
His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit* Servant.
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. [*Aside.*

Fran. Now, my good Graccho!
We meet as 'twere by miracle.
Grac. Love and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord,
That you could wish concealed. The duchess' wound,
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight
Did easily confirm.
Fran. This I expected:
But sure you come provided of good counsel,
To help in my extremes.
Grac. I would not hurt you.
Fran. How! hurt me? such another word's thy death!
Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will
To outlive what I determine?
Grac. How he awes me! [*Aside.*
Fran. Be brief; what brought thee hither?
Grac. Care to inform you
You are a condemned man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.
Fran. Very good.
Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,
So thick your dangers meet and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.
Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans,

And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats
And dreadful preparations.
Fran. 'Twould show nobly;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.
Grac. He instructs me
What I should do. [*Aside.*
Fran. What's that?
Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service;
And now I am delivered of 't.
Fran. I told you.—
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.
Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, layed for[1] by their creditors
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose for sanctuary
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Or near that prison to which they were designed,
If apprehended; confident that there
They never should be sought for.
Eug. 'Tis a strange one!
Fran. But what infer you from it?
Grac. This, my lord;
That, since all ways of your escape are stopped,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,

[1] *i.e.* Laid in wait for.

Whither it is presumed you dare not come,
Concealed in some disguise you may live safe.

Fran. And not to be discovered?

Grac. But by myself.

Fran. By thee! Alas! I know thee honest, Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within there?

Grac. In the devil's name, what means he!

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast:
I would not part with him.

Grac. My good lord.

Fran. Dispatch!
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho!
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,
To play the traitor; nor a foolish itch
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping
Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee; thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead,
In plain and easy characters: and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword
That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead; but live, only to pray
For good success to crown my undertakings;
And then, at my return, perhaps I'll free thee,

To make me further sport. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.

[*Exeunt* Servants *with* GRACCHO.

We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Milan. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, *and* STEPHANO.

Pesc. The like was never read of.

Steph. In my judgment,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.

Tib. For Francisco,
My wonder is the less, because there are
Too many precedents of unthankful men
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied
The ruin of their makers.

Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should work
So far upon a man as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,

As he had only passed a fearful dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He called for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphemed,) and cried that Heaven,
For all the offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much sweetness and of so much goodness,
That not alone was sacred in herself
But did preserve all others innocent
That had but converse with her. Then it came
Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister; thrice he cursed them,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
To have killed them both; but he restrained, and they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turned his rage upon himself;
When wisely his physicians, looking on
The duchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily believing what he wished,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else, flattered by hope,
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate
At the doctors' feet, implored their aid, and swore,
Provided they recovered her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his dukedom.
They seemed to promise fair, and every hour
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit
To suffer intermission or extremes:
For his behaviour since——

Sfor. [*within.*] As you have pity
Support her gently.

Pesc. Now, be your own witnesses ;
I am prevented.

Enter SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors, *and* Servants *with the body of* MARCELIA.

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you :
The gentlest touch torments her ; and then think
What I shall suffer. O you earthly gods,
You second natures, that from your great master,
Who joined the limbs of torn Hippolytus
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death-wounded men ! you have a patient,
On whom to express the excellence of art
Will bind even Heaven your debtor, though it pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks ! O pardon me,
That I presume (dyed o'er with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is !
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too !
Yet in this temper she is all perfection,
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,
The blood of virgins in their pride of youth
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.

Mari. Is not this strange ?

Isab. Oh ! cross him not, dear daughter ;
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact——

Enter a Servant, *and whispers* PESCARA.

Mari. 'Tis now past help.
Pesc. With me? What is he?
Serv. He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part:—provided that
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,
And your power with the duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.
Pesc. Bring me to him;
As I find cause, I'll do.
[*Exeunt* PESCARA *and* Servant.
Sfor. How sound she sleeps!
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!——How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure judgment tell you that these lids,
That cover richer jewels than themselves,
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns
From shining on me?
1st Doct. We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.
2nd Doct. She now feels little; but, if we should wake her,
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.
Sfor. I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.

What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.

1st Doct. That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind,
And her displeasure, though called on, short-lived
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,
That can convey our thoughts to one another
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me!
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream [*Kneels.*
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient;) let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a degree as high are guilty
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile creatures,
And let your inward horror fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness, to come near which
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
In wounding her, to rase a temple built
To chastity and sweetness, let her know
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then, for this cursèd hand and arm that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons seared off, which I will eat,

I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion ;
Lastly——

1st Doct. You are too loud, sir ; you disturb
Her sweet repose.

Sfor. I am hushed. Yet give us leave,
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,
Unworthy and ashamed to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.

2nd Doct. He's past hope.

1st Doct. The body too will putrefy, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.

Tib. Which, in his death, will quickly be discovered.
I can but weep his fortune.

Steph. Yet be careful
You lose no minute to preserve him ; time
May lessen his distraction.

Re-enter PESCARA, *with* FRANCISCO, *as a* Jew doctor, *and* EUGENIA *disguised as before.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her ; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk to appear
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from't were called back
To govern it again. I will preserve it
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
A seeming breath ; I'll make her veins run high too,
As if they had true motion.

Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
To endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,
And make thy own reward.

Fran. The art I use

Admits no looker on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake.
Pesc. I will procure it.
2nd Doct. What stranger's this?
Pesc. Sooth[1] me in all I say;
There's a main end in it.
Fran. Beware!
Eug. I am warned.
Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.
Sfor. From whence came that sound?
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were, [*Rises.*
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.
Pesc. Nor shall your expectation be deferred
But a few minutes. Your physicians are
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder
The duchess' wished recovery, to enquire
Or what he is or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.
Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good angel.
I do obey in all things: be it death
For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman!
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* EUGENIA
Fran. 'Tis my purpose;
If that to fall a long-wished sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doors;—so!
Eug. You amaze me:
What follows now?

[1] Believe.

Fran. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,
Even such a thing the proudest fair on earth,
For whose delight the elements are ransacked,
And art with nature studied to preserve her,
Must be, when she is summoned to appear
In the court of Death. But I lose time.

Eug. What mean you?

Fran. Disturb me not.—Your ladyship looks pale;
But I, your doctor, have a ceruse[1] for you.—
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,
That are adorned in court, borrow these helps,
[*Paints the cheeks*
And pass for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this.—Your mouth smells sour too,
But here is that shall take away the scent;
A precious antidote old ladies use,
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are rotten.
[*Paints the lips.*
These hands, too, that disdained to take a touch
From any lip, whose owner writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty. [*Paints the hands.*
So! 'tis done.
How do you like my workmanship?

Eug. I tremble:
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead,
Is most inhuman.

Fran. Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity? Now to the upshot,
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the duke

[1] Cosmetic.

Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter SFORZA *and the rest.*

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?

Fran. No:
You must not look for all your joys at once:
That will ask longer time.

Pesc. 'Tis wondrous strange!

Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kissed it.
These lips invite too: I could ever feed
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,
Preserved them in their beauty.

Enter GRACCHO *hastily.*

Grac. Treason, treason!

Tib. Call up the guard.

Fran. Graccho! then we are lost. [*Aside.*

Enter Guard.

Grac. I am got off, sir Jew; a bribe hath done it,
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise
Can keep you from my knowledge.

Sfor. Speak.

Grac. I am out of breath,
But this is——

Fran. Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.

All. Monster of men!

Fran. Give me all attributes

Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco;
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made
The min'on of the time; the same Francisco
That would have whored this trunk, when it had life,
And, after, I reathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:
I made thee do a deed Heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.

Sfor. Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.

Fran. I dare the worst.
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood: 'tis Eugenia.

Sfor. Eugenia!

Fran. Does it start you, sir? my sister,
Seduced and fooled by thee: but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet?
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
THOU art marked for the grave: I've given thee poison
In this cup, now observe me, which (thy lust
Carousing deeply of) made thee forget
Thy vowed faith to Eugenia.

Pesc. O damned villain!

Isab. How do you, sir?

Sfor. Like one
That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. O! now I feel
An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn! yet, ere life be consumed,

Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty[1] cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him!

Tib. In all things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewell, sister!
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That, wronged, do right themselves before they die.
[*Exeunt* Guard *with* FRANCISCO.

Steph. A desperate wretch!

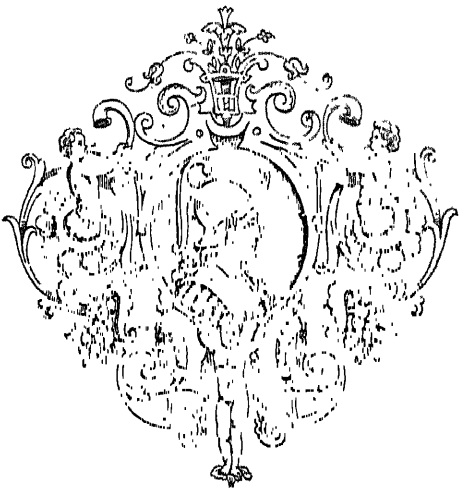
Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be—— [*Dies.*

Tib. His speech is stopped.

Steph. Already dead!

Pesc. It is in vain to labour
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,
And then determine of the state affairs:
And learn, from this example, There's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Knowing.



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.





New Way to Pay Old Debts was published in quarto in 1633. The date of its production is uncertain; but it was often acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. It i the only play of Massinger's which has held its place upon the stage.

The character of Sir Giles Overreach is supposed to have been modelled upon that of the notorious Sir Giles Mompesson, whose exactions and enormities had rendered him the object of popular detestation. By order of the House, he was in 1620 banished from the kin dominions, and degraded from knighthood. His associate and fellow-sufferer, Sir Francis Michel, described by a contemporary chronicler as "a poor sneaking justice," is taken to be the original of Justice Greedy.





To the Right Honourable

ROBERT, EARL OF CARNARVON,

Master Falconer of England.

My Good Lord,

Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

Philip Massinger.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LOVELL.
SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel extortioner.
FRANK WELLBORN, a Prodigal.
TOM ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord LOVELL.
GREEDY, a hungry Justice of Peace.
MARRALL, a Term-Driver; a creature of Sir GILES OVERREACH.
ORDER, Steward
AMBLE, Usher
FURNACE, Cook
WATCHALL, Porter
} to Lady ALLWORTH.
WILLDO, a Parson.
TAPWELL, an Alehouse Keeper.
Creditors, Servants, &c.

LADY ALLWORTH, a rich Widow.
MARGARET, Daughter of Sir GILES OVERREACH.
FROTH, Wife of TAPWELL.
Chambermaid.
Waiting Woman.

SCENE.—*The Country near* Nottingham.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Before* TAPWELL'S *House.*

Enter WELLBORN *in tattered apparel*, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.



WELL. No house? nor no tobacco?

Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night palled too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brache![1]
The devil turned precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.

Well. How, dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.

[1] Bitch.

And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak [1] you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch called the constable,
That does command a citadel called the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tattered, lousy——

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril: Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure, for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;[2]
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and *quorum*,
And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*;

[1] Slang name for cudgel.—
"Whose cloak, at Plymouth spun, was crab-tree wood."
Davenant.

[2] *i.e.* Matters not.

Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.

Tap. But to my story:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler; note the change now:
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses; mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordship melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,[1]
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment——

Well. Yes, to whores and canters,[2]
Clubbers by night

[1] The value of a tradesman's token was usually about a farthing.
[2] Vagabonds.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I gleaned from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
I may rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*

Tap. [*to his wife.*] Cry out for help!

Well. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I
Make purses for you? then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar,
Nor leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*

Tap. Oh!

Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.

All. Hold—for my sake, hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeemed them from this sceptre;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.

[*They crawl off on their hands and knees.*

Well. Sent to your mother?

All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?

All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again, but to no purpose:
Their frequent visits have not gained her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her

A liberal entertainment: I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend, and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made,
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start,
To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge[1]
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,[2]
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,

[1] See note *ante*, p. 55. [2] Slipper. Fr. *Pantoufle*.

A handsome page or player's boy of fourteen
But either loves a wench or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.
All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father
Ruined thy state?
All. And yours too.
Well. I confess it;
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.
But in the mean time you that are so studious
Of my affairs wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.

All. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me—
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him ; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up ; then, 'tis allowed,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before !
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen !
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry ;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
Furn. I am friends with thee ; and yet I will be angry.
Ord. With whom ?
Furn. No matter whom : yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man !
Ord. What cause has she given thee ?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications in the pastry
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries ;
Which, if they had been practisèd at Breda,[1]
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.
Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.

[1] The great siege of the day. Breda was invested by Spinola, August 26, 1624, and surrendered July 1, 1625.

Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?
Furn. What's this? marry this; when I am three parts roasted
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada[1]
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites. [*Knocking within.*
Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*
Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH.

Amb. Welcome, sir.
Furn. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
Ord. His father's picture in little.
Furn. We are all your servants.
Amb. In you he lives.
All. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

[1] A caudle with slices of bread in it.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

L. All. Sort those silks well..
I'll take the air alone.

[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?

L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long; i' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.

L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.

Ord. I shall, madam.

L. All. Do, and leave them.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.

[*Exeunt* ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.

L. All. So soon turned courtier!

All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.

L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

All. Ever like himself,
No scruple lessened in the full weight of honour.
He did command me, pardon my presumption,

As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
L. All. I am honoured in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.
L. All. And how approve you of his course? you are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
All. Any form you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
L. All. 'Tis well answered,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Blessed be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of Heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.
All. I have found you,
Most honoured madam, the best mother to me;
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties showered upon me.
L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: "If e'er my son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed: but for such
As repair thither as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly,
In a fair cause, and for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking."

All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.

L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauched,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, WATCHALL, *and* MARRALL.

Greedy. Not to be seen!

Over. Still cloistered up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!

Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well seasoned.

Greedy. Good!

Furn. A pheasant, larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furn. Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cooked.

Greedy. A stag, man!

Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly
When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, Master Cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter WELLBORN.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?

Well. You know me.

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt* OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.
Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,[1]
But you must press into the hall?
Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. This is rare:
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit.*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?
Cham. A creature
Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.
Watch. Will you know your way?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch

[1] Into which the broken victuals were thrown.

That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs,[1] and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black-jacks[2] or flagons; you, that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shews me the way?

Ord. My lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Cham. Here's the monster.

Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

L. All. To me!

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.

L. All. I am amazed
To see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know and keep the distance that's between us;

[1] Bow and scrape. [2] Leather pitchers.

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.

L. All. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword,
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him

Master of your estate ; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble ;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms :
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers ; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*

L. All. Fie ! nothing else ?

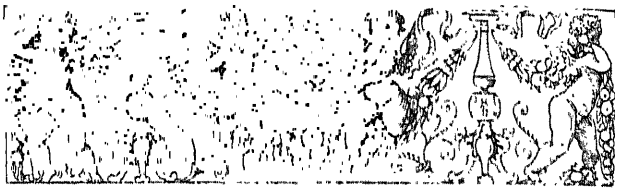
Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand is yours.

Well. I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition : [*Aside.*]—I have said all ;
When you please, you may retire. [*Exit* Lady ALL.
Nay, all's forgotten ; [*To the* Servants.
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH *and* MARRALL.



VER. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crushed him.

Mar. Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss [yet,
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and
The chapfallen justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness or error
Run myself finely into a *premunire*,

And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well governed life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell

For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.
Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair;
And 'tis thy masterpiece.
Mar. I will do my best, sir.
Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.
Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.
Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.
Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Mar. I warrant you, sir.
Well. By this light I think he's mad.
Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.
Well. You have ta'en a course,

Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed:—but what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?——
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself! take some course
For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders[1] or abram-men[2] that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the Lady of the Lake,[3] or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Foot-pads. [2] Impostors in the disguise of lunatics.
[3] The enchantress of the *Morte d'Arthur*.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour?

All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir. [ALLWORTH *kisses them severally.*

Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!
I think the tits will ravish him.

All. My service
To both.

Woman. Ours waits on you.

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,

And this the true elixir; it hath boiled
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots and marrow,
Coral and ambergris: were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends, and yet find comfort,
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within.* *Exit* WATCHALL.

Mar. [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but* ALLWORTH.

Re-enter WATCHALL, *ceremoniously introducing* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! most welcome;
You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. You are happily encountered; I yet never
Presented one so welcome a I know
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision,
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on "blankets, and on dog-whips!"

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your plea-
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner. [sure

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady willed me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's entered this cook: sauce for his palate!
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays. [*Aside.*

Well. That way I like them best.
Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Well. What think you of "the hedge we shall dine under?"
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining room.
Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in peas-straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. O! sir, you are wished for.
Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.
Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was (her devotions done) to give her notice
When you approached here.
Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.
Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.
Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses* WELLBORN.

Mar. To such a friend! Heaven bless me!

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

L. All. Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to kiss* MARRALL, *who retires.*

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*

L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

L. All. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still;
My art ne'er thought on!

L. All. Your arm, Master Wellborn:—
Nay, keep us company. [*To* MARRALL.

Mar. I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt* WELLBORN, Lady ALLWORTH, AMBLE, MARRALL, Waiting Woman, *and* Chamber-maid.

Ord. So! we have played our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare and power to do were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE *laughing.*

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney——

Furn. What of him, man?

Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,[1]
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth!

Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Ord. Risen already!

Amb. I shall be chid.

Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL.

Furn. My lady frowns.

L. All. You wait well! [*To* AMBLE.
Let me have no more of this; I observed your jeering:
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.

L. All. [*To* WELLBORN.] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,

[1] One of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street.

To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. Mark that. [*Aside to* MARRALL.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship.

[*Exeunt* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.

L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.

Ord. What you please.

Furn. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country near* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL *bare-headed.*

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.

Well. Prithee do not flout me:

What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease! an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.

Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel,
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savoured not of amber.

Well. I do now then!

Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.——
[*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, called Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it;
What's twenty pounds?
Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.
Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?
Mar. As I know not that!
Well. Come, I will tell thee a s cret, and so leave thee.
I will not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
(There being no woman but is sometimes froward,)
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnished something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozened too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Well-born,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed

Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*

Enter OVERREACH, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Over. Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hanged or drowned himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.

Over. With him? what lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth.
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kissed him,

And would, at his request, have kissed me too;
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.

Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!——
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!——
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn——
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship—— [*Aside.*
My nag, and twenty pounds.

Over. Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them:
There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time—— [*Aside.*

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The Country near* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL, ALLWORTH, *and* Servants.



LOV. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
All. O, my lord, [watching,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer!
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me.
Lov. Loving youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.
All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are taxed with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so conditioned: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compelled to serve me.
All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it;
And, to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!
Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour
Than to my Allworth!
All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations.
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise;
Yet being a man, (for, sure, to style you more

Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.

All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obeyed.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if he
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And, in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well armed, and strongly lined with her discourse,

And knowing manners, to give entertainment ;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord ! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection,) must
Prevail for her : I here release your trust ;
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. O, by no means, my lord ;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach' house ?
All. At the most, some half hour's riding ;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. O that I durst but hope it ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. "Store indeed's no sore," sir.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
[*Exit* MARRALL.
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Over. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;
For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*

Over. It must be so: should the foolish girl prove
She may spoil all; she had it not from me, [modest,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARGARET.

Alone—and let your women wait without.
Marg. Your pleasure, sir?
Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?
Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.
Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin[1] gown,
(Even starved for want of twopenny chops,) to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter,[2] and there let them howl together.
Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended

[1] A coarse linsey-woolsey stuff; Fr. *étamine*. [2] Prison.

With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Over. How! interrupted!

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience: there's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks for't.
[*Exit.*

Over. But to our business, Meg; you have heard who dines here?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obeyed.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic? [mad,

Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dressed to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. [*loudly.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit.*

Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturbed us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private;
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off, too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Over. Learn any thing,
And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Marg. This is but devilish doctrine! [*Aside.*
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir; for Heaven's sake, what are you
then?
Or what shall I be, sir?

Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of Heaven, or fear of hell, excuse me,
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others; so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up or withered? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encountered with
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood armed by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come
Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[*Exit* MARGARET.

Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MARRALL.] Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleased to style so is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.

All. Strange, so humble. [*Aside.*

Over. A justice of peace, my lord.

[*Presents* GREEDY *to him.*

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [*Aside.*

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir.

[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH.

Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.—

Re-enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on[1];
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more:
But be instructed, or expect——he comes.

Re-enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

A black-browed girl, my lord.

[Lord LOVELL *kisses* MARGARET.

Lov. As I live, a rare one.

All. He's ta'en already: I am lost. [*Aside.*

Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH, LOVELL, *and* MARGARET.

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——

Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves:—remember.

[*Aside to* MARGARET, *and exit.*

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous,
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.

[1] Be covered.

Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. Which forced too much, may break.
Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours:
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter OVERREACH *behind, listening.*

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY *behind.*

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!
Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turned powder.
Over. I shall powder you.
Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles![1] [*Strikes him.*
Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason,

[1] Horace, "barathrumque macelli;" abyss, devouring gulf.

Edwardi quinto : but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day : disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse !

Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching ?

Lov. Hah ! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain ; vanish ! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up ? [*Thrusts* GREEDY *off.*

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it ;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good ; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles !
Where is Sir Giles ? [OVERREACH *comes forward.*

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, *and* GREEDY.

Over. My noble lord ; and how
Does your lordship find her ?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming ;
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too.

Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant ; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.

Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.

All. 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise within, as of a coach.*

Over. A coach!

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come armed for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the Lady Allworth!

Over. And thus attended!

[LOVELL *kisses* Lady ALLWORTH, Lady ALLWORTH *kisses* MARGARET.

Mar. No, "I am a dolt!
The spirit of lies hath entered me!"

Over. Peace, Patch[1];
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent[2] my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:

[1] Name of a fool kept by Cardinal Wolsey; used as a synonym for fool.

[2] Anticipate.

And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequalled beauty, for your stay,
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrowed so much from my long restraint
And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Kisses him.*
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.

L. All. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse.
[*Presents* WELLBORN.
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
[LOVELL *confers aside with* WELLBORN.

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is "rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,

That should hang or drown himself;" no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear, and help them.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.

L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but* GREEDY.

Greedy. "Dear Master Wellborn!" So she said: Heaven! Heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!"—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must; my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug[1] words, sir;
Should his worship hear you——
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, *as from dinner.*

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring,
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks,
And if in our discourse he be but named,

[1] Terrifying; cf. bugbear.

From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? "the rogue
The lady scorned to look on?"

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two,
In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.

L. All. Come, Master Wellborn.

[*Exeunt* Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feigned not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamoured of a bull:
This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, *and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles,
I may ere long say father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy

Re-enter WELLBORN *and* Lady ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is returned.

L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.

L. All. Good Mistress Margaret! nay, come, Master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

L. All. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss: [*Kisses* MARGARET] you shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.

All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt* Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

Over. Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit* MARGARET.]
—You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you; this rich lady
(And I am glad of 't) is enamoured of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.
[*Aside.*

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else——

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have supped
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew.
To-morrow I will visit you.

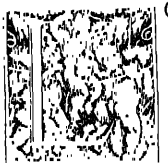
Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH.



LOV. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady's Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four mile.

Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half-quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too.
Tossed like a dog still! [*Aside, and exit.*

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already:—
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exeunt* GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH.
Over. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,

And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:

And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port[1]
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

[1] Condition.

Lov. I admire[1]
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now. [here,
Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*
Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portént! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirmed in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus[2] is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* AMBLE.

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?

[1] Wonder at. [2] Properly, Parnassus.

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.

L. All. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health' sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.

L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.

W. Wom. And well know our distance.

L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your breeding. [*Exeunt* AMBLE *and* WOMAN.
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend——

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

L. All. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged

More to prefer their honours than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births :—though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed ;
But what infer you from it ?

L. All. This, my lord ;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial ; so all wealth,
I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish poured into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father ;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues :
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife :
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;

For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy :—
But I come nearer.

L. All. Pray you do, my lord.

Lov. Were Overreach' states thrice centupled, his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

L. All. I am glad to hear this.— [*Aside.*
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you, hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?

L. All. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.

Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offered means unto ourselves,

To search each other further, you having shewn
Your care of me, I my respect to you,
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

L. All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* TAPWELL'S *House.*

Enter TAPWELL *and* FROTH.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not Master Marrall
(He has marred all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment, to do anything;
Woe, woe to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks,
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.[1]

[1] *i.e.* Branded as a rogue.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days wonder: as for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day: and has found out such A NEW WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way, to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn!

Tap. Yes:—I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARRALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors; TAPWELL *kneeling, delivers his petition.*

Well. How's this! petitioned too?——
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,

Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not[1] Sir Giles.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.—
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset[2]: have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,
And therefore speak not for them: by your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:
—Forget his turkeys, and call in his license
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.

[1] "Fear me not" is a Gallicism of frequent occurrence in Massinger's time.

[2] A tube used to draw liquor from a cask.

Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish!
If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt* GREEDY, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.

Well. Speak; what are you?

1*st Cred.* A decayed vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muskadine[1] and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

1*st Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid[2] to arrest you;
And therefore, sir——

Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.—
What are you?

[1] A sweet aromatic wine made from the muscatel grape.
[2] Planned.

2nd Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shopboard, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.
2nd Cred. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
[*To* 3rd Creditor.
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharged;
And since old debts are cleared by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;
And this, for your respect: [*To* ORDER] take't, 'tis good
And I able to spare it. [gold,
Ord. You are too munificent.
Furn. He was ever so.
Well. Pray you, on before.
3rd Cred. Heaven bless you!
Mar. At four o'clock; the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors.
Well. Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word; I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship; if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office registered,
Are faithful witnesses.

All. 'Tis true, my dearest:

Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness,
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world,—hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will,
And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?

All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse——

Marg. To me they are nothing;
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments
In mind and body I must waste to air,
In poverty joined with banishment; so you share

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH *behind.*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth.
[*Seeing her father.*

All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.

All. I hope better,
Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience: [*Comes forward*

But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] "Fair mistress, from your servant learn,
all joys
That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due."
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? in the name of madness what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two,
That are already offered; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are afar off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true: 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
[*Points to his sword.*
Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent[1] you too.—Paper and ink, there!

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*

All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,

[1] Anticipate.

In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away;—[MARGARET *kneels.*] My blessing, girl? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone:—good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir.
[*Exeunt* ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.
Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquito,
(This is state in ladies,) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compassed—then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow——
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, *and* AMBLE.



ALL. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little, with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband
Might justly claim an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnished for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well:
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant

Than their years can promise ; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.
L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord ; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded : to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers ; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam :
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means ;
And judgment, being a gift derived from Heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.
L. All. May he be so ! yet, in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.
Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you !
What think you of the motion ?
L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me ;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me
With this great favour ; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above

My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; [*Kisses him*] yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, *handsomely apparelled.*

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;

You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prospered. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions
About his daughter: this last night he looked for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplexed and troubled.

Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

Over. I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.
L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.——Nephew.
Well. Sir.
Over. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*
L. All. This is excellent!
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows?

Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes [1] to the gaol: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else?"

Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*

L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,

[1] Clothes just redeemed from pawn, where they were said, according to the cant phrase, to be laid up in lavender.

Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Were't in a church,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't!
Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now!
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended [1] to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
L. All. Never: do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!
L. All. A fair skin of parchment.
Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

[1] Legal phrase for seizure.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience now seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.
Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
"The idiot, the patch,[2] the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football," or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,"
Can now anatomise you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions[3] guarded,

[1] Used literally, in the sense of flay.
[2] See *ante*, p. 159.
[3] Baskets filled with earth and used in fortifications.

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in[1] Dunkirk.
Well. All will come out.
L. All. The better.
Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog[2] worry the other! [*Aside.*
Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.
Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

[1] Seize, subdue.
[2] A dog kept tied or chained up on account of its fierceness.

Enter GREEDY *and* Parson WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.[1]

Over. Instantly be here? [*Whispering to* WILLDO.
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble :—[*Loud music*]—they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!

Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

[1] Solid substantial dishes.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married? [joy!

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
"Marry her to this gentleman."

Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.

Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in—
Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.
L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.
Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;

His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of 't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*
Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a *mittimus*,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father! [*They force* OVERREACH *off.*
All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship

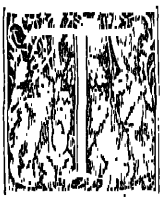
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not in my service
To my king and country but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well. [*coming forward.*] Nothing wants then
But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours, (as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play,)
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write. [*Exeunt.*

THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.





HE Great Duke of Florence was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, July 5th, 1627, and was "often presented" by the Queen's Servants at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. It was published in quarto, with commendatory verses by George Donne and John Ford, in 1636.

Professor Gardiner considers that allusion is made in the course of the play to Buckingham, and his expedition to the Isle of Rhé.





To the truly honoured, and my noble Favourer,

SIR ROBERT WISEMAN, KNT.,

Of Thorrell's Hall, in Essex.

SIR,

As I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits yo have heretofore conferred upon me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However, examples encourage me. The most able in my poor quality have made use of Dedications in this nature, to make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who and what they were that gave supportment and protection to their studies, being more willing to publish the doer than receive a benefit in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty. But it is above my strength and faculties to celebrate to the desert your noble inclination, and that made actual, to raise up, or to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruins of demolished poesy. But that is a work reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, contemn not the name of

Your true and faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COZIMO, Duke of Florence.
GIOVANNI, Nephew of the Duke.
SANAZARRO, the Duke's Favourite.
CAROLO CHAROMONTE, GIOVANNI'S Tutor.
CONTARINO, Secretary to the Duke.
ALPHONSO,
HIPPOLITO,
HIERONIMO, } Councillors of State.
CALANDRINO, a merry fellow, Servant to GIOVANNI.
BERNARDO,
CAPONI,
PETRUCHIO, } Servants to CHAROMONTE.
A Gentleman.

FIORINDA, Duchess of Urbin.
LIDIA, Daughter of CHAROMONTE.
CALAMINTA, Servant to FIORINDA.
PETRONELLA, a foolish Servant to LIDIA.

Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE.—*Partly in* Florence, *and partly at the residence of* CHAROMONTE *in the country.*

THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter CHAROMONTE *and* CONTARINO.

CHAR. You bring your welcome with you.
Cont. Sir, I find it
In every circumstance,
Char. Again most welcome.
Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you, excuse me, [born with)
For I must use the freedom I was
The Great Duke's pleasure had commanded you
To my poor house upon some other service,
Not this you are designed to: but his will
Must be obeyed, howe'er it ravish from me
The happy conversation of one
As dear to me as the old Romans held
Their household Lars, whom they believed had power
To bless and guard their families.

Cont. 'Tis received so
On my part, signior; nor can the duke
But promise to himself as much as may
Be hoped for from a nephew. And 'twere weakness
In any man to doubt that Giovanni,
Trained up by your experience and care
In all those arts peculiar and proper
To future greatness, of necessity
Must in his actions, being grown a man,
Make good the princely education
Which he derived from you.

Char. I have discharged,
To the utmost of my power, the trust the duke
Committed to me, and with joy perceive
The seed of my endeavours was not sown
Upon the barren sands but fruitful glebe,
Which yields a large increase: my noble charge,
By his sharp wit and pregnant apprehension,
Instructing those that teach him; making use,
Not in a vulgar and pedantic form,
Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested,
And truly made his own. His grave discourse,
In one no more indebted unto years,
Amazes such as hear him: horsemanship,
And skill to use his weapon, are by practice
Familiar to him: as for knowledge in
Music, he needs it not, it being born with him;
All that he speaks being with such grace delivered
That it makes perfect harmony.

Cont. You describe
A wonder to me.

Char. Sir, he is no less;
And that there may be nothing wanting that
May render him complete, the sweetness of

His disposition so wins on all
Appointed to attend him, that they are
Rivals, even in the coarsest office, who
Shall get precedency to do him service;
Which they esteem a greater happiness,
Than if they had been fashioned and built up
To hold command o'er others.

Cont. And what place
Does he now bless with his presence?

Char. He is now
Running at the ring, at which he is excellent.
He does allot for every exercise
A several hour: for sloth, the nurse of vices,
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.
But I fear I am tedious, let us pass,
If you please, to some other subject, though I cannot
Deliver him as he deserves.

Cont. You have given him
A noble character.

Char. And how, I pray you,
(For we, that never look beyond our villas,
Must be inquisitive,) are state affairs
Carried in court?

Cont. There's little alteration:
Some rise, and others fall, as it stands with
The pleasure of the duke, their great disposer.

Char. Does Lodovico Sanazarro hold
Weight and grace with him?

Cont. Every day new honours
Are showered upon him, and without the envy
Of such as are good men; since all confess
The service done our master in his wars
'Gainst Pisa and Sienna may with justice
Claim what's conferred upon him.

Char. 'Tis said nobly;
For princes never more make known their wisdom
Than when they cherish goodness where they find it:
They being men, and not gods, Contarino,
They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues:
That is without their power. When they advance,
Not out of judgment, but deceiving fancy,
An undeserving man, howe'er set off
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power,
And of a creature even grown terrible
To him from whom he took his giant form,
This thing is still a comet, no true star;
And, when the bounties feeding his false fire
Begin to fail, will of itself go out,
And what was dreadful proves ridiculous.
But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so,
He being pure and tried gold; and any stamp
Of grace, to make him current to the world,
The duke is pleased to give him, will add honour
To the great bestower; for he, though allowed
Companion to his master, still preserves
His majesty in full lustre.

Cont. He, indeed,
At no part does take from it, but becomes
A partner of his cares, and eases him,
With willing shoulders, of a burthen which
He should alone sustain.

Char. Is he yet married?

Cont. No, signior, still a bachelor; howe'er
It is apparent that the choicest virgin
For beauty, bravery, and wealth, in Florence,
Would, with her parents' glad consent, be won,
Were his affection and intent but known,
To be at his devotion.

Char. So I think too.
But break we off—here comes my princely charge.

Enter GIOVANNI *and* CALANDRINO.

Make your approaches boldly; you will find
A courteous entertainment. [CONTARINO *kneels.*
Giov. Pray you, forbear
My hand, good signior; 'tis a ceremony
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
With mutual arms.
Cont. It is a favour, sir,
I grieve to be denied.
Giov. You shall o'ercome:
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride, that grants it.
Nay, pray you, guardian, and good sir, put on[1]:
How ill it shews to have that reverend head
Uncovered to a boy!
Char. Your excellence
Must give me liberty to observe the distance
And duty that I owe you.
Giov. Owe me duty!
I do profess (and when I do deny it,
Good fortune leave me!) you have been to me
A second father, and may justly challenge,
For training up my youth in arts and arms,
As much respect and service as was due
To him that gave me life. And did you know, sir,
Or will believe from me, now many sleeps
Good Charamonte hath broken in his care
To build me up a man, you must confess
Chiron, the tutor to the great Achilles,
Compared with him, deserves not to be named.

[1] Be covered.

And if my gracious uncle, the Great Duke,
Still holds me worthy his consideration,
Or finds in me aught worthy to be loved,
That little rivulet flowed from this spring;
And so from me report him.

Cont. Fame already
Hath filled his highness' ears with the true story
Of what you are, and how much bettered by him.
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travail
Of this grave sir, with a magnificent hand.
For, though his tenderness hardly could consent
To have you one hour absent from his sight,
For full three years he did deny himself
The pleasure he took in you, that you, here,
From this great master, might arrive unto
The theory of those high mysteries
Which you, by action, must make plain in court.
'Tis, therefore, his request, (and that, from him,
Your Excellence must grant a strict command,)
That instantly (it being not five hours riding)
You should take horse and visit him. These his letters
Will yield you further reasons. [*Delivers a packet.*

Cal. To the court!
Farewell the flower, then, of the country's garland.
This is our sun, and when he's set, we must not
Expect or spring or summer, but resolve
For a perpetual winter.

Char. Pray you, observe
[GIOVANNI *reading the letters.*
The frequent changes in his face.

Cont. As if
His much unwillingness to leave your house
Contended with his duty.

Char. Now he appears
Collected and resolved.
Giov. It is the duke!
The duke, upon whose favour all my hopes
And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check
At his commands for any private motives
That do invite my stay here, though they are
Almost not to be mastered. My obedience,
In my departing suddenly, shall confirm
I am his highness' creature; yet, I hope
A little stay to take a solemn farewell
Of all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet retirement, from my guardian,
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meet
An ill construction.
Cont. I will answer that:
Use your own will.
Giov. I would speak to you, sir,
In such a phrase as might express the thanks
My heart would gladly pay; but——
Char. I conceive you:
And something I would say; but I must not do it
In that dumb rhetoric which you make use of;
For I do wish you all——I know not how,
My toughness melts, and, spite of my discretion,
I must turn woman. [*Embraces* GIOVANNI.
Cont. What a sympathy
There is between them!
Cal. Were I on the rack,
I could not shed a tear. But I am mad,
And, ten to one, shall hang myself for sorrow,
Before I shift my shirt. But hear you, sir,
(I'll separate you,) when you are gone, what will
Become of me?

Giov. Why, thou shalt to court with me.

[*Takes* CHAROMONTE *aside.*

Cal. To see you worried?

Cont. Worried, Calandrino!

Cal. Yes, sir: for, bring this sweet face to the court,
There will be such a longing 'mong the madams,
Who shall engross it first, nay, fight and scratch for't,
That, if they be not stopped, for entertainment
They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so,
And not be tempted to a further danger,
These succubæ are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an eunuch.

Cont. Have a better
Opinion of court-ladies, and take care
Of your own stake.

Cal. For my stake, 'tis past caring.
I would not have a bird of unclean feathers
Handsel his lime twig,—and so much for him:
There's something else that troubles me.

Cont. What's that?

Cal. Why, how to behave myself in court, and tightly.
I have been told the very place transforms men,
And that not one of a thousand, that before
Lived honestly in the country on plain salads,
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him
But a month or two with custards and court cake-bread,
And he turns knave immediately.—I'd be honest;
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

Giov. [*To* CHAR.] And, if I ever reach my hopes, believe it,
We will share fortunes.

Char. This acknowledgment
Binds me your debtor ever.

Enter LIDIA.

Here comes one
In whose sad looks you easily may read
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced
To take her last leave of you.
Cont. As I live,
A beauty without parallel!
Lid. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
Giov. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compelled
Or to lie grovelling on the earth or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
Lid. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
Giov. O, Lidia!——
Cont. So passionate! [*Aside.*
Giov. For, had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envy,

As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a quire
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we returned,
Imp[1] feathers to the broken wings of Time:—
And all this I must part from.

Cont. You forget
The haste imposed upon us.

Giov. One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for Hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.

Lid. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant: but it was,
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you; such a one

[1] To "imp" is to insert a feather into the wing of a hawk, or other bird, in the place of one which is broken.

That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you.
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid!
Giov. I am dumb,
And can make no reply.
Cont. Your excellence
Will be benighted.
Giov. This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.
Lid. Give me leave
To wait on you to your horse.
Char. And me to bring you
To the one half of your journey.
Giov. Your love puts
Your age to too much trouble.
Char. I grow young,
When most I serve you.
Cont. Sir, the duke shall thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Florence. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, *and* HIERONIMO.

Alph. His highness cannot take it ill.
Hip. However,
We with our duties shall express our care
For the safety of his dukedom.
Hier. And our loves

Enter COZIMO.

To his person.—Here he comes: present it boldly.
[*They kneel,* ALPHONSO *tenders a paper.*

Coz. What needs this form? We are not grown so proud
As to disdain familiar conference
With such as are to counsel and direct us.
This kind of adoration showed not well
In the old Roman emperors, who, forgetting
That they were flesh and blood, would be styled gods:
In us to suffer it, were worse. Pray you, rise. [*Reads.*
Still the old suit! With too much curiousness
You have too often searched this wound, which yields
Security and rest, not trouble to me.
For here you grieve, that my firm resolution
Continues me a widower; and that
My want of issue to succeed me in
My government, when I am dead, may breed
Distraction in the state, and make the name
And family of the Medici, now admired,
Contemptible.

Hip. And with strong reasons, sir.

Alph. For, were you old, and past hope to beget
The model of yourself, we should be silent.

Hier. But, being in your height and pride of years,
As you are now, great sir, and having, too,
In your possession the daughter of
The deceased Duke of Urbin, and his heir,
Whose guardian you are made; were you but pleased
To think her worthy of you, besides children,
The dukedom she brings with her for a dower
Will yield a large increase of strength and power
To those fair territories which already
Acknowledge you their absolute lord.

Coz. You press us
With solid arguments, we grant; and, though
We stand not bound to yield account to any

Why we do this or that, (the full consent
Of our subjects being included in our will,)
We, out of our free bounties, will deliver
The motives that divert [1] us. You well know
That, three years since, to our much grief, we lost
Our duchess; such a duchess, that the world,
In her whole course of life, yields not a lady
That can with imitation deserve
To be her second: in her grave we buried
All thoughts of woman: let this satisfy
For any second marriage. Now, whereas
You name the heir of Urbin, as a princess
Of great revenues, 'tis confessed she is so:
But for some causes private to ourself,
We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair not;
For you, ere long, with joy shall understand
That in our princely care we have provided
One worthy to succeed us.

Hip. We submit,
And hold the counsels of great Cozimo
Oraculous.

Enter SANAZARRO.

Coz. My Sanazarro!—Nay,
Forbear all ceremony. You look sprightly, friend,
And promise in your clear aspect some novel [2]
That may delight us.

Sanaz. O sir, I would not be
The harbinger of aught that might distaste you:
And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to torture
Your highness' expectation) your vice-admiral,
By my directions, hath surprised the galleys
Appointed to transport the Asian tribute

[1] Turn us aside (from following your advice). [2] News.

Of the great Turk; a richer prize was never
Brought into Florence.

Coz. Still my nightingale,
That with sweet accents dost assure me that
My spring of happiness comes fast upon me!
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch
An enemy to brave and thriving action,
That dares believe but in a thought, we are
Too prodigal in our favours to this man,
Whose merits, though with him we should divide
Our dukedom, still continue us his debtor.

Hip. 'Tis far from me.

Alph. We all applaud it.

Coz. Nay, blush not, Sanazarro, we are proud
Of what we build up in thee; nor can our
Election be disparaged, since we have not
Received into our bosom and our grace
A glorious [1] lazy drone, grown fat with feeding
On others' toil, but an industrious bee,
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,
And every happy evening returns
Loaden with wax and honey to our hive.

Sanaz. My best endeavours never can discharge
The service I should pay.

Coz. Thou art too modest;
But we will study how to give, and when,
Before it be demanded.

Enter GIOVANNI *and* CONTARINO.

Giovanni!
My nephew! let me eye thee better, boy.
In thee, methinks, my sister lives again;

[1] Vain or vaunting.

For her love I will be a father to thee,
For thou art my adopted son.
Giov. Your servant,
And humblest subject.
Coz. Thy hard travel, nephew,
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear,
For the present, an account how thou hast spent
Thy absent hours. See, signiors, see, our care,
Without a second bed, provides you of
A hopeful prince. Carry him to his lodgings,
And, for his further honour, Sanazarro,
With the rest, do you attend him.
Giov. All true pleasures
Circle your highness!
Sanaz. As the rising sun,
We do receive you.
Giov. May this never set,
But shine upon you ever!

[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, HIERONIMO, ALPHONSO, *and* HIPPOLITO.

Coz. Contarino!
Cont. My gracious lord.
Coz. What entertainment found you
From Carolo de Charomonte?
Cont. Free,
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,
Noble and hospitable.
Coz. But did my nephew
Depart thence willingly?
Cont. He obeyed your summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,
But that he durst not cross your will, he would
Have sojourned longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest entertainment.

But there was something else; nor can I blame
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave
Of such a sweet companion.

Coz. Who was it?

Cont. The daughter, sir, of Signior Carolo,
Fair Lidia, a virgin, at all parts,
But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him.
The rarest beauties Italy can make boast of
Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance
Of all perfection. And what increases
The wonder, sir, her body's matchless form
Is bettered by the pureness of her soul.
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behavour,
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,
With a simplicity that shames all courtship,[1]
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe
Had Circe or Calypso her sweet graces,
Wandering Ulysses never had remembered
Penelope, or Ithaca.

Coz. Be not rapt so.

Cont. Your Excellence would be so, had you seen her.

Coz. Take up, take up.[2]—But did your observation
Note any passage of affection
Between her and my nephew?

Cont. How it should
Be otherwise between them, is beyond
My best imagination. Cupid's arrows
Were useless there; for, of necessity.
Their years and dispositions do accord so,
They must wound one another.

Coz. Umph! Thou art
My secretary, Contarino, and more skilled

[1] Court breeding.
[2] Check yourself. Modern slang, "Shut up."

In politic designs of state, than in
Thy judgment of a beauty; give me leave,
In this, to doubt it.—Here. Go to my cabinet,
You shall find there letters newly received,
Touching the state of Urbin.
Pray you, with care peruse them: leave the search
Of this to us.

Cont. I do obey in all things. [*Exit.*

Coz. Lidia! a diamond so long concealed.
And never worn in court! of such sweet feature!
And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes
Made captive to it! Umph! 'tis somewhat strange.
Our eyes are everywhere, and we will make
A strict inquiry.—Sanazarro!

Re-enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. Sir.

Coz. Is my nephew at his rest?

Sanaz. I saw him in bed, sir.

Coz. 'Tis well; and does the Princess Fiorinda—
Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir—
Continue constant in her favours to you?

Sanaz. Dread sir, she may dispense them as she pleases,
But I look up to her as on a princess
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigal graces shall not render me
Offender to your highness.

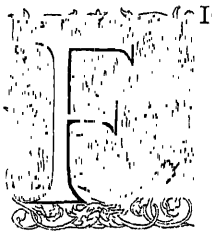
Coz. Not a scruple.
He whom I favour, as I do my friend,
May take all lawful graces that become him:
But touching this hereafter. I have now
(And though perhaps it may appear a trifle)
Serious employment for thee.

Sanaz. I stand ready
For any act you please.
Coz. I know it, friend.
Have you ne'er heard of Lidia, the daughter
Of Carolo Charomonte?
Sanaz. Him I know, sir,
For a noble gentleman, and my worthy friend;
But never heard of her.
Coz. She is delivered,
And feelingly, to us by Contarino,
For a masterpiece in nature. I would have you
Ride suddenly thither to behold this wonder,
But not as sent by us; that's our first caution:
The second is, and carefully observe it,
That, though you are a bachelor, and endowed with
All those perfections that may take a virgin,
On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her:
It may be her fair graces do concern us.
Pretend what business you think fit, to gain
Access unto her father's house, and there
Make full discovery of her, and return me
A true relation: I have some ends in it,
With which we will acquaint you.
Sanaz. This is, sir,
An easy task.
Coz. Yet one that must exact
Your secrecy and diligence. Let not
Your stay be long.
Sanaz. It shall not, sir.
Coz. Farewell,
And be, as you would keep our favour, careful. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* FIORINDA'S *House.*

Enter FIORINDA *and* CALAMINTA.



FIOR. How does this dressing shew?

Calam. 'Tis of itself
Curious and rare, but, borrowing ornament
As it does from your grace that deigns to wear it,
Incomparable.

Fior. Thou flatter'st me.

Calam. I cannot,
Your excellence is above it.

Fior. Were we less perfect,
Yet, being as we are, an absolute princess,
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,
By our prerogative: yet all these fail
To move where I would have them. How received
Count Sanazarro the rich scarf I sent him
For his last visit?

Calam. With much reverence,
I dare not say affection. He expressed
More ceremony in his humble thanks
Than feeling of the favour; and appeared
Wilfully ignorant, in my opinion,
Of what it did invite him to.

Fior. No matter;
He's blind with too much light. Have you not heard
Of any private mistress he's engaged to?
Calam. Not any; and this does amaze me, madam,
That he, a soldier, one that drinks rich wines,
Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus
Could wish to find from Mars, should in his manners
Be so averse to women.
Fior. Troth, I know not;
He's man enough, and, if he has a haunt,
He preys, far off, like a subtle fox.
Calam. And that way
I do suspect him: for I learnt last night,
When the Great Duke went to rest, attended by
One private follower, he took horse; but whither
He's rid, or to what end, I cannot guess at,
But I will find it out.
Fior. Do, faithful servant;
We would not be abused.

Enter CALANDRINO.

Who have we here?
Calam. How the fool stares!
Fior. And looks as if he were
Conning his neck-verse.[1]
Cal. If I now prove perfect
In my A B C of courtship, Calandrino
Is made for ever. I am sent—let me see,
On a "How d'ye," as they call't.
Calam. What wouldst thou say?
Cal. Let me see my notes. These are her lodgings; well.

[1] The verse, usually the beginning of the 31st Psalm, read by criminals to entitle them to benefit of clergy.

Calam. Art thou an ass?

Cal. Peace! thou art a court wagtail,[1]

[*Looking on his instructions.*

To interrupt me.

Fior. He has given it you.

Cal. "And then say to the illustrious Fi-o-rin-da—"

I have it. Which is she?

Calam. Why this; fop-doodle.

Cal. Leave chattering, bullfinch; you would put me out,

But 'twill not do.—"Then, after you have made
Your three obeisances to her, kneel and kiss
The skirt of her gown."—I am glad it is no worse.

Calam. And why so, sir?

Cal. Because I was afraid
That, after the Italian garb, I should
Have kissed her backward.

Calam. This is sport unlooked for.

Cal. Are you the princess?

Fior. Yes, sir.

Cal. Then stand fair,
For I am choleric; and do not nip
A hopeful blossom. Out again:—"Three low obeisances.—"

Fior. I am ready.

Cal. I come on, then.

Calam. With much formality.

Cal. Umph! One, two, three. [*Makes antic curtsies.*

Thus far I am right. Now for the last.

[*Kisses the skirt of her gown.*]—O, rare!
She is perfumed all over! Sure great women,
Instead of little dogs, are privileged
To carry musk-cats.

Wanton.

Fior. Now the ceremony
Is passed, what is the substance?
Cal. I'll peruse
My instructions, and then tell you. — "Her skirt kissed,
Inform her highness that your lord "— —
Calam. Who's that?
Cal. Prince Giovanni, who entreats your grace,
That he, with your good favour, may have leave
To present his service to you. I think I have nicked it
For a courtier of the first form.
Fior. To my wonder.

Enter GIOVANNI *and a* Gentleman.

Return unto the prince—but he prevents
My answer. Calaminta, take him off;
And, for the neat delivery of his message,
Give him ten ducats: such rare parts as yours
Are to be cherished.
Cal. We will share: I know
It is the custom of the court, when ten
Are promised, five is fair. Fie! fie! the princess
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
And bid me not come to-morrow.
Calam. Very good, sir.
[*Exeunt* CALANDRINO *and* CALAMINTA.
Giov. Pray you, friend,
Inform the duke I am putting into act
What he commanded.
Gent. I am proud to be employed, sir. [*Exit.*
Giov. Madam, that without warrant I presume
To trench upon your privacies, may argue
Rudeness of manners; but the free access

Your princely courtesy vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their services, gives me hope
To find a gracious pardon.

Fior. If you please, not
To make that an offence in your construction
Which I receive as a large favour from you,
There needs not this apology.

Giov. You continue,
As you were ever, the greatest mistress of
Fair entertainment.

Fior. You are, sir, the master;
And in the country have learnt to outdo
All that in court is practised. But why should we
Talk at such distance? You are welcome, sir.
We have been more familiar, and since
You will impose the province (you should govern)
Of boldness on me, give me leave to say
You are too punctual. Sit, sir, and discourse
As we were used.

Giov. Your excellence knows so well
How to command, that I can never err
When I obey you.

Fior. Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'ercome; no more, I pray you, sir.—
And what delights, pray you be liberal
In your relation, hath the country life
Afforded you?

Giov. All pleasures, gracious madam,
But the happiness to converse with your sweet virtues.
I had a grave instructor, and my hours
Designed to serious studies yielded me
Pleasure with profit in the knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in; the Signior,
Carolo de Charomonte, being skilful

To guide me through the labyrinth of wild passions,
That laboured to imprison my free soul
A slave to vicious sloth.

Fior. You speak him well.

Giov. But short of his deserts. Then for the time
Of recreation, I was allowed
(Against the form followed by jealous parents
In Italy) full liberty to partake
His daughter's sweet society. She's a virgin
Happy in all endowments which a poet
Could fancy in his mistress; being herself
A school of goodness where chaste maids may learn,
Without the aid of foreign principles,
By the example of her life and pureness,
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you
A brief epitome of her virtues, which,
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample story.

Fior. Your whole age,
So spent with such a father, and a daughter,
Could not be tedious to you.

Giov. True, great princess:
And now, since you have pleased to grant the hearing
Of my time's expense in the country, give me leave
To entreat the favour to be made acquainted
What service, or what objects in the court,
Have, in your excellency's acceptance, proved
Most gracious to you.

Fior. I'll meet your demand,
And make a plain discovery. The duke's care
For my estate and person holds the first
And choicest place: then, the respect the courtiers
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemned.
But that which raised in me the most delight,

(For I am a friend to valour,) was to hear
The noble actions truly reported
Of the brave Count Sanazarro. I profess
When it hath been, and fervently, delivered,
How boldly, in the horror of a fight,
Covered with fire and smoke, and, as if nature
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath fallen
Upon the Turkish galleys, I have heard it
With a kind of pleasure which hath whispered to me,
This worthy must be cherished.

Giov. 'Twas a bounty
You never can repent.

Fior. I glory in it.
And when he did return, (but still with conquest,)
His armour off, not young Antinous
Appeared more courtly; all the graces that
Render a man's society dear to ladies,
Like pages waiting on him; and it does
Work strangely on me.

Giov. To divert your thoughts,
Though they are fixed upon a noble subject,
I am a suitor to you.

Fior. You will ask,
I do presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be denied.

Giov. It is a favour
For which I hope your excellence will thank me.

Fior. Nay, without circumstance.

Giov. That you would please
To take occasion to move the duke,
That you, with his allowance, may command
This matchless virgin, Lidia, (of whom
I cannot speak too much,) to wait upon you.
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of

Your good opinion of me, that will not
Be a blemish to your train.

Fior. 'Tis rank, he loves her!
But I will fit him with a suit. [*Aside.*]—I pause not,
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me
To do what you desire, for I'll effect it,
And make use of a fair and fit occasion;
Yet, in return, I ask a boon of you,
And hope to find you, in your grant to me,
As I have been to you.

Giov. Command me, madam.

Fior. 'Tis near allied to yours. That you would be
A suitor to the duke, not to expose,
After so many trials of his faith,
The noble Sanazarro to all dangers,
As if he were a wall to stand the fury
Of a perpetual battery: but now
To grant him, after his long labours, rest
And liberty to live in court; his arms
And his victorious sword and shield hung up
For monuments.

Giov. Umph!—I'll embrace, fair princess,
The soonest opportunity.

Enter COZIMO.

The duke!

Coz. Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacy,
And come not to disturb you. You are equals,
And, without prejudice to either's honours,
May make a mutual change of love and courtship,
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,
And we give suffrage to it.

Giov. You are gracious.

Coz. To ourself in this: but now break off; too much

Taken at once of the most curious[1] viands,
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now
For other sports, in which our pleasure is
That you shall keep us company.

Fior. We attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Hall in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter BERNARDO, CAPONI, *and* PETRUCHIO.

Bern. Is my lord stirring?

Cap. No; he's fast.

Pet. Let us take, then,
Our morning draught. Such as eat store of beef,
Mutton, and capons, may preserve their healths
With that thin composition called small beer,
As, 'tis said, they do in England. But Italians,
That think when they have supped upon an olive,
A root, or bunch of raisins, 'tis a feast,
Must kill those crudities rising from cold herbs
With hot and lusty wines.

Cap. A happiness
Those tramontanes[2] ne'er tasted.

Bern. Have they not
Store of wine there?

Cap. Yes, and drink more in two hours
Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.

Pet. But what is't? French trash, made of rotten grapes,
And dregs and lees of Spain, with Welsh metheglin,
A drench to kill a horse! But this pure nectar,
Being proper to our climate, is too fine

[1] Choicest. [2] Strangers, barbarians (*ultra montes*).

To brook the roughness of the sea; the spirit
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions,
And active executions; whereas their
Gross feeding makes their understanding like it:
They can fight, and that's their all. [*They drink.*

Enter SANAZARRO *and* Servant.

Sanaz. Security
Dwells about this house, I think; the gate's wide open,
And not a servant stirring. See the horses
Set up, and clothed.
Serv. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Sanaz. I'll make bold
To press a little further.
Bern. Who is this,
Count Sanazarro?
Pet. Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the flagon.
Sanaz. A good day to you, friends.
Nay, do not conceal your physic; I approve it,
And, if you please, will be a patient with you.
Pet. My noble lord. [*Drinks.*
Sanaz. A health to yours. [*Drinks.*] Well done!
I see you love yourselves, and I commend you;
'Tis the best wisdom.
Pet. May it please your honour
To walk a turn in the gallery, I'll acquaint
My lord with your being here. [*Exit.*
Sanaz. Tell him I come
For a visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this. [*Exit.*
Cap. Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one;
Nor wealth nor greatness makes him proud.
Bern. There are
Too few of them; for most of our new courtiers,

(Whose fathers were familiar with the prices
Of oil and corn, with when and where to vent[1] them,
And left their heirs rich, from their knowledge that way,)
Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speak
But to cloth of tissue.

Enter CHAROMONTE *in a nightgown,* PETRUCHIO *following.*

Char. Stand, you prating knaves,
When such a guest is under my roof! See all
The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries
The sway and swing of the court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest offices, than——
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter
Trim herself up to the height; I know this courtier
Must have a smack at her; and, perhaps, by his place,
Expects to wriggle further; if he does,
I shall deceive his hopes; for I'll not taint
My honour for the dukedom. Which way went he?

Cap. To the round gallery.

Char. I will entertain him
As fits his worth and quality, but no further. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the same.*

Enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. I cannot apprehend, yet I have argued
All ways I can imagine, for what reasons
The Great Duke does employ me hither; and,
What does increase the miracle, I must render
A strict and true account, at my return,

[1] Vend.

Of Lidia, this lord's daughter, and describe.
In what she's excellent, and where defective.
'Tis a hard task: he that will undergo
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of Lynceus' eyes, and with more ease
May look, like him, through nine mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her. But the intents
And secrets of my prince's heart must be
Served, and not searched into.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

Char. Most noble sir,
Excuse my age, subject to ease and sloth,
That with no greater speed I have presented
My service with your welcome.

Sanaz. 'Tis more fit
That I should ask your pardon, for disturbing
Your rest at this unseasonable hour.
But my occasions carry me so near
Your hospitable house, my stay being short too,
Your goodness, and the name of friend, which you
Are pleased to grace me with, gave me assurance
A visit would not offend.

Char. Offend, my lord!
I feel myself much younger for the favour.
How is it with our gracious master?

Sanaz. He, sir,
Holds still his wonted greatness, and confesses
Himself your debtor, for your love and care
To the Prince Giovanni; and had sent
Particular thanks by me, had his grace known
The quick dispatch of what I was designed to
Would have licensed me to see you.

Char. I am rich
In his acknowledgment.
Sanaz. Sir, I have heard
Your happiness in a daughter.
Char. Sits the wind there? [*Aside.*
Sanaz. Fame gives her out for a rare masterpiece.
Char. 'Tis a plain village girl, sir, but obedient;
That's her best beauty, sir.
Sanaz. Let my desire
To see her, find a fair construction from you;
I bring no loose thought with me.
Char. You are that way,
My lord, free from suspicion. Her own manners,
Without an imposition from me,
I hope, will prompt her to it.

Enter LIDIA *and* PETRONELLA.

As she is,
She comes to make a tender of that service
Which she stands bound to pay.
Sanaz. With your fair leave,
I make bold to salute you.
Lid. Sir, you have it.
Petron. I am her gentlewoman, will he not kiss me too?
This is coarse, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Char. How he falls off!
Lid. My lord, though silence best becomes a maid,
And to be curious to know but what
Concerns myself, and with becoming distance,
May argue me of boldness, I must borrow
So much of modesty, as to inquire
Prince Giovanni's health.
Sanaz. He cannot want
What you are pleased to wish him.

Lid. Would 'twere so!
And then there is no blessing that can make
A hopeful and a noble prince complete,
But should fall on him. O! he was our north star,
The light and pleasure of our eyes.
Sanaz. Where am I?
I feel myself another thing! Can charms
Be writ on such pure rubies?[1] her lips melt
As soon as touched! Not those smooth gales that glide
O'er happy Araby or rich Sabæa,
Creating in their passage gums and spices,
Can serve for a weak simile to express
The sweetness of her breath. Such a brave stature
Homer bestowed on Pallas, every limb
Proportioned to it!
Char. This is strange.—My lord!
Sanaz. I crave your pardon, and yours, matchless maid,
For such I must report you.
Petron. There's no notice
Taken all this while of me. [*Aside.*
Sanaz. And I must add,
If your discourse and reason parallel
The rareness of your more than human form,
You are a wonder.
Char. Pray you, my lord, make trial:
She can speak, I can assure you; and that my presence
May not take from her freedom, I will leave you:
For know, my lord, my confidence dares trust her
Where, and with whom, she pleases.——If he be
Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy

[1] Referring to the belief that certain gems could not be prostituted to magical arts.

A better match ; and, for false play, I know
The tricks, and can discern them.—Petronella !

Petron. Yes, my good lord.

Char. I have employment for you.

[*Exeunt* CHAROMONTE *and* PETRONELLA.

Lid. What's your will, sir?

Sanaz. Madam, you are so large a theme to treat of,
And every grace about you offers to me
Such copiousness of language, that I stand
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,
As in my choice I may, let me entreat you,
Before I do offend, to sign my pardon :
Let this the emblem of your innocence,
Give me assurance.

Lid. My hand joined to yours,
Without this superstition, confirms it.
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me,
The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing
That rhetoric, with all her tropes and figures,
Can amplify. Yet since you are resolved
To prove yourself a courtier in my praise,
As I'm a woman (and you men affirm
Our sex loves to be flattered) I'll endure it.

Enter CHAROMONTE *above.*

Now, when you please, begin.

Sanaz. [*turning from her.*] Such Leda's paps were,—
Down pillows styled by Jove,—and their pure whiteness
Shames the swan's down, or snow. No heat of lust
Swells up her azure veins ; and yet I feel
That this chaste ice but touched fans fire in me. [*Aside.*

Lid. You need not, noble sir, be thus transported,
Or trouble your invention to express
Your thought of me : the plainest phrase and language

That you can use, will be too high a strain
For such an humble theme.
Sanaz. If the Great Duke
Made this his end, to try my constant temper,
Though I am vanquished, 'tis his fault, not mine,
For I am flesh and blood, and have affections
Like other men. Who can behold the temples,
Or holy altars, but the objects work
Devotion in him? And I may as well
Walk over burning iron with bare feet
And be unscorched, as look upon this beauty
Without desire, and that desire pursued too
Till it be quenched with the enjoying those
Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word. [*Aside.*
Lid. I ne'er was proud;
Nor can find I am guilty of a thought
Deserving this neglect and strangeness from you;
Nor am I amorous.
Sanaz. Suppose his greatness
Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me
To be his agent? It is tyranny
To call one pinched with hunger to a feast
And at that instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance
Tempted too far is like the trial of
A good sword on an anvil; as that often
Flies in pieces without service to the owner,
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,
And is too late repented. [*Aside.*
Lid. Pray you, sir,
Or license me to leave you, or deliver
The reasons which invite you to command
My tedious waiting on you.

Char. As I live,
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride
Or his simplicity?
Sanaz. Whither have my thoughts
Carried me from myself? In this my dulness,
I've lost an opportunity—— [*Turns to her; she falls off.*
Lid. 'Tis true,
I was not bred in court, nor live a star there,
Nor shine in rich embroideries and pearl,
As they that are the mistresses of great fortunes
Are every day adorned with——
Sanaz. Will you vouchsafe
Your ear, sweet lady?
Lid. Yet I may be bold,
For my integrity and fame, to rank
With such as are more glorious. Though I never
Did injury, yet I am sensible
When I'm contemned and scorned.
Sanaz. Will you please to hear me?
Lid. O the difference of natures! Giovanni,
A prince in expectation, when he lived here,
Stole courtesy from Heaven, and would not to
The meanest servant in my father's house
Have kept such distance.
Sanaz. Pray you, do not think me
Unworthy of your ear; it was your beauty
That turned me statue. I can speak, fair lady.
Lid. And I can hear. The harshness of your courtship[1]
Cannot corrupt my courtesy.
Sanaz. Will you hear me,
If I speak of love?
Lid. Provided you be modest;
I were uncivil, else.

[1] Court-breeding.

Char. They are come to parley:
I must observe this nearer. [*He retires.*
Sanaz. You are a rare one,
And such, but that my haste commands me hence,
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me
With leave to visit you again?
Lid. So you,
At your return to court, do me the favour
To make a tender of my humble service
To the Prince Giovanni.
Sanaz. Ever touching
Upon that string! [*Aside.*] And will you give me hope
Of future happiness?
Lid. That, as I shall find you:
The fort that's yielded at the first assault
Is hardly worth the taking.

Re-enter CHAROMONTE *below.*

Char. O, they are at it.
Sanaz. She is a magazine of all perfection,
And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must—
A parting kiss, fair maid.
Lid. That, custom grants you.
Char. A homely breakfast does attend your lordship,
Such as the place affords.
Sanaz. No, I have feasted
Already here; my thanks, and so I leave you:
I will see you again.—Till this unhappy hour
I was never lost, and what to do or say
I have not yet determined. [*Aside and exit.*
Char. Gone so abruptly!
'Tis very strange.
Lid. Under your favour, sir,

His coming hither was to little purpose,
For anything I heard from him.
Char. Take heed, Lidia!
I do advise you with a father's love,
And tenderness of your honour; as I would not
Have you coarse and harsh in giving entertainment,
So by no means to be credulous: for great men,
Till they have gained their ends, are giants in
Their promises, but, those obtained, weak pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Allowed among them, so they may deceive,
They may swear any thing, for the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile at, lovers' perjuries.—Yet be wise too,
And when you are sued to in a noble way,
Be neither nice nor scrupulous.
Lid. All you speak, sir,
I hear as oracles, nor will digress
From your directions.
Char. So shall you keep
Your fame untainted.
Lid. As I would my life, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Florence. An Anteroom in the Palace.*

Enter SANAZARRO *and* Servant.

SANAZ. Leave the horses with my grooms; but be you careful,
With your best diligence and speed, to find out
The prince, and humbly, in my name, entreat
I may exchange some private conference with him
Before the Great Duke know of my arrival.

Serv. I haste, my lord.

Sanaz. Here I'll attend his coming:
And see you keep yourself, as much as may be,
Concealed from all men else.

Serv. To serve your lordship,
I wish I were invisible. [*Exit.*

Sanaz. I am driven
Into a desperate strait, and cannot steer
A middle course; and of the two extremes
Which I must make election of, I know not
Which is more full of horror. Never servant
Stood more engaged to a magnificent master
Than I to Cozimo; and all those honours

And glories by his grace conferred upon me,
Or by my prosperous services deserved,
If now I should deceive his trust and make
A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruined.
And, on the other side, if I discover
Lidia's divine perfections, all my hopes
In her are sunk, never to be buoyed up:
For 'tis impossible, but, as soon as seen,
She must with adoration be sued to.
A hermit at his beads but looking on her,
Or the cold cynic whom Corinthian Laïs
(Not moved with her lust's blandishments) called a stone,
At this object would take fire. Nor is the duke
Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phædra,
But seen, must force him to forsake the groves
And Dian's huntmanship, proud to serve under
Venus' soft ensigns. No, there is no way
For me to hope fruition of my ends,
But to conceal her beauties;—and how that
May be effected, is as hard a task
As with a veil to cover the sun's beams,
Or comfortable light. Three years the prince
Lived in her company, and Contarino,
The secretary, hath possessed[1] the duke
What a rare piece she is:—but he's my creature,
And may with ease be frighted to deny
What he hath said; and, if my long experience,
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,
Cannot o'er-reach a youth, my practice yields me
But little profit.

Enter GIOVANNI *with the* Servant.

Giov. You are well returned, sir.

[1] Informed.

Sanaz. Leave us.—[*Exit* Servant.] When that your
grace shall know the motives
That forced me to invite you to this trouble,
You will excuse my manners.
Giov. Sir, there needs not
This circumstance between us. You are ever
My noble friend.
Sanaz. You shall have further cause
To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve you;
And when I have committed to your trust
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)
A secret of no less importance than
My honour, nay, my head, it will confirm
What value you hold with me.
Giov. Pray you, believe, sir,
What you deliver to me shall be locked up
In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself
Shall keep the key: for here I pawn my honour,
Which is the best security I can give yet,
It shall not be discovered.
Sanaz. This assurance
Is more than I with modesty could demand
From such a paymaster; but I must be sudden:
And therefore, to the purpose. Can your Excellence
In your imagination conceive
On what design, or whither, the duke's will
Commanded me hence last night?
Giov. No, I assure you;
And it had been a rudeness to enquire
Of that I was not called to.
Sanaz. Grant me hearing,
And I will truly make you understand
It only did concern you.
Giov. Me, my lord!

Sanaz. You, in your present state, and future fortunes;
For both lie at the stake.
Giov. You much amaze me.
Pray you, resolve this riddle.
Sanaz. You know the duke,
If he die issueless, as yet he is,
Determines you his heir.
Giov. It hath pleased his highness
Oft to profess so much.
Sanaz. But say he should
Be won to prove a second wife, on whom
He may beget a son, how, in a moment,
Will all those glorious expectations, which
Render you reverenced and remarkable,
Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are
His much-loved sister's son!
Giov. I must bear it
With patience, and in me it is a duty
That I was born with; and 'twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit
To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe
Laws to the giver's pleasure.
Sanaz. Sweetly answered,
And like your noble self. This your rare temper
So wins upon me, that I would not live
(If that by honest arts I can prevent it)
To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think
How you shall be transformed from what you are,
Should this (as Heaven avert it!) ever happen.
It must disturb your peace: for whereas now,
Being, as you are, received for the heir apparent,
You are no sooner seen, but wondered at,
The signiors making it a business to
Enquire how you have slept, and, as you walk

The streets of Florence, the glad multitude
In throngs press but to see you, and, with joy,
The father, pointing with his finger, tells
His son, This is the prince, the hopeful prince,
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him:
Great ladies beg your picture, and make love
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance:
And, but the last night, when 'twas only rumoured
That you were come to court, as if you had
By sea past hither from another world,[1]
What general shouts and acclamations followed!
The bells rang loud, the bonfires blazed, and such
As loved not wine, carousing to your health,
Were drunk, and blushed not at it. And is this
A happiness to part with?

Giov. I allow these
As flourishes of fortune, with which princes
Are often soothed; but never yet esteemed them
For real blessings.

Sanaz. Yet all these were paid
To what you may be, not to what you are;
For if the Great Duke but shew to his servants
A son of his own, you shall, like one obscure,
Pass unregarded.

Giov. I confess, command
Is not to be contemned, and if my fate
Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it
With willing shoulders. But, my lord, as yet,
You've told me of a danger coming towards me,
But have not named it.

Sanaz. That is soon delivered.
Great Cozimo, your uncle, as I more
Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance

[1] *i.e.*, from another hemisphere.

That does persuade my judgment to believe it,
Purposes to be married.
Giov. Married, sir!
With whom, and on what terms? pray you, instruct me.
Sanaz. With the fair Lidia.
Giov. Lidia!
Sanaz. The daughter
Of Signior Charomonte.
Giov. Pardon me
Though I appear incredulous; for, on
My knowledge, he ne'er saw her.
Sanaz. That is granted:
But Contarino hath so sung her praises
And given her out for such a masterpiece
That he's transported with it, sir:—and love
Steals sometimes through the ear into the heart,
As well as by the eye. The duke no sooner
Heard her described, but I was sent in post
To see her, and return my judgment of her.
Giov. And what's your censure?[1]
Sanaz. 'Tis a pretty creature.
Giov. She's very fair.
Sanaz. Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.
Giov. Her limbs are neatly formed.
Sanaz. She hath a waist
Indeed sized to love's wish.
Giov. A delicate hand too.
Sanaz. Then for a leg and foot—
Giov. And there I leave you,
For I presumed no further.
Sanaz. As she is, sir,
I know she wants no gracious part that may
Allure the duke, and, if he only see her,

[1] Opinion.

She is his own: he will not be denied,
And then you are lost; yet, if you'll second me,
(As you have reason, for it most concerns you,)
I can prevent all yet.

Giov. I would you could,
A noble way.

Sanaz. I will cry down her beauties,
Especially the beauties of her mind,
As much as Contarino hath advanced them;
And this, I hope, will breed forgetfulness,
And kill affection in him: but you must join
With me in my report, if you be questioned.

Giov. I never told a lie yet, and I hold it
In some degree blasphemous to dispraise
What's worthy admiration: yet, for once,
I will dispraise a little, and not vary
From your relation.

Sanaz. Be constant in it.

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alph. My lord, the duke hath seen your man, and wonders

Enter COZIMO, HIPPOLITO, CONTARINO, *and* Attendants.

You come not to him. See, if his desire
To have conference with you hath not brought him hither
In his own person!

Coz. They are comely coursers,
And promise swiftness.

Cont. They are, of my knowledge,
Of the best race in Naples.

Coz. You are, nephew,
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we like it:
'Tis a fair grace in a prince. Pray you, make trial
Of their strength and speed; and, if you think them fit

For your employment, with a liberal hand
Reward the gentleman that did present them
From the Viceroy of Naples.
Giov. I will use
My best endeavour, sir.
Coz. Wait on my nephew. [*Exeunt* GIOVANNI, ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, *and* Attendants.
Nay, stay you, Contarino :—be within call;
It may be we shall use you. [*Exit* CONTARINO.
You have rode hard, sir,
And we thank you for it: every minute seems
Irksome and tedious to us till you have
Made your discovery. Say, friend, havẽ you seen
This phœnix of our age?
Sanaz. I have seen a maid, sir;
But, if that I have judgment, no such wonder
As she was delivered to you.
Coz. This is strange.
Sanaz. But certain truth. It may be, she was looked on
With admiration in the country, sir;
But, if compared with many in your court,
She would appear but ordinary.
Coz. Contarino
Reports her otherwise.
Sanaz. Such as ne'er saw swans,
May think crows beautiful.
Coz. How is her behaviour?
Sanaz. 'Tis like the place she lives in.
Coz. How her wit,
Discourse, and entertainment?
Sanaz. Very coarse,
I would not willingly say poor, and rude:
But, had she all the beauties of fair women,
The dulness of her soul would fright me from her.

Coz. You are curious,[1] sir. I know not what to think on't.— [*Aside.*

Contarino!

Re-enter CONTARINO.

Cont. Sir.

Coz. Where was thy judgment, man,
To extol a virgin Sanazarro tells me
Is nearer to deformity?

Sanaz. I saw her,
And curiously perused her, and I wonder
That she, that did appear to me, that know
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Should so transport you.

Cont. Troth, my lord, I thought then——

Coz. Thought! Didst thou not affirm it?

Cont. I confess, sir,
I did believe so then; but now I hear
My lord's opinion to the contrary,
I am of another faith: for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dim, sir;
But he's sharp-sighted.

Sanaz. This is to my wish. [*Aside.*

Coz. We know not what to think of this; yet would not

Re-enter GIOVANNI, HIPPOLITO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Determine rashly of it. [*Aside*]—How do you like
My nephew's horsemanship?

Hip. In my judgment, sir,
It is exact and rare.

Alph. And, to my fancy,
He did present great Alexander mounted
On his Bucephalus.

Coz. You are right courtiers,

[1] Over scrupulous, fastidious.

And know it is your duty to cry up
All actions of a prince.
Sanaz. Do not betray
Yourself, you're safe; I have done my part. [*Aside to*
Giov. I thank you; GIOVANNI.
Nor will I fail.
Coz. What's your opinion, nephew,
Of the horses?
Giov. Two of them are, in my judgment,
The best I ever backed; I mean the roan, sir,
And the brown bay: but for the chestnut-coloured,
Though he be full of metal, hot, and fiery,
He treads weak in his pasterns.
Coz. So: come nearer;
This exercise hath put you into a sweat;
Take this and dry it: and now I command you
To tell me truly what's your censure of
Charomonte's daughter, Lidia.
Giov. I am, sir,
A novice in my judgment of a lady,
But such as 'tis, your grace shall have it freely.
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,
If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend father; but I'll give you, sir,
As near as I can, her character in little.
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs
Not disproportioned; for her face, it is
Far from deformity, yet they flatter her
That style it excellent; her manners are
Simple and innocent, but her discourse
And wit deserve my pity more than praise:
At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture,
And, that said, all is spoken.

Coz. I believe you :
I ne'er yet found you false.
Giov. Nor ever shall, sir.—
Forgive me, matchless Lidia! too much love,
And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me,
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge,
To be a poor detractor of that beauty
Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again,
Would want words to express. [*Aside.*
Coz. [*To Sanaz.*] Pray you, make choice of
The richest of our furniture for these horses,
And take my nephew with you ; we in this
Will follow his directions.
Giov. Could I find now
The Princess Fiorinda, and persuade her
To be silent in the suit that I moved to her,
All were secure.
Sanaz. In that, my lord, I'll aid you.
Coz. We will be private ; leave us.
[*Exeunt all but* COZIMO.
All my studies
And serious meditations aim no further
Than this young man's good. He was my sister's son,
And she was such a sister, when she lived,
I could not prize too much ; nor can I better
Make known how dear I hold her memory
Than in my cherishing the only issue
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that?

Enter FIORINDA.

Fior. Sir.
Coz. My fair charge! you are welcome to us.
Fior. I have found it, sir.
Coz. All things go well in Urbin.
Fior. Your gracious care to me, an orphan, frees me

From all suspicion that my jealous fears
Can drive into my fancy.
Coz. The next summer,
In our own person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your own.
Fior. When you think fit, sir.
But in the meantime, with your highness' pardon,
I am a suitor to you.
Coz. Name it, madam,
With confidence to obtain it.
Fior. That you would please
To lay a strict command on Charomonte
To bring his daughter Lidia to the court:
And pray you think, sir, that 'tis not my purpose
To employ her as a servant, but to use her
As a most wished companion.
Coz. Ha! your reason?
Fior. The hopeful prince, your nephew, sir, hath given her
To me for such an abstract of perfection
In all that can be wished for in a virgin,
As beauty, music, ravishing discourse,
Quickness of apprehension, with choice manners
And learning too, not usual with women,
That I am much ambitious (though I shall
Appear but as a foil to set her off)
To be by her instructed, and supplied
In what I am defective.
Coz. Did my nephew
Seriously deliver this?
Fior. I assure your grace,
With zeal and vehemency; and even when
With his best words he strived to set her forth,
Though the rare subject made him eloquent,

He would complain, all he could say came short
Of her deservings.

Coz. Pray you have patience. [*Walks aside.*

This was strangely carried. Ha! are we trifled with?
Dare they do this? Is Cozimo's fury, that
Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?
Well; we will clear our brows, and undermine
Their secret works, though they have digged like moles,
And crush them with the tempest of my wrath
When I appear most calm. He is unfit
To command others, that knows not to use it,
And with all rigour: yet my stern looks shall not
Discover my intents: for I will strike
When I begin to frown.—You are the mistress
Of that you did demand.

Fior. I thank your highness;
But speed in the performance of the grant
Doubles the favour, sir.

Coz. You shall possess it
Sooner than you expect:——
Only be pleased to be ready when my secretary
Waits on you to take the fresh air. My nephew,
And my bosom friend, so to cheat me! 'tis not fair.
[*Aside.*

Re-enter GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. Where should this princess be? nor in her lodgings
Nor in the private walks, her own retreat,
Which she so much frequented!

Giov. By my life,
She's with the duke! and I much more than fear
Her forwardness to prefer my suit hath ruined
What with such care we built up.

Coz. Have you furnished
Those coursers, as we willed you?
Sanaz. There's no sign
Of anger in his looks.
Giov. They are complete, sir.
Coz. 'Tis well: to your rest. Soft sleeps wait on you, madam.
To-morrow, with the rising of the sun,
Be ready to ride with us.—They with more safety
Had trod on fork-tongued adders than provoked me.
[*Aside and exit.*
Fior. I come not to be thanked, sir, for the speedy
Performance of my promise touching Lidia:
It is effected.
Sanaz. We are undone. [*Aside.*
Fior. The duke
No sooner heard me with my best of language
Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,
But he confirmed it.—You look sad, as if
You wished it were undone.
Giov. No, gracious madam,
I am your servant for't.
Fior. Be you as careful
For what I moved to you.—Count Sanazarro,
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing
To wear so slight a favour.
Sanaz. 'Tis a grace
I am unworthy of.
Fior. You merit more,
In prizing so a trifle. Take this diamond;
I'll second what I have begun; for know,
Your valour hath so won upon me, that
'Tis not to be resisted; I have said, sir,
And leave you to interpret it. [*Exit.*

Sanaz. This to me
Is wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken
In our own noose. What's to be done?
Giov. I know not.
And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me
For leaving truth, a constant mistress, that
Ever protects her servants, to become
A slave to lies and falsehood. What excuse
Can be made to the duke, what mercy hoped for,
Our packing[1] being laid open?
Sanaz. 'Tis not to
Be questioned but his purposed journey is
To see fair Lidia.
Giov. And to divert him,
Impossible.
Sanaz. There's now no looking backward.
Giov. And which way to go on with safety, not
To be imagined.
Sanaz. Give me leave: I have
An embryon in my brain, which, I despair not,
May be brought to form and fashion, provided
You will be open-breasted.
Giov. 'Tis no time now,
Our dangers being equal, to conceal
A thought from you.
Sanaz. What power hold you o'er Lidia?
Do you think that, with some hazard of her life,
She would prevent your ruin?
Giov. I presume so,—
If, in the undertaking it, she stray not
From what becomes her innocence; and to that
'Tis far from me to press her: I myself
Will rather suffer.

[1] Wrongful collusion.

Sanaz. 'Tis enough; this night
Write to her by your servant Calandrino
As I shall give directions; my man

Enter CALANDRINO, *fantastically dressed.*

Shall bear him company. See, sir, to my wish
He does appear; but much transformed from what
He was when he came hither.

Cal. I confess
I am not very wise, and yet I find
A fool, so he be parcel knave, in court
May flourish and grow rich.

Giov. Calandrino.

Cal. Peace!
I am in contemplation.

Giov. Do not you know me?

Cal. I tell thee, no; on forfeit of my place,
I must not know myself, much less my father,
But by petition; that petition lined too
With golden birds, that sing to the tune of profit,
Or I am deaf.

Giov. But you've your sense of feeling.

[*Offering to strike him.*

Sanaz. Nay, pray you, forbear.

Cal. I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a signior: my spruce ruff,
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and pan'ed[1] hose,
My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork,
To convey an olive neatly to my mouth;
And, what is all in all, my pockets ring
A golden peal. O that the peasants in the country,
My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am,
How they would admire and worship me!

[1] Striped.

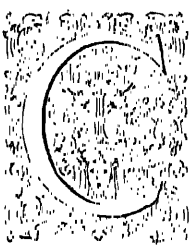
Giov. As they shall;
For instantly you must thither.
Cal. "My grand signior,
Vouchsafe a *beso la manos*,[1] and a cringe
Of the last edition."
Giov. You must ride post with letters
This night to Lidia.
Cal. An it please your grace,
Shall I use my coach, or footcloth mule?
Sanaz. You widgeon,
You are to make all speed; think not of pomp.
Giov. Follow for your instructions, sirrah.
Cal. I have
One suit to you, my good lord.
Sanaz. What is't?
Cal. That you would give me
A subtle court-charm, to defend me from
The infectious air of the country.
Giov. What's the reason?
Cal. Why, as this court-air taught me knavish wit,
By which I am grown rich, if that again
Should turn me fool and honest, vain hopes farewell!
For I must die a beggar.
Sanaz. Go to, sirrah.
You'll be whipt for this.
Giov. Leave fooling, and attend us. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A kiss of the hand.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Hall in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter CHAROMONTE, *and* LIDIA.



CHAR. Daughter, I have observed, since the prince left us,
(Whose absence I mourn with you,) and the visit
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourished
Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with
That freedom and alacrity of spirit
With which you used to cheer me.

Lid. For the count, sir,
All thought of him does with his person die;
But I confess ingenuously, I cannot
So soon forget the choice and chaste delights,
The courteous conversation of the prince,
And without stain, I hope, afforded me
When he made this house a court.

Char. It is in us
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,
And all we can complain of, Heaven be praised for't,
Is too much plenty; and we will make use of

Enter CAPONI, BERNARDO, PETRUCHIO, *and other* Servants.

All lawful pleasures. How now, fellows! when
Shall we have this lusty dance?

Cap. In the afternoon, sir.
'Tis a device, I wis, of my own making,
And such a one as shall make your signiorship know
I have not been your butler for nothing, but
Have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it tightly
And make my sad young mistress merry again,
Or I'll forswear the cellar.

Bern. If we had
Our fellow Calandrino here, to dance
His part, we were perfect.

Pet. O! he was a rare fellow;
But I fear the court hath spoiled him.

Cap. When I was young,
I could have cut a caper on a pinnacle:
But now I'm old and wise.—Keep your figure fair,
And follow but the sample I shall set you,
The duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us;
And that were credit.

Enter CALANDRINO.

Lid. Who have we here?

Cal. I find
What was brawn in the country, in the court grows tender.
The bots[1] on these jolting jades! I am bruised to jelly.
A coach for my money! and that the courtezans know well;
Their riding so makes them last three years longer
Than such as are hackneyed.

[1] Worms that harass horses.

Char. Calandrino! 'tis he.

Cal. Now to my postures.—Let my hand have the honour
To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of
Your foot, dear signior.

Char. Fie! you stoop too low, sir.

Cal. The hem of your vestment, lady: your glove is for princes;
Nay, I have conned my distances.

Lid. 'Tis most courtly.

Cap. Fellow Calandrino!

Cal. Signior de Caponi,
Grand botelier of the mansion.

Bern. How is't, man? [*Claps him on the shoulder.*

Cal. Be not so rustic in your salutations,
Signior Bernardo, master of the accounts.
Signior Petruchio, may you long continue
Your function in the chamber!

Cap. When shall we learn
Such gambols in our villa?

Lid. Sure he's mad.

Char. 'Tis not unlike, for most of such mushrooms are so.
What news at court?

Cal. *Basta!*[1] they are mysteries,
And not to be revealed. With your favour, signior,
I am, in private, to confer awhile
With this signora: but I'll pawn my honour,
That neither my terse language, nor my habit,
Howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs,
Shall render her enamoured.

Char. Take your pleasure;

[1] Stop! (*Ital.* and *Span.*)

A little of these apish tricks may pass,
Too much is tedious. [*Exit.*

Cal. The prince, in this paper,
Presents his service. Nay, it is not courtly
To see the seal broke open; so I leave you.
Signiors of the villa, I'll descend to be
Familiar with you.

Cap. Have you forgot to dance?

Cal. No, I am bettered.

Pet. Will you join with us?

Cal. As I like the project.
Let me warm my brains first with the richest grape,
And then I'm for you.

Cap. We will want no wine. [*Exeunt all but* LIDIA.

Lid. That this comes only from the best of princes,
With a kind of adoration does command me
To entertain it; and the sweet contents
[*Kissing the letter.*
That are inscribed here by his hand must be
Much more than musical to me. All the service
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.
O what a virgin longing I feel on me
To unrip the seal and read it! yet to break
What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear
A saucy rudeness in me.—I must do it,
(Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve them,)
But with such reverence, as I would open
Some holy writ, whose grave instructions beat down
Rebellious sins, and teach my better part
How to mount upward.—So, [*opens the letter*] 'tis done, and I
With eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it. [*Reads.*
"Chaste Lidia, the favours are so great
On me by you conferred, that to entreat

The least addition to them, in true sense
May argue me of blushless impudence.
But, such are my extremes, if you deny
A further grace, I must unpitied die.
Haste cuts off circumstance. As you're admired
For beauty, the report of it hath fired
The duke my uncle, and, I fear you'll prove,
Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.
If he see you as you are, my hoped for light
Is changed into an everlasting night;
How to prevent it, if your goodness find,
You save two lives, and me you ever bind,
"The honourer of your virtues,
"GIOVANNI."

Were I more deaf than adders, these sweet charms
Would through my ears find passage to my soul,
And soon enchant it. To save such a prince,
Who would not perish? virtue in him must suffer,
And piety be forgotten. The duke's lust,
Though it raged more than Tarquin's, shall not reach me.
All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me!
My prayers are heard; I have't. The duke ne'er saw me—
Or, if that fail, I am again provided—
But for the servants!—They will take what form
I please to put upon them. Giovanni,
Be safe; thy servant Lidia assures it.
Let mountains of afflictions fall on me,
Their weight is easy, so I set thee free. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter COZIMO, GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, CHAROMONTE, *and* Attendants.

Sanaz. Are you not tired with travel, sir?
Coz. No, no,
I am fresh and lusty.
Char. This day shall be ever
A holiday to me, that brings my prince
Under my humble roof. [*Weeps.*
Giov. See, sir, my good tutor
Sheds tears for joy.
Coz. Dry them up, Charomonte;
And all forbear the room, while we exchange
Some private words together.
Giov. O, my lord,
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!
Sanaz. In what, sir?
Giov. In forgetting to acquaint
My guardian with our purpose: all that Lidia
Can do avails us nothing, if the duke
Find out the truth from him.
Sanaz. 'Tis now past help,
And we must stand the hazard:—hope the best, sir.
[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, *and* Attendants.
Char. My loyalty doubted, sir!
Coz. 'Tis more. Thou hast
Abused our trust, and in a high degree
Committed treason.
Char. Treason! 'Tis a word
My innocence understands not. Were my breast
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discerned,
Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour
Of my allegiance: and I must be bold

To tell you, sir, (for he that knows no guilt
Can know no fear,) 'tis tyranny to o'ercharge
An honest man; and such, till now, I've lived,
And such, my lord, I'll die.

Coz. Sir, do not flatter
Yourself with hope, these great and glorious words,
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you,
That's armed with impudence, can with ease deliver,
And with as full a mouth, can work on us:
Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear
What is in fact apparent.

Char. Fact! what fact?
You, that know only what it is, instruct me,
For I am ignorant.

Coz. This, then, sir: We gave up,
On our assurance of your faith and care,
Our nephew Giovanni, nay, our heir
In expectation, to be trained up by you
As did become a prince.

Char. And I discharged it:
Is this the treason?

Coz. Take us with you,[1] sir.
And, in respect we knew his youth was prone
To women, and that, living in our court,
He might make some unworthy choice, before
His weaker judgment was confirmed, we did
Remove him from it; constantly presuming,
You, with your best endeavours, rather would
Have quenched those heats in him, than light a torch,
As you have done, to his looseness.

Char. I! my travail
Is ill-requited, sir; for, by my soul,
I was so curious[2] that way, that I granted

[1] Do not outrun us. [2] Scrupulous.

Access to none could tempt him; nor did ever
One syllable, or obscene accent, touch
His ear, that might corrupt him.
Coz. No! Why, then,
With your allowance, did you give free way
To all familiar privacy between
My nephew and your daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other ends in't but our service)
Read to them, and together, as they had been
Scholars of one form, grammar, rhetoric,
Philosophy, story, and interpret to them
The close temptations of lascivious poets?
Or wherefore, for we still had spies upon you,
Was she still present, when, by your advice,
He was taught the use of his weapon, horsemanship,
Wrestling, nay, swimming, but to fan in her
A hot desire of him? and then, forsooth,
His exercises ended, covered with
A fair pretence of recreation for him,
When Lidia was instructed in those graces
That add to beauty, he, brought to admire her,
Must hear her sing, while to her voice her hand
Made ravishing music; and, this applauded, dance
A light lavolta[1] with her.
Char. Have you ended
All you can charge me with?
Coz. Nor stopt you there,
But they must unattended walk into
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade
Of barren sycamores, which the all-seeing sun
Could not pierce through; near that, an arbour hung

[1] A bounding kind of waltz, in which the woman was assisted by her partner to make frequent high springs.

With spreading eglantine; there, a bubbling spring
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;
With all allurements that could move to lust.
And could this, Charomonte, (should I grant
They had been equals both in birth and fortune,)
Become your gravity? nay, 'tis clear as air,
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter
Into our family, gave connivance to it:
And this, though not in act, in the intent
I call high treason.

Char. Hear my just defence, sir;
And, though you are my prince, it will not take from
Your greatness, to acknowledge with a blush,
In this my accusation you have been
More swayed by spleen and jealous suppositions
Than certain grounds of reason. You had a father
(Blest be his memory!) that made frequent proofs
Of my loyalty and faith, and, would I boast
The dangers I have broke through in his service,
I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread sir,
Whenever I was put unto the test,
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal;
And am I doubted now?

Cos. This is from the purpose.

Char. I will come to it, sir: Your grace well knew,
Before the prince's happy presence made
My poor house rich, the chiefest blessing which
I gloried in, though now it prove a curse,
Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a security to your future fears,
To cast her off: which had you done, howe'er
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of
My feeble age, so far I prized my duty
Above affection, she now had been

A stranger to my care. But she is fair!
Is that her fault, or mine? Did ever father
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish?
Her education and her manners tempt too!
If these offend, they are easily removed:
You may, if you think fit, before my face,
In recompense of all my watchings for you,
With burning corrosives transform her to
An ugly leper; and, this done, to taint
Her sweetness, prostitute her to a brothel.
This I will rather suffer, sir, and more,
Than live suspected by you.

Coz. Let not passion
Carry you beyond your reason.

Char. I am calm, sir;
Yet you must give me leave to grieve I find
My actions misinterpreted. Alas! sir,
Was Lidia's desire to serve the prince
Called an offence? or did she practise to
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeal
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him?
'Tis a hard construction. Though she be my daughter,
I may thus far speak her: from her infancy
She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer
Simplicity than craft; and malice dares not
Affirm, in one loose gesture, or light language,
She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste.
I'll fetch her to you, sir; and but look on her
With equal eyes, you must in justice grant
That your suspicion wrongs her.

Coz. It may be;
But I must have stronger assurance of it
Than passionate words: and, not to trifle time,
As we came unexpected to your house,

We will prevent all means that may prepare her
How to answer that with which we come to charge her.
And howsoever it may be received
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,
On thy allegiance and boasted faith,
Nay, forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee
Close prisoner to thy chamber, till all doubts
Are cleared, that do concern us.

Char. I obey, sir,
And wish your grace had followèd my hearse
To my sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,
Rather than now—but I am silent, sir,
And let that speak my duty. [*Exit.*

Coz. If this man
Be false, disguisèd treachery ne'er put on
A shape so near to truth. Within, there!

Re-enter GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO, *ushering in* PETRONELLA. CALANDRINO *and others setting forth a banquet.*

Sanaz. Sir.

Coz. Bring Lidia forth.

Giov. She comes, sir, of herself,
To present her service to you.

Coz. Ha! this personage
Cannot invite affection.

Sanaz. See you keep state.

Petron. I warrant you.

Coz. The manners of her mind
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher outside. May we with your liking
Salute you, lady?

Petron. Let me wipe my mouth, sir,
With my cambric handkerchief, and then have at you.

Coz. Can this be possible?

Sanaz. Yes, sir; you will find her
Such as I gave her to you.
Petron. Will your dukeship
Sit down and eat some sugar-plums? Here's a castle
Of march-pane[1] too; and this quince-marmalade was
Of my own making; all summed up together,
Did cost the setting on: and here is wine too,
As good as e'er was tapped. I'll be your taster,
For I know the fashion. [*Drinks all off.*]—Now you must do me right, sir;
You shall nor will nor choose.
Giov. She's very simple.
Coz. Simple! 'tis worse. Do you drink thus often lady?
Petron. Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I am hungry:
Such junkets come not every day. Once more to you,
With a heart and a half, i'faith.
Coz. Pray you, pause a little;
If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side;
I am not good at the game.
Petron. Then I'll drink for you.
Coz. Nay, pray you stay: I'll find you out a pledge
That shall supply my place: what think you of
This complete signior? You are a Juno,
And in such state must feast this Jupiter:
What think you of him?
Petron. I desire no better.
Coz. And you will undertake this service for me?
You are good at the sport.
Cal. Who, I? a piddler, sir.
Coz. Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and drink
As you were a duke.

[1] A kind of sweet-bread.

Cal. If your grace will have me,
I'll eat and drink like an emperor.
Coz. Take your place then.
[CALANDRINO *takes the* DUKE'S *chair.*
We are amazed.
Giov. This is gross : nor can the imposture
But be discovered.
Sanaz. The duke is too sharp-sighted,
To be deluded thus.
Cal. Nay, pray you eat fair,
Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Your fork as I do? Gape, and I will feed you.
[*Feeds her.*
Gape wider yet; this is court-like.
Petron. To choke daws with :——
I like it not.
Cal. But you like this?
Petron. Let it come, boy. [*They drink.*
Coz. What a sight is this! We could be angry with you.
How much you did belie her when you told us
She was only simple! this is barbarous rudeness,
Beyond belief.
Giov. I would not speak her, sir,
Worse than she was.
Sanaz. And I, my lord, chose rather
To deliver her better parted[1] than she is,
Than to take from her.

Enter CAPONI, *with his fellow* Servants *for the dance.*

Cap. Ere I'll lose my dance,
I'll speak to the purpose. I am, sir, no prologue;
But in plain terms must tell you, we are provided
Of a lusty hornpipe.

[1] Gifted.

Coz. Prithee, let us have it,
For we grow dull.
Cap. But to make up the medley,
For it is of several colours, we must borrow
Your grace's ghost here.
Cal. Pray you, sir, depose me;
It will not do else. I am, sir, the engine
[*Rises, and resigns his chair.*
By which it moves.
Petron. I will dance with my duke too;
I will not out.
Coz. Begin then.—[*They dance.*]—There's more in this,
Than yet I have discovered. Some Œdipus
Resolve this riddle.
Petron. Did I not foot it roundly. [*Falls.*
Coz. As I live, stark drunk! away with her. We'll reward you, [*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETRONELLA.
When you have cooled yourselves in the cellar.
Cap. Heaven preserve you!
Coz. We pity Charomonte's wretched fortune
In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!—
The place grows tedious; our remove shall be
With speed: we'll only, in a word or two,
Take leave, and comfort him.
Sanaz. 'Twill rather, sir,
Increase your sorrow, that you know his shame;
Your grace may do it by letter.
Coz. Who signed you
A patent to direct us? Wait our coming
In the garden.
Giov. All will out.
Sanaz. I more than fear it.
[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO.

Coz. These are strange chimeras to us: what to judge of't
Is past our apprehension. One command
Charomonte to attend us. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Can it be
That Contarino could be so besotted,
As to admire this prodigy? or her father
To doat upon it? Or does she personate,
For some ends unknown to us, this rude behaviour,
Which, in the scene presented, would appear
Ridiculous and impossible!—O, you are welcome.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you
In our unjust suspicion. We have seen
The wonder, sir, your daughter.
Char. And have found her
Such as I did report her. What she wanted
In courtship[1] was, I hope, supplied in civil
And modest entertainment.
Coz. Pray you, tell us,
And truly, we command you—Did you never
Observe she was given to drink?
Char. To drink, sir!
Coz. Yes, nay more, to be drunk?
Char. I had rather see her buried.
Coz. Dare you trust your own eyes, if you find her now
More than distempered?
Char. I will pull them out, sir,
If your grace can make this good. And if you please
To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,
And in a moment.

[1] Courtly behaviour.

Coz. Look you do, and fail not,
On the peril of your head.
Char. Drunk!—She disdains it. [*Exit.*
Coz. Such contrarieties were never read of.
Charomonte is no fool; nor can I think
His confidence built on sand. We are abused,
'Tis too apparent.

Re-enter CHAROMONTE *with* LIDIA.

Lid. I am indisposed, sir:
And that life you once tendered, much endangered
In forcing me from my chamber.
Char. Here she is, sir:
Suddenly sick, I grant; but, sure, not drunk:
Speak to my lord the duke.
Lid. All is discovered. [*Kneels.*
Coz. Is this your only daughter?
Char. And my heir, sir;
Nor keep I any woman in my house
(Unless for sordid offices) but one
I do maintain, trimmed up in her cast-habits,
To make her sport: and she, indeed, loves wine,
And will take too much of it; and, perhaps, for mirth,
She was presented to you.
Coz. It shall yield
No sport to the contrivers. 'Tis too plain now.
Her presence does confirm what Contarino
Delivered of her; nor can sickness dim
The splendour of her beauties: being herself, then,
She must exceed his praise.
Lid. Will your grace hear me?
I'm faint, and can say little.
Coz. Here are accents
Whose every syllable is musical!

Pray you, let me raise you, and awhile rest here.
False Sanazarro, treacherous Giovanni!
But stand we talking!—

Char. Here's a storm soon raised.

Coz. As thou art our subject, Charomonte, swear
To act what we command.

Char. That is an oath
I long since took.

Coz. Then, by that oath we charge thee,
Without excuse, denial, or delay,
To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanazarro,
And our ingrateful nephew. We have said it.
Do it without reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded
In several lodgings, and forbid access
To all, but when we warrant. Is our will
Heard sooner than obeyed?

Char. These are strange turns;
But I must not dispute them. [*Exit.*

Coz. Be severe in't.—
O my abused lenity! from what height
Is my power fallen!

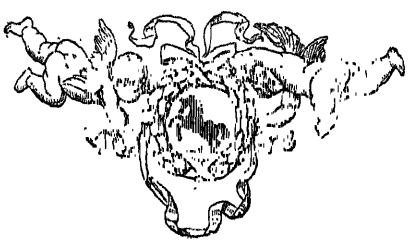
Lid. O me most miserable,
That, being innocent, makes other guilty!
Most gracious prince——

Coz. Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

Lid. My knees shall first be rooted in this earth,
And, Myrrha-like, I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which
Hardened by the rough wind, and turned to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear,
Before I'll make petition to your greatness
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,
As I would do to Heaven. You princes are

As gods on earth to us, and to be sued to
With such humility, as his deputies
May challenge from their vassals.
Coz. Here's that form
Of language I expected; pray you, speak:
What is your suit?
Lid. That you would look upon me
As an humble thing that millions of degrees
Is placed beneath you: for what am I, dread sir,
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
That may be worth your care, much less your trouble?
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty cedar,
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,
I am to you, sir. Or, suppose the prince,
(Which cannot find belief in me,) forgetting
The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,
That am the cause, the rashness of his youth.
Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air,
The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings,
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,
For suffering a wren to perch too near them?
Such is our disproportion.
Coz. With what fervour
She pleads against herself!
Lid. For me, poor maid,
I know the prince to be so far above me
That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am
So much his creature, that, to fix him in
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure
His sight for ever, and betake myself
To a religious life, (where in my prayers
I may remember him,) and ne'er see man more,
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me, sir?

In truth I'll keep my word ; or, if this fail,
A little more of fear what may befall him
Will stop my breath for ever.
Coz. Had you thus argued [*Raises her.*
As you were yourself, and brought as advocates
Your health and beauty, to make way for you,
No crime of his could put on such a shape
But I should look with the eyes of mercy on it.
What would I give to see this diamond
In her perfect lustre, as she was before
The clouds of sickness dimmed it ! Yet, take comfort,
And, as you would obtain remission for
His treachery to me, cheer your drooping spirits,
And call the blood again into your cheeks,
And then plead for him ; and in such a habit
As in your highest hopes you would put on
If we were to receive you for our bride.
Lid. I'll do my best, sir,
Coz. And that best will be
A crown of all felicity to me. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The same. An upper Chamber in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter SANAZARRO.

SANAZ. 'Tis proved in me the curse of human frailty,
Adding to our afflictions, makes us know
What's good, and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason assured me
It was not safe to shave a lion's skin,
And that to trifle with a sovereign was
To play with lightning; yet imperious beauty,
Treading upon the neck of understanding,
Compelled me to put off my natural shape
Of loyal duty, to disguise myself
In the adulterate and cobweb-mask
Of disobedient treachery. Where is now
My borrowed greatness, or the promised lives
Of following courtiers echoing my will?
In a moment vanished! Power that stands not on
Its proper base, which is peculiar only
To absolute princes, falls or rises with
Their frown or favour. The Great Duke, my master,
Who almost changed me to his other self,

No sooner takes his beams of comfort from me,
But I, as one unknown or unregarded,
Unpitied suffer. Who makes intercession
To his mercy for me, now? who does remember
The service I have done him? not a man:
And such as spake no language but my lord
The favourite of Tuscany's Grand Duke,
Deride my madness.—Ha! what noise of horses?
[*He looks out at the back window.*
A goodly troop! This back part of my prison
Allows me liberty to see and know them.
Contarino! yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico:
And the Duchess Fiorinda, Urbin's heir,
A princess I have slighted: yet I wear
Her favours; and, to teach me what I am,
She whom I scorned can only mediate for me.
This way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not:
And how to make suit to her is a task
Of as much difficulty.—Yes, thou blessèd pledge
[*Takes off the ring.*
Of her affection, aid me! This supplies
The want of pen and ink; and this, of paper.
[*Takes a pane of glass.*
It must be so; and I in my petition
Concise and pithy.

SCENE II.—*The Court before* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter CONTARINO *leading in* FIORINDA, ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, HIERONIMO, *and* CALAMINTA.

Fior. 'Tis a goodly pile, this.
Hier. But better by the owner.

Alph. But most rich
In the great states it covers.
Fior. The duke's pleasure
Commands us hither.
Cont. Which was laid on us
To attend you to it.
Hip. Signior Charomonte,
To see your Excellence his guest, will think
Himself most happy.
Fior. Tie my shoe.—[*The pane falls down.*]—What's that?
A pane thrown from the window, no wind stirring!
Calam. And at your feet too fallen:—there's something writ on't.
Cont. Some courtier, belike, would have it known
He wore a diamond.
Calam. Ha! it is directed
To the Princess Fiorinda.
Fior. We will read it. [*Reads.*
"He, whom you pleased to favour, is cast down
Past hope of rising, by the Great Duke's frown,
If, by your gracious means, he cannot have
A pardon;—and that got, he lives your slave.
"Of men the most distressèd. SANAZARRO."
Of me the most beloved; and I will save thee,
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy fault must be
Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers
And humble intercession to the duke
Prevail not with him.

Enter COZIMO *and* CHAROMONTE.

Here he comes; delay
Shall not make less my benefit.
Cos. What we purpose
all know no change, and therefore move me not;

We were made as properties, and what we shall
Determine of them cannot be called rigour,
But noble justice. When they proved disloyal,
They were cruel to themselves. The prince that pardons
The first affront offered to majesty
Invites a second, rendering that power
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherished.
Madam, you're happily met with.

Fior. Sir, I am
An humble suitor to you; and the rather
Am confident of a grant, in that your grace,
When I made choice to be at your devotion,
Vowed to deny me nothing.

Coz. To this minute
We have confirmed it. What's your boon?

Fior. It is, sir,
That you, in being gracious to your servant,
The ne'er sufficiently praised Sanazarro,
That now under your heavy displeasure suffers,
Would be good unto yourself. His services,
So many, and so great, (your storm of fury
Calmed by your better judgment,) must inform you
Some little slip, for sure it is no more,
From his loyal duty, with your justice cannot
Make foul his fair deservings. Great sir, therefore,
Look backward on his former worth, and turning
Your eye from his offence, what 'tis I know not,
And, I am confident, you will receive him
Once more into your favour.

Coz. You say well,
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault;
Which when you understand, as we'll instruct you,

Your pity will appear a charity,
It being conferred on an unthankful man,
To be repented. He's a traitor, madam,
To you, to us, to gratitude; and in that
All crimes are comprehended.

Fior. If his offence
Aimed at me only, whatsoe'er it is,
'Tis freely pardoned.

Coz. This compassion in you
Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly.
The honours we have hourly heaped upon him,
The titles, the rewards, to the envy of
The old nobility, as the common people,
We now forbear to touch at, and will only
Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were pleased,
Forgetting both yourself and proper greatness,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A happiness, which, on his knees, with joy
He should have sued for. Who repined not at
The grace you did him? yet, in recompense
Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch
Makes you a stale[1]; and,—what he might be by you,
Scorned and derided,—gives himself up wholly
To the service of another. If you can
Bear this with patience, we must say you have not
The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,
And, when you seriously have weighed his carriage,
Move us again, if your reason will allow it,
His treachery known: and then, if you continue
An advocate for him, we, perhaps, because
We would deny you nothing, may awake
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo!

[1] Decoy.

Char. My lord. [*They talk aside.*

Fior. To endure a rival that were equal to me
Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit,
But an inferior, more: yet true love must not
Know or degrees or distances. Lidia may be
As far above me in her form as she
Is in her birth beneath me; and what I
In Sanazarro liked, he loves in her.
But, if I free him now, the benefit
Being done so timely, and confirming too
My strength and power, my soul's best faculties being
Bent wholly to preserve him, must supply me
With all I am defective in, and bind him
My creature ever. It must needs be so,
Nor will I give it o'er thus.

Coz. Does our nephew
Bear his restraint so constantly,[1] as you
Deliver it to us?

Char. In my judgment, sir,
He suffers more for his offence to you,
Than in his fear of what can follow it.
For he is so collected, and prepared
To welcome that you shall determine of him,
As if his doubts and fears were equal to him.
And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,
That more laments the telling one untruth,
Under your pardon still, for 'twas a fault, sir,
Than others, that pretend to conscience, do
Their crying secret sins.

Coz. No more; this gloss
Defends not the corruption of the text:
Urge it no more. [CHAROMONTE *and the others talk aside.*

[1] Resolutely, with constancy.

Fior. I once more must make bold, sir,
To trench upon your patience. I have
Considered my wrongs duly: yet that cannot
Divert my intercession for a man
Your grace, like me, once favoured. I am still
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
The hearing his defence, and that I may,
With your allowance, see and comfort him.
Then, having heard all that he can allege
In his excuse for being false to you,
Censure him as you please.

Coz. You will o'ercome;
There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy
What you desire, and tell him he shall have
A speedy trial; in which, we'll forbear
To sit a judge, because our purpose is
To rise up his accuser.

Fior. All increase
Of happiness wait on Cozimo!

[*Exeunt* FIORINDA *and* CALAMINTA.

Alph. Was it no more?

Char. My honour's pawned for it.

Cont. I'll second you.

Hip. Since it is for the service and the safety
Of the hopeful prince, fall what can fall, I'll run
The desperate hazard.

Hier. He's no friend to virtue
That does decline it. [*They all come forward and kneel.*

Coz. Ha! what sue you for?
Shall we be ever troubled? Do not tempt
That anger, may consume you.

Char. Let it, sir:
The loss is less, though innocents we perish,
Than that your sister's son should fall, unheard,

Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat
That grace for him, that are your faithful servants,
Which you vouchsafe the count, like us a subject?
Coz. Did not we vow, till sickness had forsook
Thy daughter Lidia, and she appeared
In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,
We were deaf to all persuasion?
Char. And that hope, sir,
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recovered,
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring
The penitent prince before you
Coz. To enjoy
Such happiness, what would we not dispense with?
Alph. Hip. Hier. We all kneel for the prince.
Cont. Nor can it stand
With your mercy, that are gracious to strangers,
To be cruel to your own.
Coz. But art thou certain
I shall behold her at the best?
Char. If ever
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,
She is now much bettered.
Coz. Rise; thou art but dead
If this prove otherwise. Lidia, appear
And feast an appetite almost pined to death
With longing expectation to behold
Thy excellencies: thou, as beauty's queen,
Shalt censure[1] the detractors. Let my nephew
Be led in triumph under her command,—
We'll have it so,—and Sanazarro tremble
To think whom he hath slandered. We'll retire
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet
A blessing, which imagination tells us

[1] Judge.

We are not worthy of: and then come forth,
But with such reverence, as if I were
Myself the priest, the sacrifice my heart,
To offer at the altar of that goodness
That must or kill or save me. [*Exit.*

Char. Are not these
Strange gambols in the duke!

Alph. Great princes have,
Like meaner men, their weakness.

Hip. And may use it.
Without control or check.

Cont. 'Tis fit they should:
Their privilege were less else than their subjects'.

Hier. Let them have their humours; there's no crossing them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A State-room in the same.*

Enter FIORINDA, SANAZARRO, *and* CALAMINTA.

Sanaz. And can it be, your bounties should fall down
In showers on my ingratitude, or the wrongs
Your greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?
What retribution can I make, what service
Pay to your goodness, that, in some proportion,
May to the world express I would be thankful?
Since my engagements are so great, that all
My best endeavours to appear your creature
Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe
To your magnificence.

Fior. All debts are discharged
In this acknowledgment: yet, since you please
I shall impose some terms of satisfaction

For that which you profess yourself obliged for,
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,
I hope, afflict you.

Sanaz. Make me understand,
Great princess, what they are, and my obedience
Shall, with all cheerful willingness, subscribe
To what you shall command.

Fior. I will bind you to
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you
To love a lady that, a noble way,
Truly affects you; and that you would take
To your protection and care the dukedom
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but yours.
And that, when you have full possession of
My person as my fortune, you would use me,
Not as a princess, but instruct me in
The duties of an humble wife, for such,
The privilege of my birth no more remembered,
I will be to you. This consented to,
All injuries forgotten, on your lips
I thus sign your *quietus*.

Sanaz. I am wretched;
In having but one life to be employed
As you please to dispose it. And, believe it,
If it be not already forfeited
To the fury of my prince, as 'tis your gift,
With all the faculties of my soul I'll study
In what I may to serve you.

Fior. I am happy
In this assurance.

Enter GIOVANNI *and* LIDIA.

What sweet lady's this?

Sanaz. 'Tis Lidia, madam, she——

Flor. I understand you.
Nay, blush not; by my life, she is a rare one!
And, if I were your judge, I would not blame you
To like and love her. But, sir, you are mine now,
And I presume so on your constancy
That I dare not be jealous.
Sanaz. All thoughts of her
Are in your goodness buried.
Lid. Pray you, sir,
Be comforted; your innocence should not know
What 'tis to fear; and if that you but look on
The guards that you have in yourself, you cannot.
The duke's your uncle, sir, and, though a little
Incensed against you, when he sees your sorrow,
He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar
Or cannibal, though bathed in human gore,
But, looking on your sweetness, would forget
His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon,
Though then aimed at your throat?
Giov. O Lidia,
Of maids the honour, and your sex's glory!
It is not fear to die, but to lose you,
That brings this fever on me. I will now
Discover to you that which, till this minute,
I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew
What power the magic of your beauty had,
I was enchanted by it, liked and loved it,
My fondness still increasing with my years;
And, flattered by false hopes, I did attend
Some blessèd opportunity to move
The duke with his consent to make you mine:
But now, such is my star-crossed destiny,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot
Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you.

And I as well in reason may entreat him
To give away his crown as to part from
A jewel of more value, such you are.
Yet, howsoever, when you are his duchess,
And I am turned into forgotten dust,
Pray you, love my memory:—I should say more,
But I'm cut off.

Enter COZIMO, CHAROMONTE, CONTARINO, HIERONIMO, HIPPOLITO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Sanaz. The duke! That countenance once,
When it was clothed in smiles, shewed like an angel's,
But now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury
'Tis terrible to look on.

Lid. Sir.

Coz. A while
Silence your musical tongue, and let me feast
My eyes with the most ravishing object that
They ever gazed on. There's no miniature
In her fair face, but is a copious theme
Which would, discoursed at large of, make a volume.
What clear arched brows! what sparkling eyes! the lilies
Contending with the roses in her cheeks,
Who shall most set them off. What ruby lips!—
Or unto what can I compare her neck,
But to a rock of crystal? every limb
Proportioned to love's wish, and in their neatness
Add lustre to the riches of her habit,
Not borrow from it.

Lid. You are pleased to shew, sir,
The fluency of your language, in advancing
A subject much unworthy.

Coz. How! unworthy?
By all the vows which lovers offer at

The Cyprian goddess' altars, eloquence
Itself presuming, as you are to speak, you
Would be struck dumb!—And what have you deserved then, [GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO *kneel.*
(Wretches, you kneel too late,) that have endeavoured
To spout the poison of your black detraction
On this immaculate whiteness? was it malice
To her perfections? or——
Fior. Your highness promised
A gracious hearing to the count.
Lid. And prince too;
Do not make void so just a grant.
Coz. We will not:
Yet, since their accusation must be urged,
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,
We seat you here, as judges, to determine
Of your gross wrongs and ours.
[*Seats the* Ladies *in the chairs of state.*
And now, remembering
Whose deputies you are, be neither swayed
Or with particular spleen or foolish pity,
For neither can become you.
Char. There's some hope yet,
Since they have such gentle judges.
Coz. Rise, and stand forth, then,
And hear, with horror to your guilty souls,
What we will prove against you. Could this princess,
Thou enemy to thyself, [*To* SANAZARRO] stoop her high flight
Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness
To look up to it, and with nimble wings
Of gratitude couldst thou forbear to meet it?
Were her favours boundless in a noble way,
And warranted by our allowance, yet

In thy acceptation there appeared no sign
Of a modest thankfulness?
Fior. Pray you forbear
To press that further; 'tis a fault we have
Already heard and pardoned.
Coz. We will then
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that
Which does concern ourself, in which both being
Equal offenders, what we shall speak points
Indifferently at either. How we raised thee,
Forgetful Sanazarro! of our grace,
To a full possession of power and honours,
It being too well known, we'll not remember.
And what thou wert, rash youth, in expectation,
[*To* GIOVANNI.
And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself,
Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,
We did keep constant to a widowed bed,
And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures
Our absolute power and height of blood allowed us;
Made both the keys that opened our heart's secrets,
And what you spake, believed as oracles:
But you, in recompense of this, to him
That gave you all, to whom you owed your being,
With treacherous lies endeavoured to conceal
This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself
Could only lay just claim to.
Giov. 'Tis most true, sir.
Sanaz. We both confess a guilty cause.
Coz. Look on her.
Is this a beauty fit to be embraced
By any subject's arms? can any tire
Become that forehead, but a diadem?

Or, should we grant your being false to us
Could be excused, your treachery to her
In seeking to deprive her of that greatness
(Her matchless form considered) she was born to,
Must ne'er find pardon. We have spoken, ladies,
Like a rough orator, that brings more truth
Than rhetoric to make good his accusation;
And now expect your sentence.

[*The* Ladies *descend from the state.*

Lid. In your birth, sir,
You were marked out the judge of life and death,
And we, that are your subjects, to attend,
With trembling fear, your doom.

Fior. We do resign
This chair, as only proper to yourself.

Giov. And, since in justice we are lost, we fly
Unto your saving mercy. [*All kneeling.*

Sanaz. Which sets off
A prince, much more than rigour.

Char. And becomes him,
When 'tis expressed to such as fell by weakness,
That being a twin-born brother to affection,
Better than wreaths of conquest.

Hier. Hip. Cont. Alph. We all speak
Their language, mighty sir.

Coz. You know our temper,
And therefore with more boldness venture on it:
And, would not our consent to your demands
Deprive us of a happiness hereafter
Ever to be despaired of, we perhaps
Might hearken nearer to you; and could wish
With some qualification, or excuse,

[1] The state was a raised platform on which was placed a chair with a canopy over it.

You might make less the mountains of your crimes,
And so invite our clemency to feast with you.
But you, that knew with what impatiency
Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda,
Our duchess, (let her memory still be sacred!)
And with what imprecations on ourself
We vowed, not hoping e'er to see her equal,
Ne'er to make trial of a second choice,
If nature framed not one that did excel her,
As this maid's beauty prompts us that she does:—
And yet, with oaths then mixed with tears, upon
Her monument we swore our eye should never
Again be tempted;—'tis true, and those vows
Are registered above, something here tells me.—
Carolo, thou heardst us swear.

Char. And swear so deeply,
That if all women's beauties were in this,
(As she's not to be named with the dead duchess,)
Nay, all their virtues bound up in one story,
(Of which mine is scarce an epitome,)
If you should take her as a wife, the weight
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst,
I had told you this before.

Coz. 'Tis strong truth, Carolo:
And yet what was necessity in us
Cannot free them from treason.

Char. There's your error;
The prince, in care to have you keep your vows
Made unto Heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter.

Lid. He told me so, indeed, sir.

Fior. And the count
Averred as much to me.

Coz. You all conspire
To force our mercy from us.

Char. Which given up,
To aftertimes preserves you unforsworn:
An honour which will live upon your tomb,
When your greatness is forgotten.
Coz. Though we know
All this is practice,[1] and that both are false,
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,
And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased
With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not
Know what we understand. Here, Giovanni,
We pardon thee; and take from us, in this,
More than our dukedom: love her. As I part
With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us!
Sanazarro, we forgive you: in your service
To this princess, merit it. Yet let not others
That are in trust and grace, as you have been,
By the example of our lenity,
Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

Enter CALANDRINO *and* PETRONELLA.

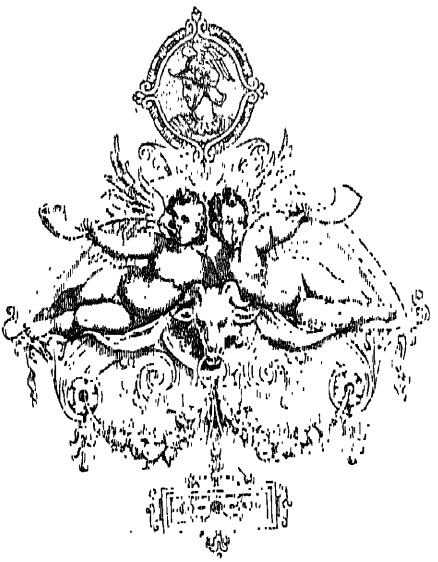
All. Long live great Cozimo!
Cal. Sure the duke is
In the giving vein, they are so loud. Come on, spouse;
We have heard all, and we will have our boon too.
Coz. What is it?
Cal. That your grace, in remembrance of
My share in a dance, and that I played your part
When you should have drunk hard, would get this signior's grant
To give this damsel to me in the church,
For we are contracted. In it you shall do
Your dukedom pleasure.

[1] Artifice.

Coz. How?

Cal. Why the whole race
Of such as can act naturally fools' parts
Are quite worn out, and they that do survive
Do only zany us: and we will bring you,
If we die not without issue, of both sexes
Such chopping mirth-makers as shall preserve
Perpetual cause of sport, both to your grace
And your posterity; that sad melancholy
Shall ne'er approach you.

Coz. We are pleased in it,
And will pay her portion.— [*Comes forward.*
May the passage prove,
Of what's presented, worthy of your love
And favour, as was aimed; and we have all
That can in compass of our wishes fall. [*Exeunt.*



THE MAID OF HONOUR.

THE date of the first appearance of this play is uncertain: it has been conjecturally assigned to "before 1622," to 1628, and to 1631. It was frequently acted, "with good allowance," by the Queen's Servants, at the Phœnix, Drury Lane, and was published in quarto in 1632. It was revised by Kemble, with alterations, in 1785.

The political allusions in this play are considered by Professor Gardiner to be distinct and frequent. See his Paper on "The Political Element in Massinger" (*Contemporary Review*, August, 1876; and *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1875-6).



To my most honoured Friends,

SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. and BART.,

SIR THOMAS BLAND, KNT.

That you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge: and living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship, (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you,) I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily wish, that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your most serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERTO, King of Sicily.
FERDINAND, Duke of Urbin.
BERTOLDO, the King's natural Brother, a Knight of Malta.
GONZAGA, a Knight of Malta, General to the Duchess of Sienna.
ASTUTIO, a Counsellor of State.
FULGENTIO, the Minion of ROBERTO.
ADORNI, a follower of CAMIOLA'S Father.
SIGNIOR SYLLI, a foolish self-lover.
ANTONIO, GASPARO, } two rich Heirs, city-bred.
PIERIO, a Colonel to GONZAGA.
RODERIGO, JACOMO, } Captains to GONZAGA.
DRUSO, LIVIO, } Captains to Duke FERDINAND.
Father PAULO, a Priest, CAMIOLA'S Confessor.
Ambassador from the Duke of Urbin.
A Bishop.
A Page.

AURELIA, Duchess of Sienna.
CAMIOLA, the Maid of Honour.
CLARINDA, her Woman.

Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE.—*Partly in* Sicily *and partly in the* Siennese.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Palermo. A State-Room in the Palace.*

Enter ASTUTIO *and* ADORNI.

ADOR. Good day to your lordship.

Ast. Thanks, Adorni.

Ador. May I presume to ask if the ambassador
Employed by Ferdinand, the Duke of Urbin,
Hath audience this morning?

Enter FULGENTIO.

Ast. 'Tis uncertain;
For, though a counsellor of state, I am not
Of the cabinet council: but there's one, if he please,
That may resolve[1] you.

Ador. I will move him.—Sir!

Ful. If you've a suit, shew water,[2] I am blind else.

Ador. A suit, yet of a nature not to prove

[1] Satisfy. [2] To clear the sight: a fee.

The quarry that you hawk for; if your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be weighed and rated, one poor syllable,
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.

Ful. It seems you are ignorant,
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, gratis.

Ador. I much thank you.
Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?

Ful. Yes.

Ador. At what hour?

Ful. I promised not so much.
A syllable you begged, my charity gave it;
Move me no further. [*Exit.*

Ast. This you wonder at:
With me, 'tis usual.

Ador. Pray you, sir, what is he?

Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord. He hath some drops
Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lies
In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields him
Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk
Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands,
Or profit made by wool, but, while there are suitors,
His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick,
Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant.
In the time of trussing a point, he can undo
Or make a man: his play or recreation
Is to raise this up or pull down that; and though
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops
In Sicily than the pope himself.

Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, *and a* Servant.

Ador. Most strange!

Ast. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.

Ador. I understand you.

Gasp. Morrow to my uncle.

Ant. And my late guardian:—but at length I have
The reins in my own hands.

Ast. Pray you, use them well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Bert. With this jewel
Presented to Camiola, prepare
This night a visit for me. [*Exit* Servant.] I shall have
Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that
The king will hear of war.

Ant. Sir, I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far
To break a rank than crack a lance; and are
In their career of such incredible swiftness,
They outstrip swallows.

Bert. And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated:
You are well provided, signior.

Ant. Sir, excuse me;
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,
And scorn the burthen: they come on like lightning;
Foundered in a retreat.

Bert. By no means back them;
Unless you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.

Ant. My lord, this is bitter.

Gasp. I will raise me a company of foot,
And, when at push of pike I am to enter

A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought me
An armour cannon proof.
Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an outwork in your shirt?
Gasp. I do not like
Activity that way.
Bert. You had rather stand
A mark to try their muskets on?
Gasp. If I do
No good, I'll do no hurt.
Bert. 'Tis in you, signior,
A Christian resolution, and becomes you!
But I will not discourage you.
Ant. You are, sir,
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,
Have served against the Turk.
Bert. 'Tis true.
Ant. Pray you, shew us
The difference between the city valour
And service in the field.
Bert. 'Tis somewhat more
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded by
Your tenants' sons, to carry away a May-pole
From a neighbour village. You will not find there
Your masters of dependencies,[1] to take up
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,
For a cloak with thrice-dyed velvet and a cast suit,
Kicked down the stairs. A knave with half a breech there,
And no shirt, (being a thing superfluous

[1] Dependencies, *i.e.* the grounds of a quarrel. The reference is to hired bravos who undertook its settlement.

And worn out of his memory,) if you bear not
Yourselves both in and upright, with a provant sword [1]
Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way;
Or, with the hilts, thunder about your ears
Such music as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.[2]

Gasp. I must tell you
In private, as you are my princely friend,
I do not like such fiddlers.

Bert. No! they are useful
For your imitation; I remember you,
When you came first to the court, and talked of nothing
But your rents and your entradas,[3] ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets; you believed
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walk at midnight
Without a causeless quarrel, as if men
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts: but, when you had been
Cudgelled well twice or thrice, and from the doctrine
Made profitable uses, you concluded
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
Civility, with conformity of manners,
Were two or three sound beatings.

Ant. I confess
They did much good upon me.

Gasp. And on me:
The principles that they read were sound.

Bert. You'll find
The like instructions in the camp.

Ast. The king!

[1] A plain soldier's sword.
[2] Title of a musical work by John Dowland, the famous lutanist of the period.
[3] Revenues.

A flourish. *Enter* ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Ambassadors, *and* Attendants.

Rob. (*ascends the throne*). We sit prepared to hear.

Amb. Your majesty
Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With the desperate fortunes of my lord; and pity
Of the much that your confederate hath suffered,
You being his last refuge, may persuade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall
To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious
That his ambition to encroach upon
His neighbour's territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in question
His own inheritance: but youth and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being denied the favours
Of the fair princess of Sienna, (though
He sought her in a noble way,) to endeavour
To force affection, by surprisal of
Her principal seat, Sienna.

Rob. Which now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph:
Heaven is still just.

Amb. And yet that justice is
To be with mercy tempered, which Heaven's deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injured duchess,
By reason taught, as nature could not, with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aims at
A brave revenge; and my lord feels, too late,
That innocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga,
The honour of his order, (I must praise
Virtue, though in an enemy,) he whose fights

And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scattered troops, before we could get time
To victual or to man the conquered city,
Sat down before it; and, presuming that
'Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vain: nor will he
Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,
To be at his discretion.

Rob. Since injustice
In your duke meets this correction, can you press us,
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pity to decline[1] his dangers,
To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be
Warned by his harms? The league proclaimed between us,
Bound neither of us further than to aid
Each other, if by foreign force invaded;
And so far in my honour I was tied.
But since, without our counsel or allowance,
He hath ta'en arms, with his good leave he must
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock
We see and may avoid. Let other monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase
Increase of empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim
Of glorious conquests; we, that would be known
The father of our people, in our study
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them from
The secure shade of their own vines, to be

[1] Divert from their course.

Scorched with the flames of war : or, for our sport,
Expose their lives to ruin.
Amb. Will you, then,
In his extremity forsake your friend ?
Rob. No ; but preserve ourself.
Bert. Cannot the beams
Of honour thaw your icy fears ?
Rob. Who's that ?
Bert. A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject ;
Your father's son, and one who blushes that
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,
As to his kingdom.
Rob. How's this !
Bert. Sir, to be
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,
Cannot deserve your anger.
Rob. Where's your warrant
For this presumption ?
Bert. Here, sir, in my heart :
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer
Your ease before your honour, and conclude,
To eat and sleep supinely is the end
Of human blessings : I must tell you, sir,
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,
And, when we move not forward, we go backward :
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease.
Gasp. Well urged, my lord.
Ant. Perfect what is so well begun.
Amb. And bind
My lord your servant.
Rob. Hair-brained fool ! what reason
Canst thou infer to make this good ?

Bert. A thousand,
Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your command lies: 'tis not, sir, in France,
Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold
Or silver to enrich you; no worm spins
Silk in her womb, to make distinction
Between you and a peasant in your habits;
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can dye
Scarlet or purple; all that we possess,
With beasts we have in common: nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environed;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast
That, if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas styled the granary of great Rome,
Can yield our numerous fry bread: we must starve,
Or eat up one another.

Ador. The king hears
With much attention.

Ast. And seems moved with what
Bertoldo hath delivered.

Bert. May you live long, sir,
The king of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the war; let not our nerves
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,
Make younger brothers thieves: it is their swords, sir,
Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples
May move you more than arguments, look on England,
The empress of the European isles,

And unto whom alone ours yields precedence:
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The mistress of the ocean, her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world?
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named;
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by
The red rose and the white! Let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrigged armada, make us
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,
Warmed in our bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our hours
Without variety, confined to drink,
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the sleep
Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom,
But his heroic mind descends to me:
I will confirm so much.

Ador. In his looks he seems
To break ope Janus' temple.

Ast. How these younglings
Take fire from him!

Ador. It works an alteration
Upon the king.

Ant. I can forbear no longer:
War, war, my sovereign!

Ful. The king appears
Resolved, and does prepare to speak.

Rob. Think not
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,
As to be overturned or shaken with
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,
Before resolved you, I will not engage
My person in this quarrel; neither press
My subjects to maintain it: yet, to shew

My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
O' your master's sufferings, since these gallants, weary
Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent
That, as adventurers and volunteers,
No way compelled by us, they may make trial
Of their boasted valours.

Bert. We desire no more.

Rob. 'Tis well; and, but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from me. Govern, as you please,
The province you make choice of; for, I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwise than as a sad disaster
Fallen on a stranger: nor will I esteem
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune:
You know me; I have said it. So, my lord,
You have my absolute answer.

Amb. My prince pays,
In me, his duty.

Rob. Follow me, Fulgentio,
And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, ASTUTIO, *and* Attendants.

Gasp. What a frown he threw,
At his departure, on you!

Bert. Let him keep
His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.

Ant. Shall we aboard to-night?

Amb. Your speed, my lord,
Doubles the benefit.

Bert. I have a business
Requires dispatch; some two hours hence I'll meet you.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter Signior SYLLI, *walking fantastically, followed by* CAMIOLA *and* CLARINDA.

Cam. Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony,
In my own house.
Syl. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practised.
Clar. For your mirth's sake
Let him alone; he has been all this morning
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,
[SYLLI *walking by, and practising.*
When he walks before a lady.
Syl. You may, madam,
Perhaps believe that I in this use art,
To make you dote upon me, by exposing
My more than most rare features to your view:
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,
Look not with too much contemplation on me;
If you do, you are in the suds.[1]
Cam. You are no barber?
Syl. Fie, no! not I; but my good parts have drawn
More loving hearts out of fair ladies' bellies
Than the whole trade have done teeth.
Cam. Is't possible?
Syl. Yes, and they live too: marry, much condoling
The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me,
Because I love myself——
Cam. Without a rival.

[1] *i.e.*, in difficulty or confusion.

What philtres or love-powders do you use
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor heart still.

Syl. You are warned—be armed;
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,
In being too soon enamoured.

Clar. Hold in your head,
Or you must have a martingal.

Syl. I have sworn
Never to take a wife, but such a one,
O may your ladyship prove so strong! as can
Hold out a month against me.

Cam. Never fear it;
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But since in your pity
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.

Syl. The first is,
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a syren:
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,
As ravished with my ditties; and you will
Run mad to hear me.

Cam. I will stop my ears,
And keep my little wits.

Syl. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus, [*capers*] cast not a sheep's eye
Upon the quivering of my calf.

Cam. Proceed, sir.

Syl. But on no terms, for 'tis a main point, dream not
O' the strength of my back, though it will bear a burthen
With any porter.

Cam. I mean not to ride you.

Syl. Nor I your little ladyship, till you have
Performed the covenants. Be not taken with

My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.
Cam. Was there ever such
A piece of motley heard of? [*A knocking within.*] Who's
that? [*Exit* CLARINDA.] You may spare
The catalogue of my dangers.
Syl. No, good madam;
I have not told you half.
Cam. Enough, good signior;
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.—

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Who is't?
Clar. The brother of the king.
Syl. Nay, start not.
The brother of the king! is he no more?
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous;
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Cam. Camiola, if ever, now be constant:
This is, indeed, a suitor whose sweet presence,
Courtship, and loving language, would have staggered
The chaste Penelope; and, to increase
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him he sues to me for:
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me
I must nor give nor take it.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* BERTOLDO.

Syl. I must tell you,
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,
First come first served: yet you shall have my countenance

To parley with her, and I'll take special care
That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. You are courteous.

Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?

Clar. Yes, from you, sir. [*They walk aside.*

Bert. If forcing this sweet favour from your lips,
[*Kisses her.*
Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,
When you are pleased to understand I take
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify the offence.

Cam. A parting kiss, sir!
What nation, envious of the happiness
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both beloved and honoured; the north-star
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up
Your full account of happiness in a word,
The brother of the king?

Bert. Do you alone,
And with an unexampled cruelty,
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of
Those blessings which you, with a polished phrase,
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful exile? What are titles to me,
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,
Though it confessed no sovereign but myself,
When you, that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance
Of my felicity, in your disdain,
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?

Cam. You tax me without cause.

Bert. You must confess it.
But answer love with love, and seal the contract
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly
(Though now I were in action, and assured,
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heat
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue
My Cleopatra! Will you yet look on me,
With an eye of favour?

Cam. Truth bear witness for me,
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are
A man so absolute and circular
In all those wished-for rarities that may take
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant
All sceptered monarchs of our western world
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should wear the garland.

Bert. If so, what diverts
Your favour from me?

Cam. No mulct in yourself,
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.

Bert. What then?

Cam. The consciousness of mine own wants: alas! sir,
We are not parallels,[1] but, like lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,
Without addition, were an ample dowry
For one of fairer fortunes; and this shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value:
To this so clear a mind, so furnished with
Harmonious faculties moulded from Heaven,
That though you were Thersites in your features,

[1] Apparently used (after a very common custom of the time) for *radii*.

Of no descent, and Irus in your fortunes,
Ulysses-like you'd force all eyes and ears
To love, but seen; and, when heard, wonder at
Your matchless story: but all these bound up
Together in one volume!—give me leave
With admiration to look upon them,
But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,
I may or can enjoy them.

Bert. How you ruin
What you would seem to build up! I know no
Disparity between us; you're an heir,
Sprung from a noble family; fair, rich, young,
And every way my equal.

Cam. Sir, excuse me;
One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses[1]
The eagle and the wren:—tissue and frieze
In the same garment, monstrous! But suppose
That what's in you excessive were diminished,
And my desert supplied, the stronger bar,
Religion, stops our entrance: you are, sir,
A knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life; you cannot marry me;
And, I assure myself, you are too noble
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,
In a base path.

Bert. A dispensation, lady,
Will easily absolve me.

Cam. O take heed, sir!
When what is vowed to Heaven is dispensed with
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.

Bert. Is there no hope left me?

Cam. Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to

[1] *i.e.*, Hatches; often used in this sense by our old writers.

Impossibility. True love should walk
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir:
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service.

Bert. And this is your
Determinate sentence?

Cam. Not to be revoked.

Bert. Farewell then, fairest cruel! all thoughts in me
Of women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper,
That only lends me light to see my folly:
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee! [*Exit.*

Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being absent,
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle
Is fought between my passions!—methinks
We should have kissed at parting.

Syl. I perceive
He has his answer: now must I step in
To comfort her. [*comes forward.*] You have found, I hope, sweet lady,
Some difference between a youth of my pitch,
And this bugbear Bertoldo: men are men,
The king's brother is no more; good parts will do it,
When titles fail. Despair not; I may be
In time entreated.

Cam. Be so now, to leave me.—
Lights for my chamber. O my heart!
[*Exeunt* CAMIOLA *and* CLARINDA.

Syl. She now,
I know, is going to bed, to ruminate
Which way to glut herself upon my person:
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry;
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper. [*Exit.*



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, *and* ASTUTIO.

ROB. Embarked to-night, do you say?
Ful. I saw him aboard, sir.
Rob. And without taking of his leave?
Ast. 'Twas strange!
Rob. Are we grown so contemptible?
Ful. 'Tis far
From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,
That, in your ill opinion of him, burns
Too hot already; else I should affirm,
It was a gross neglect.
Rob. A wilful scorn
Of duty and allegiance; you give it
Too fair a name: but we shall think on't. Can you
Guess what the numbers were, that followed him
In his desperate action?
Ful. More than you think, sir.
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government or person, with
The turbulent swordmen, such whose poverty forced them
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,
In right or wrong: and, to express their zeal

And readiness to serve him, ere they went,
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,
To live and die with him.
Rob. O most impious!
Their loyalty to us forgot?
Ful. I fear so.
Ast. Unthankful as they are!
Ful. Yet this deserves not
One troubled thought in you, sir; with your pardon,
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security than danger.
Rob. True;
And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.
Astutio, you shall presently be dispatched
With letters, writ and signed with our own hand,
To the Duchess of Sienna, in excuse
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
An oath, to give it credit, that we never
Consented to it, swearing for the king,
Though false, it is no perjury.
Ast. I know it.
They are not fit to be state agents, sir,
That without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigal in such trifles.
Ful. Right, Astutio.
Rob. You must, beside, from us take some instructions,
To be imparted, as you judge them useful,
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey.
Ast. With the wings
Of loyalty and duty. [*Exit.*
Ful. I am bold
To put your majesty in mind——
Rob. Of my promise,

And aids, to further you in your amorous project
To the fair and rich Camiola? there's my ring;
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,
Or can command by power, I will make good.
Ful. Ever your majesty's creature.
Rob. Venus prove
Propitious to you! [*Exit.*
Ful. All sorts[1] to my wishes:
Bertoldo was my hindrance; he removed,
I now will court her in the conqueror's style;
"Come, see, and overcome."—Boy!

Enter Page.

Page. Sir; your pleasure?
Ful. Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit.
Page. 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.
Ful. I know it.
Page. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Ful. Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA.

Ador. So melancholy, say you!
Clar. Never given
To such retirement.

[1] Falls out.

Ador. Can you guess the cause?
Clar. If it hath not its birth and being from
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess
'Tis past my apprehension.
Syl. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I, in my understanding,
Pity your ignorance; yet, if you will
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her shoe wrings her.
Clar. I vow, signior,
By my virginity.
Syl. A perilous oath,
In a waiting-woman of fifteen! and is, indeed,
A kind of nothing.
Ador. I'll take one of something,
If you please to minister it.
Syl. Nay, you shall not swear:
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,
Damn me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.
Ador. I thank you, signior; but resolve us.
Syl. Know, then,
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon me;
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,
She cannot endure my sight.
Ador. There I believe you.
Syl. But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off this vizor of unkindness to her,
And shew an amorous and yielding face:
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be
Her Cerberus, to guard her.
Ador. A good dog!
Clar. Worth twenty porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you open house here?
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.
Syl. He means not me, I am sure.
Page. You, sirrah sheep's-head,
With a face cut on a cat-stick,[1] do you hear?
You, yeoman fewterer,[2] conduct me to
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disembogue thy soul.
Syl. O terrible! "disembogue!"
I talked of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto.*
Page. Answer, wretch.
Syl. Pray you, little gentleman, be not so furious:
The lady keeps her chamber.
Page. And we present,
Sent in an embassy to her! but here is
Her gentlewoman. Sirrah! hold my cloak,
While I take a leap at her lips: do it, and neatly;
Or, having first tripped up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my footstool. [*Kisses* CLARINDA.
Syl. Tamburlaine in little![3]
Am I turned Turk! What an office am I put to!
Clar. My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.
Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy.

[1] The stick used at the game of trap and ball, formerly called "cat."

[2] Old name for the person who took charge of the dogs, immediately under the huntsman.

[3] An allusion to the scene in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, where Tamburlaine makes a footstool of the conquered Bajazet.

Enter FULGENTIO.

Syl. Here comes another!
The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.
Page. So soon!
My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders;
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.
Ful. Are you, sirrah,
An implement of the house? [*To* SYLLI.
Syl. Sure he will make
A jointstool of me!
Ful. Or, if you belong [*To* ADORNI.
To the lady of the place, command her hither.
Ador. I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her; and as little bound
To serve your peremptory will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,
You may present your duty.
Ful. Duty! Slave,
I'll teach you manners.
Ador. I'm past learning; make not
A tumult in the house.
Ful. Shall I be braved thus? [*They draw.*
Syl. O, I am dead! and now I swoon.
[*Falls on his face.*
Clar. Help! murder!
Page. Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

Enter CAMIOLA.

Syl. Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [*Rises.*
Cam. What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,
Hold, I command you.
Ful. Saucy groom!
Cam. Not so, sir;

However in his life he had dependence
Upon my father, he's a gentleman,
As well born as yourself. Put on your hat.
Ful. In my presence, without leave!
Syl. He has mine, madam.
Cam. And I must tell you, sir, and in plain language,
Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
Speaks you a coarser thing.
Syl. She means a clown, sir;
I am her interpreter, for want of a better.
Cam. I am a queen in mine own house; nor must you
Expect an empire here.
Syl. Sure, I must love her
Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant.
Cam. What are you? and what would you with me?
Ful. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may, on your submission, proceed to,
You, in your reason, must repent the coarseness
Of my entertainment.
Cam. Why, fine man? what are you?
Ful. A kinsman of the king's.
Cam. I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your own. But grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible but a king may have
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.
Ful. You have heard of Fulgentio?
Cam. Long since, sir;
A suit-broker in court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers,
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,

You are not the man ; much less employed by him
As a smock-agent to me.
Ful. I reply not
As you deserve, being assured you know me ;
Pretending ignorance of my person, only
To give me a taste of your wit : 'tis well, and courtly ;
I like a sharp wit well.
Syl. I cannot endure it ;
Nor any of the Syllis.
Ful. More ; I know too
This harsh induction must serve as a foil
To the well-tuned observance and respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the king,
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you.
Cam. Lov me ! I am not rapt with it.
Ful. Hear't again ;
I love you honestly : now you admire[1] me.
Cam. I do, indeed ; it being a word so seldom
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you, deal plainly,
Since you find me simple ; what might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedom of
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear
The stubborn yoke of marriage ; and, of all
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,
Poor me ? that is the main point you must treat of.
Ful. Why, I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a pretty peat,[2] indifferent fair too ;
And, like a new-rigged ship, both tight and yare,[3]
Well trussed to bear : virgins of giant size

[1] Wonder at; with probably a punning reference to the more familiar meaning.
[2] A delicate creature. [3] Ready.

Are sluggards at the sport; but, for my pleasure,
Give me a neat well-timbered gamester like you;
Such need no spurs,—the quickness of your eye
Assures an active spirit.

Cam. You are pleasant, sir;
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me,
Unmentioned yet, that took you more than all
Those parts you have remembered.

Ful. What?

Cam. My wealth, sir.

Ful. You are in the right; without that, beauty is
A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on:
But beauty, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.

Cam. You speak well;
And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,
I'll marry you: I fable not.

Syl. I am glad
To hear this; I began to have an ague.

Ful. Come, your wise reasons.

Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them:
First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,
Since, for your shape, trimmed up in a lady's dressing,
You might pass for a woman; now I love
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness
Of your complexion, which you think will take me,
The colour, I must tell you, in a man,
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,
If put to labour: give me the lovely brown,
A thick curled hair of the same dye, broad shoulders,
A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.

Syl. She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts;
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!
Cam. You are moved, sir.
Ful. Fie! no; go on.
Cam. Then, as you are a courtier,
A graced one too, I fear you have been too forward;
And so much for your person. Rich you are,
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his back, must be
Spent, you know where;—the proverb's stale—One word more,
And I have done.
Ful. I'll ease you of the trouble,
Coy and disdainful!
Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.
Ful. No, your own folly shall; and, since you put me
To my last charm, look upon this, and tremble.
[*Shews the king's ring.*
Cam. At the sight of a fair ring! the king's, I take it?
I have seen him wear the like: if he hath sent it,
As a favour, to me——
Ful. Yes, 'tis very likely,
His dying mother's gift, prized as his crown!
By this he does command you to be mine;
By his gift you are so;—you may yet redeem all.
Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though the king may
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine own,
And never shall be yours. The king, Heaven bless him!
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste maidens

To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,
Forgetting it when he washed his hands, you stole it,
With an intent to awe me. But you are cozened;
I am still myself, and will be.

Ful. A proud haggard,[1]
And not to be reclaimed! which of your grooms,
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers
Night-physic to you?

Cam. You are foul-mouthed.

Ful. Much fairer
Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.

Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.

Ful. Heaven
So prosper me, as I resolve to do it
To all men, and in every place: scorned by
A tit of tenpence! [*Exeunt* FULGENTIO *and* Page.

Syl. Now I begin to be valiant:
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!
Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length of't.
I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo,
And then we'll fight like dragons.

Ador. Pray, have patience.

Cam. I may live to have vengeance: my Bertoldo
Would not have heard this.

Ador. Madam——

Cam. Pray you, spare
Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merry.
[*To* SYLLI.

Syl. That is my office ever.

Ador. I must do,
Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] An untrained hawk.

SCENE III.—*The Siennese. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

Chambers[1] *shot off: a flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter* GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, *and* Soldiers.

Gonz. Is the breach made assaultable?
Pier. Yes, and the moat
Filled up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;
We may enter six abreast.
Rod. There's not a man
Dares shew himself upon the wall.
Jac. Defeat not
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.
Pier. If you, sir,
Delay the assault, and the city be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Use the extremity of war,—but, in
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.
Jac. And an enemy to yourself.
Rod. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vowed.
Gonz. Temper your heat,
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that
Which, be but patient, will be offered to you.
Security ushers ruin: proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquished, with desire
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the war,
Valour the pupil; and, when we command
With lenity, and our direction's followed

[1] Small cannon.

With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown
Our works well undertaken.
Rod. Ours are finished——
Pier. If we make use of fortune.
Gonz. Her false smiles
Deprive you of your judgments. The condition
Of our affairs exacts a double care,
And, like bifronted Janus, we must look
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear,
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion.—

Enter a Scout, *hastily.*

Our scout! what brings
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?
Scout. The assurance
Of a new enemy.
Gonz. This I foresaw and feared.
What are they, know'st thou?
Scout. They are, by their colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the sun.
Gonz. From Sicily?——
The king in league! no war proclaimed! 'tis foul:
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha, how is this? your estridge[1] plumes, that but
Even now, like quills of porcupines, seemed to threaten
The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,
And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth!
Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds

[1] Ostrich.

Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, untrained,
But in a customary ostentation,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,
Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

Rod. However startled, where you lead we'll follow.

Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio, in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,
Prevent a sally: I in mine own person,
With part of the cavallery, will bid
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast:—
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*

Gonz. And we
To ours: I'll bring you on.

Jac. If we come off,
It's not amiss; if not, my state is settled.

[*Exeunt. Alarum within.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The Citadel of Sienna.*

Enter FERDINAND, DRUSO, *and* LIVIO, *on the Walls.*

Fer. No aids from Sicily! Hath hope forsook us;
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,
By our vowed friend denied us? we can nor live
Nor die with honour: like beasts in a toil,
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so far reconciled unto us,
As in one death to give a period

To our calamities; but in delaying,
The fate we cannot fly from, starved with wants,
We die this night, to live again to-morrow,
And suffer greater torments.

Dru. There is not
Three days' provision for every soldier,
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.

Liv. To die the beggar's death, with hunger made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
Our heart-strings with vexation.

Fer. Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like Cato,
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than
Look on the conqueror's insulting face;
But that religion, and the horrid dream
To be suffered in the other world, denies it!

Enter a Soldier.

What news with thee?

Sold. From the turret of the fort,
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us;
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
The general, (for I know him by his horse,)
And bravely seconded, encountered them.
Their greetings were too rough for friends; their swords,
And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.
By this the main battalias[1] are joined;
And, if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,
As in a theatre, you may see their fates
In purple gore presented.

[1] Armies.

Fer. Heaven, if yet
Thou art appeased for my wrong done to Aurelia,
Take pity of my miseries! Lead the way, friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Plain near the Camp.*

A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for victory; then enter GONZAGA, JACOMO, *and* RODERIGO *wounded;* BERTOLDO, GASPARO, *and* ANTONIO *Prisoners.* Officers *and* Soldiers.

Gonz. We have them yet, though they cost us dear.
This was
Charged home, and bravely followed. Be to yourselves
[*To* JACOMO *and* RODERIGO.
True mirrors to each other's worth; and, looking
With noble emulation on his wounds,
[*Points to* BERTOLDO.
The glorious livery of triumphant war,
Imagine these with equal grace appear
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suffered
In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest,
Yields a rich crop of conquest; and the spoil,
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon
The prisoners' faces.
[GASPARO *and* ANTONIO *are brought forward.*
Oh, how much transformed
From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashioned
To undergo the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armour bruised

Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,
In a hot day, without a blow to yield.

Ant. This insultation shews not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborne it; you are women,
Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights. What fury
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court
For labour in the field? perhaps you thought,
To charge, through dust and blood, an armèd foe,
Was but like graceful running at the ring
For a wanton mistress' glove; and the encounter,
A soft impression on her lips:—but you
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself
In parling with you.

Gasp. Vie victis! now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashioned in another mould,
And made of tougher metal.

Gonz. True; I owe him
For this wound bravely given.

Bert. O that mountains
Were heaped upon me, that I might expire,
A wretch no more remembered! [*Aside.*

Gonz. Look up, sir;
To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: but, since you performed
As much as could be hoped for from a man,
(Fortune his enemy,) you wrong yourself
In this dejection. I am honoured in
My victory over you; but to have these
My prisoners is, in my true judgment, rather
Captivity than a triumph: you shall find
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,
Which I hope are not mortal, with such care

Looked to and cured, as if your nearest friend
Attended on you.

Bert. When you know me better
You will make void this promise: can you call me
Into your memory?

Gonz. The brave Bertoldo!
A brother of our order! By Saint John,
Our holy patron, I am more amazed,
Nay, thunderstruck with thy apostacy
And precipice[1] from the most solemn vows
Made unto Heaven when this, the glorious badge
Of our Redeemer, was conferred upon thee
By the great master, than if I had seen
A reprobate Jew, an atheist, Turk, or Tartar,
Baptized in our religion!

Bert. This I looked for;
And am resolved to suffer.

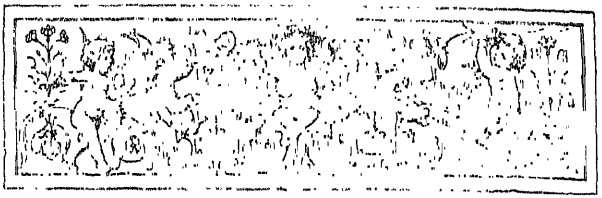
Gonz. Fellow-soldiers.
Behold this man, and, taught by his example,
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage [*Weeps.*
I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,
Faith, and religion:—why, I will tell you;
He was a gentleman so trained up and fashioned
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more than hopes, of great achievements,
As—if the Christian world had stood opposed
Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune
Of one encounter,—this Bertoldo had been,
For his knowledge to direct, and matchless courage
To execute, without a rival, by
The votes of good men, chosen general;

[1] Falling away.

As the prime soldier, and most deserving
Of all that wear the cross: which now, in justice,
I thus tear from him.

Bert. Let me die with it
Upon my breast.

Gonz. No; by this thou wert sworn,
On all occasions, as a knight, to guard
Weak ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against them: whereas thou,
In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,
And such a princess as Aurelia is,
Was dispossessed by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance, against thine oath
Hast, to thy uttermost, laboured to uphold
Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learn too late,
Valour employed in an ill quarrel turns
To cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
Foul Vice's visor. This is that which cancels
All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off;
I will hear no reply: and let the ransom
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I do but right, and let it be
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

Enter GONZAGA, ASTUTIO, RODERIGO *and* JACOMO.

GONZ. What I have done, sir, by the law of arms
I can and will make good.
Ast. I have no commission
To expostulate the act. These letters speak
The king my master's love to you, and his
Vowed service to the duchess, on whose person
I am to give attendance.
Gonz. At this instant,
She's at Fienza: you may spare the trouble
Of riding thither: I have advertised her
Of our success, and on what humble terms
Sienna stands: though presently I can
Possess it, I defer it, that she may
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
The prisoners and the spoil.
Ast. I thank you, sir.
In the mean time, if I may have your license,
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,
For whose liberties and ransoms I would gladly
Make composition.

Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Called Gasparo and Antonio.
Ast. The same, sir.
Gonz. For them, you must treat with these: but for Bertoldo,
He is mine own; if the king will ransom him,
He pays down fifty thousand crowns; if not,
He lives and dies my slave.
Ast. Pray you, a word: [*Aside to* GONZAGA.
The king will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.
Gonz. At his pleasure.
I'll send the prisoners under guard: my business
Calls me another way. [*Exit.*
Ast. My service waits you.
Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with me,
But noble captains; you know, in great minds,
Posse et nolle, nobile.
Rod. Pray you, speak
Our language.
Jac. I find not, in my commission,
An officer's bound to speak or understand
More than his mother-tongue.
Rod. If he speak that
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.
Ast. In plain terms, then,
Antonio is your prisoner; Gasparo, yours.
Jac. You are in the right.
Ast. At what sum do you rate
Their several ransoms?
Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.
Ast. As it cost you!

You did not buy your captainship? your desert,
I hope, advanced you.
Rod. How! It well appears
You are no soldier. Desert in these days!
Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But, if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you mark me, without money,
Or private service done for the general's mistress,
With a commendatory epistle from her,
I will turn lanceprezado.[1]
Jac. Pray you observe, sir:
I served two prenticeships, just fourteen years,
Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long
Had the right-hand file; and I fought well, 'twas said, too:
But I might have served, and fought, and served till doomsday,
And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the legacy
A buxom widow of threescore bequeathed me;
And that too, my back knows, I laboured hard for,
But was better paid.
Ast. You are merry with yourselves:
But this is from the purpose.
Rod. To the point then.
Prisoners are not ta'en every day; and, when
We have them, we must make the best use of them.
Our pay is little to the port we should bear,
And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
At the tavern and the ordinary.
Jac. You may add, too,
Our sport ta'en up on trust.

[1] The lowest officer in the army.

Rod. Peace, thou smock vermin!
Discover commanders' secrets! In a word, sir,
We have inquired, and found our prisoners rich:
Two thousand crowns apiece our companies cost us;
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay.

Jac. It is too little: yet,
Since you have said the word, I am content;
But will not go a gazet[1] less.

Ast. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading;
I'll be your paymaster.

Rod. We desire no better.

Ast. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have schooled my gallants.

Jac. I am dumb, sir.

Enter a Guard *with* BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, *and* GASPARO, *in irons.*

Bert. And where removed now? hath the tyrant found out
Worse usage for us?

Ant. Worse it cannot be.
My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his kennel;
But we have neither.

Gasp. Did I ever think
To wear such garters on silk stockings? or
That my too curious[2] appetite that turned
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge, quails,
Larks, woodcocks, calvered[3] salmon, as coarse diet,
Would leap at a mouldy crust?

[1] A Venetian coin worth three farthings. [2] Fastidious.
[3] Pickled.

Ant. And go without it
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeered
The city entertainment! A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon,
Mortified to grow tender! these I scorned,
From their plentiful horn of abundance, though invited:
But now I could carry my own stool[1] to a tripe[2]
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the
founder.

Bert. O that I were no further sensible
Of my miseries than you are! you, like beasts,
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: but your narrow souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.
Most miserable men!—and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, though made of gold,
Express base thraldom: and all delicates
Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,
When not our own, are bitter; quilts filled high
With gossamer and roses, cannot yield
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
With anguish and affliction.

Ast. My good lord——

Bert. This is no time nor place for flattery, sir:
Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world, as myself.

Ast. I would it were
In me to help you.

Bert. If that you want power, sir,

[1] After the manner of unbidden guests. [2] A tripe shop.

Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*

Ast. (*Comes forward.*) My valiant nephew!
And my more than warlike ward! I am glad to see you,
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains,
Rewards for your good service? if they are
You should wear them on your necks, since they are massy,
Like aldermen of the war.

Ant. You jeer us too!

Gasp. Good uncle, name not, as you are a man of honour,
That fatal word of war; the very sound of it
Is more dreadful than a cannon.

Ant. But redeem us
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat
With a knife that has an edge or point; I'll starve first.

Gasp. I will cry broom, or cat's-meat, in Palermo,
Turn porter, carry burthens, anything,
Rather than live a soldier.

Ast. This should have
Been thought upon before. At what price, think you,
Your two wise heads are rated?

Ant. A calf's head is
More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more brains in't,
Or I had ne'er come here.

Rod. And I will eat it
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransom.

Ant. And a little garlic too, for your own sake, sir:
'Twill boil in your stomach else.

Gasp. Beware of mine,
Or the horns may choke you; I am married, sir.

Ant. You shall have my row of houses near the palace.

Gasp. And my villa; all —

Ant. All that we have.

Ast. Well, have more wit hereafter; for this time,
You are ransomed.

Jac. Off with their irons.

Rod. Do, do:
If you are ours again, you know your price.

Ant. Pray you dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe
I am a free man, till I set my foot
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,
And in Palermo too.

Ast. The wind sits fair,
You shall aboard to-night; with the rising sun
You may touch upon the coast. But take your leaves
Of the late general first.

Gasp. I will be brief.

Ant. And I. My lord, Heaven keep you!

Gasp. Yours, to use
In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.

Ant. A pox of war! no more of war.

[*Exeunt* RODERIGO, JACOMO, ANTONIO, *and* GASPARO.

Bert. Have you
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in irons?
If ransom may redeem them, I have lands,
A patrimony of mine own, assigned me
By my deceased sire, to satisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.

Ast. I wish you had, sir; but the king, who yields
No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand crowns.

Bert. I find it now,
That misery never comes alone. But, grant
The king is yet inexorable, time
May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.
I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and, among the rest,
Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law
For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconciled you
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.
—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,
And may pay down the sum.
Ast. I might, my lord;
But pardon me.
Bert. And will Astutio prove, then,
To please a passionate man, (the king's no more,)
False to his maker and his reason, which
Commands more than I ask? O summer-friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity! How like
A prison is to a grave! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,
Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearse; but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remembered:
So, entered in a prison——
Ast. My occasions
Command me hence, my lord.
Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear
These fetters till my flesh and they are one
Incorporated substance. [*Exit* ASTUTIO.] In myself,

As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty,
And curse the height of royal blood: since I,
In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.
Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own
Weight grubs their roots out. Lead me where you please;
I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die
The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE II.—*Palermo. A Grove near the Palace.*

Enter ADORNI.

Ador. He undergoes my challenge and contemns it,
And threatens me with the late edict made
'Gainst duellists,—the altar cowards fly to.
But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me
A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in public, he's so guarded,
With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors,
That a musket cannot reach him: my designs
Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,
Which, with a fit and due solemnity,
Camiola celebrates: and on it, all such
As love or serve her usually present
A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,
Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove
Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets
With his petitioners; I may present him
With a sharp petition!—Ha! 'tis he: my fate
Be ever blessed for't!

Enter FULGENTIO *and* Page.

Ful. Command such as wait me
Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,
To press on my retirements.
Page. I will say, sir,
You are at your prayers.
Ful. That will not find belief;
Courtiers have something else to do :—be gone, sir.
[*Exit* Page.
Challenged! 'tis well; and by a groom! still better.
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,
This morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit.*
Ador. I shall cross
Your resolution, or suffer for you. [*Exit following him.*



SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter CAMIOLA, *followed by* Servants *with Presents;* SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA.

Syl. What are all these?
Clar. Servants with several presents,
And rich ones too.
1*st Serv.* With her best wishes, madam,
Of many such days to you, the Lady Petula
Presents you with this fan.
2*nd Serv.* This diamond,
From your aunt Honoria.
3*rd Serv.* This piece of plate
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms
Graven upon it.
Cam. Good friends, they are too

Munificent in their love and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet return such jewels
As this directs you:—[*To* CLARINDA]—for your pains; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*
Honour me
With the drinking of a health.
1st Serv. Gold, on my life!
2nd Serv. She scorns to give base silver.
3rd Serv. Would she had been
Born every month in the year!
1st Serv. Month! every day.
2nd Serv. Shew such another maid.
3rd Serv. All happiness wait you!
Clar. I'll see your will done.
[*Exeunt* SYLLI, CLARINDA, *and* Servants.

Enter ADORNI *wounded.*

Cam. How, Adorni wounded!
Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth
Your observation: I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,
Or pearl for which the savage Indian dives
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give
To those that have, what they themselves want, aim at
A glad return with profit: yet, despise not
My offering at the altar of your favour,
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen
The height of what's presented, since it is
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,
And dimmed with clouds of infamy, redeemed,
And, in its natural splendour, with addition
Restored to the true owner.

Cam. How is this?

Ador. Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you, madam,
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,
Plucked out and trod on. That proud man, that was
Dènied the honour of your bed, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,
Compelled by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*

Cam. I am amazed!

Ador. It does deserve it, madam. Common service
Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportioned
To their conditions: therefore, look not on me
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours:—you frown! my service
Merits not this aspect.

Cam. Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourished
This more than rude presumption? Since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the war? Couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those ladies are deceived and cheated when
The clearness and integrity of their actions
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their own bases! Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to them,
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorned, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit

To a false accusation. In this, your
Most memorable service, you believed
You did me right; but you have wronged me more
In your defence of my undoubted honour
Than false Fulgentio could.

Ador. I am sorry what was
So well intended is so ill received;

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Yet, under your correction, you wished
Bertoldo had been present.

Cam. True, I did:
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,
Nor must you think yourself so.

Ador. I am what
You'll please to have me.

Cam. If Bertoldo had
Punished Fulgentio's insolence, it had shewn
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Suit not all men alike; but I perceive
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me;
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly:
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.
You will be sought for, yet, if my estate
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

Ador. This is something yet, though I missed the mark I shot at. [*Aside, and exit.*

Cam. This gentleman is of a noble temper,
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:
Was I not, Clarinda?

Clar. I am not to censure

Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause
Would be proud of such a servant.

Cam. It may be;

Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncalled for?

Serv. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.

Cam. Without him?

Serv. I think so.

Cam. Never think more then.

Serv. They have been at court,
Kissed the king's hand, and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.

Cam. Wait them hither. [*Exit* Servant.
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heaven's providence

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO.

So soon miscarry!—pray you, forbear; ere you take
The privilege, as strangers, to salute me,
(Excuse my manners,) make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.

Gasp. The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.

Ant. I wish
Some other should inform you.

Cam. Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst; a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
Cam. Is there aught
More terrible than death?
Ant. Yes, to a spirit
Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
Cam. You abuse[1] me:
The royal king cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all springs of affection were dried up,)
But pay his ransom.
Gasp. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Cam. A petty sum,
The price weighed with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's magnificence.
Ant. In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
Cam. Are you sure of this?
Gasp. You may read
The edict to that purpose, published by him;
That will resolve[2] you.
Cam. Possible! pray you, stand off.
If I do not mutter treason to myself,
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;
He is my king. The news you have delivered

[1] Work on my credulity. [2] Inform.

Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.
Gasp. One thing more,
And that's substantial: let your Adorni
Look to himself.
Ant. The king is much incensed
Against him for Fulgentio.
Cam. As I am,
For your slowness to depart.
Both. Farewell, sweet lady.
[*Exeunt* GASPARO *and* ANTONIO.
Cam. O more than impious times! when not alone
Subordinate ministers of justice are
Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,
The greater wheels by which the lesser move,
Are broken or disjointed! could it be else,
A king, to sooth his politic ends, should so far
Forsake his honour as at once to break
The adamant chains of nature and religion,
To bind up atheism[1] as a defence
To his dark counsels? Will it ever be,
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?
Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripped of
Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties
Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo,
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon
Art thou eclipsed and darkened! not the nearness
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all
The benefits to the general good dispensed,
Gaining a retribution! But that

[1] "Atheism" is used by the old dramatists, not necessarily applying to religious, but to any marked and undue licence.

To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
Would take from the deserving, I find in me
Some sparks of fire, which, fanned with honour's breath,
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurped splendour. Ha! my aim is high,
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious. 'Tis resolved:
Call in Adorni.

Clar. I am happy in
Such an employment, madam. [*Exit.*

Cam. He's a man,
I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures
Am I to undergo! but good intents
Deride all future rumours.

Re-enter CLARINDA *with* ADORNI.

Ador. I obey
Your summons, madam.

Cam. Leave the place, Clarinda;
One woman, in a secret of such weight,
Wise men may think too much: [*Exit* CLARINDA] nearer,
Adorni.
I warrant it with a smile.

Ador. I cannot ask
Safer protection; what's your will?

Cam. To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you: but I will,
And without circumstance, in the trust that I
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.

Ador. I foster none of you.

Cam. I know you do not.
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me——
Ador. The surest conjuration.
Cam. Take me with you,——
Love born of duty; but advance no further.
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
To undertake a task, in which your faith,
Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you study,
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aim at.
Ador. They admit no rivals.
Cam. You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's
Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness
Of his ransom; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;
Two parts of my estate!
Ador. To what tends this? [*Aside.*
Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his own hopes, to ransom him, and receive him
Into my bosom, as my lawful husband ——
Why change you colour?
Ador. 'Tis in wonder of
Your virtue, madam.
Cam. You must, therefore, to
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This ransom for his liberty; you shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him swear
A solemn contract to me; for you must be
My principal witness, if he should—but why
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?
Ador. Faithfully, madam—but not live long after.
[*Aside.*

Cam. One thing I had forgot: besides his freedom,
He may want accommodations; furnish him
According to his birth: and from Camiola
Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*
Sealed on his hand. You shall not see my blushes:
I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*

Ador. I am half
Hanged out o' the way already.—Was there ever
Poor lover so employed against himself
To make way for his rival? I must do it.
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,
Let it fall on me in the other world
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The Siennese. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

Enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, *and* JACOMO.

GONZ. You have seized upon the citadel, and disarmed
All that could make resistance?
Pier. Hunger had
Done that before we came; nor was the soldier
Compelled to seek for prey; the famished wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offered
All that was worth the taking.
Gonz. You proclaimed,
On pain of death, no violence should be offered
To any woman?
Rod. But it needed not;
For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en off
The care of their sex's honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the town but would,
For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself
To a poor bisognion,[1] and without shrieking.
Gonz. Where is the Duke of Urbin?
Jac. Under guard,
As you directed.

[1] Beggar.

Gonz. See the soldiers set
In rank and file, and, as the duchess passes,
Bid them vail[1] their ensigns; and charge them on their lives
Not to cry "Whores!"

Jac. The devil cannot fright them
From their military license. Though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being
To do her service, yet, since she's a woman,
They will touch at her breech with their tongues; and that is all
That they can hope for.

[*A shout, and a general cry within.*
Whores! whores!

Gonz. O the devil! they are at it.
Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make up,
And cudgel them into jelly.

Rod. To no purpose;
Though their mothers were there, they would have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Part of the Camp.*

Loud music. Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, GONZAGA, *and* AURELIA *under a Canopy.* ASTUTIO *presents her with letters.*

Gonz. I do beseech your highness not to ascribe
To the want of discipline, the barbarous rudeness
Of the soldier, in his profanation of
Your sacred name and virtues.

Aurel. No, lord general;

[1] Lower.

I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punished
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well:
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent princess!

Aurel. But for these aids from Sicily sent against us
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud,
I cannot find, my lord ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a wrong,
With purpose to detain us from our own,
Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters,
To mitigate the affront.

Ast. Your grace hereafter
May hear from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness
The memory of what's past.

Aurel. We shall take time
To search the depth of 't further, and proceed
As our council shall direct us.

Gonz. We present you
With the keys of the city; all lets[1] are removed,
Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.

Aurel. We thank your valours:
A victory without blood is twice achieved,
And the disposure of it, to us tendered,
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks!
My love extends itself to all.

Gonz. Make way there.

[*A* Guard *drawn up;* AURELIA *passes through them. Loud music.* [*Exeunt.*

[1] Hindrances.

SCENE III.—*Sienna. A Room in the Prison.*

BERTOLDO *is discovered in fetters, reading.*

Bert. 'Tis here determined, (great examples, armed
With arguments, produced to make it good,)
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws,
The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want,
Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can do a wise man any injury.
Thus Seneca, when he wrote, thought.—But then
Felicity courted him; his wealth exceeding
A private man's; happy in the embraces
Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full
Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends,
Soothing his lip-positions; and created
Prince of the senate, by the general voice,
At his new pupil's suffrage: then, no doubt,
He held and did believe this. But no sooner
The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him
Out of security's lap, and a centurion
Had offered him what choice of death he pleased,
But told him, die he must, when straight the armour
Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,
[*Throws away the book*
Complaining of his frailty. Can it then
Be censured womanish weakness in me if,
Thus clogged with irons, and the period
To close up all calamities denied me
Which was presented Seneca, I wish
I ne'er had being; at least, never knew
What happiness was; or argue with Heaven's justice,
Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing
Dust in the air? or, falling on the ground, thus

With my nails and teeth to dig a grave, or rend
The bowels of the earth, my step-mother,
And not a natural parent? or thus practise
To die, and, as I were insensible,
Believe I had no motion? [*Falls on his face.*

Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, *and* Gaoler.

Gonz. There he is:
I'll not enquire by whom his ransom's paid,
I am satisfied that I have it; nor allege
One reason to excuse his cruel usage,
As you may interpret it; let it suffice
It was my will to have it so. He is yours now,
Dispose of him as you please. [*Exit.*

Ador. Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferred before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pity. Sir!—he sleeps:—
Or is he dead? would he were a saint in Heaven!
'Tis all the hurt I wish him. But I was not
Born to such happiness [*Aside. Kneels by him.*]——no,
he breathes—come near,
And, if't be possible, without his feeling,
Take off his irons.—[*His irons are taken off.*]—So; now
leave us private. [*Exit* Gaoler.
He does begin to stir; and, as transported
With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels his legs,
As yet uncertain whether it can be
True or fantastical.

Bert. (*rising.*) Ministers of mercy,
Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision!
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever
Appeared to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face
Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel,
Concealing its divinity in his shape,

Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolfish man. Resolve[1] me, if thou look'st for
Bent knees in adoration?
Ador. O forbear, sir!
I am Adorni, and the instrument
Of your deliverance; but the benefit
You owe another.
Bert. If he has a name,
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart
I am his bondman.
Ador. To the shame of men,
This great act is a woman's.
Bert. The whole sex
For her sake must be deified. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Guess who this phœnix should be!
Ador. 'Tis Camiola.
Bert. Pray you, speak't again; there's music in her name.
Once more, I pray you, sir.
Ador. Camiola,
The MAID OF HONOUR.
Bert. Cursed atheist[2] that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other,
Since she alone, in the abstract of herself,
That small but ravishing substance, comprehends
Whatever is or can be wished in the
Idea of a woman! O what service,
Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her,
If not to live and die her charity's slave,
Which is resolved already!
Ador. She expects not
Such a dominion o'er you: yet, ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:

[1] Inform. [2] See note *ante*, p. 355.

On this, as she enjoined me, with my lips
I print her love and service, by me sent you.
Bert. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
Ador. You must now,
Which is the sum of all that she desires,
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,
To marry her.
Bert. This does engage me further;
A payment! an increase of obligation.
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra* ever:
The end of my ambition. O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepared
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart
Wishes mine eyes might see her!
Ador. You must swear this.
Bert. Swear it! Collect all oaths and imprecations
Whose least breach is damnation, and those
Ministered to me in a form more dreadful;
Set Heaven and hell before me, I will take them:
False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now
Begin my vows to you?
Ador. I am no churchman;
Such a one must file it on record: you are free;
And, that you may appear like to yourself,
(For so she wished,) here's gold, with which you may
Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever
Of late you lost. I have found out the captain
Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.
Bert. I know him.
Ador. I have done my parts.
Bert. So much, sir,
As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
I walk in air! Divine Camiola——

But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty. [*Exit.*

Ador. What will become of me now is apparent.
Whether a poniard or a halter be
The nearest way to hell, (for I must thither,
After I've killed myself,) is somewhat doubtful.
This Roman resolution of self-murder
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argued; my good genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shews but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

A flourish. Enter PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, *and* Attendants.

Aurel. A seat here for the duke. It is our glory
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;
The lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of human happiness to have kings and queens
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,
In his insulting pride, deprived himself
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,
Best known for such, in being merciful.
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,

To seek by force what courtship could not win,
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.
I spare the application.

Fer. In my fortune
Heaven's justice hath confirmed it; yet, great lady,
Since my offence grew from excess of love,
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture
Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may find pardon.

Aurel. You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege
Defrayed, and the loss my subjects have sustained
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,
You have your liberty.

Fer. I could not hope for
Gentler conditions.

Aurel. My lord Gonzaga,
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.

Gonz. Such an one,
Madam, I had.

Ast. And have still, sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed, madam.

Ast. By whom, I pray you, sir?

Gonz. You had best enquire
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer.

Ast. I like not this. [*Aside.*

Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts;
A brother of your order.

Gonz. He was, madam,
Till he, against his oath, wronged you, a princess,
Which his religion bound him from.
Aurel. Great minds,
For trial of their valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;
And such a fair construction I make of him:
I would see that brave enemy.
Gonz. My duty
Commands me to seek for him.
Aurel. Pray you do;
And bring him to our presence. [*Exit* GONZAGA.
Ast. I must blast
His entertainment. [*Aside.*] May it please your excellency,
He is a man debauched, and, for his riots,
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.
Fer. To you, his subjects,
That like as your king likes.
Aurel. But not to us;
We must weigh with our own scale.

Re-enter GONZAGA, *with* BERTOLDO, *richly habited, and* ADORNI.

This is he, sure.
How soon mine eye had found him! what a port
He bears! how well his bravery[1] becomes him!
A prisoner! nay, a princely suitor, rather!
But I'm too sudden. [*Aside*
Gonz. Madam, 'twas his suit,
Unsent for, to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.
Aurel. With what majesty
He bears himself! [*Aside.*

[1] Fine apparel.

Ast. The devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransomed, and thus rich too!
Aurel. You ill deserve
[BERTOLDO *kneeling, kisses her hand.*
The favour of our hand——we are not well,
Give us more air— [*Descends suddenly.*
Gonz. What sudden qualm is this?
Aurel.— That lifted yours against me.
Bert. Thus, once more,
I sue for pardon.
Aurel. Sure his lips are poisoned,
And through these veins force passage to my heart,
Which is already seized on. [*Aside.*
Bert. I wait, madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.
Aurel. Before
You have our licence to depart! If manners,
Civility of manners, cannot teach you
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you
Commission to free him.
Gonz. How's this, madam?
Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted power,
Without my warrant, to dispose of him:
I will pay back his ransom ten times over,
Rather than quit my interest.
Bert. This is
Against the law of arms.
Aurel. But not of love. [*Aside.*
Why, hath your entertainment, sir, been such,
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,
You would fly from it?
Bert. I know no man, madam,

Enamoured of his fetters, or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Prefer straw in a dungeon, before
A down-bed in a palace.
Aurel. How!—Come nearer:
Was his usage such?
Gonz. Yes: and it had been worse,
Had I forseen this.
Aurel. O thou mis-shaped monster!
In thee it is confirmed that such as have
No share in nature's bounties know no pity
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,
And answer, then, whether this were a man
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes,
Whose every glance stores Cupid's emptied quiver,
To be dimmed with tedious watching? or these lips,
These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries
And roses were but copies, should grow pale
For want of nectar? or these legs, that bear
A burthen of more worth than is supported
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramped
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever
On this description!
Bert. Is this in derision,
Or pity of me?
Aurel. In your charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,
You shall have fairer quarter: you will shame
The place where you have been, should you now leave it,
Before you are recovered. I'll conduct you

To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our will. You'll follow me?
Bert. To the centre,
Such a Sybilla guiding me.
[*Exeunt* AURELIA, BERTOLDO, *and* Attendants.
Gonz. Who speaks first?
Fer. We stand as we had seen Medusa's head,
Pier. I know not what to think, I am so amazed.
Rod. Amazed! I am thunderstruck.
Jac. We are enchanted,
And this is some illusion.
Ador. Heaven forbid!
In dark despair it shews a beam of hope:
Contain thy joy, Adorni. [*Aside.*
Ast. Such a princess,
And of so long-experienced reservedness,
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more than doubted looseness!
Gonz. They come again,
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.
I shall run mad:—some fury hath possessed her.
If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,
Though the devil fart fire, have at him.

Re-enter BERTOLDO *and* AURELIA.

Aurel. Let not, sir,
The violence of my passion nourish in you
An ill opinion; or, grant my carriage
Out of the road and garb of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am
A princess, what I do is above censure,
And to be imitated.

Bert. Gracious madam,
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected
My scattered faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.
Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you. [BERTOLDO *walks by musing.*
Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This cursèd object strangles my devotion:
I must speak, or I burst.—Pray, you, fair lady,
If you can, in courtesy direct me to
The chaste Aurelia.
Aurel. Are you blind? who are we?
Gonz. Another kind of thing. Her blood was governed
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:
The reverence and majesty of Juno
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,
Appeared a second Pallas. I can see
No such divinities in you: if I,
Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.
Aurel. Good! ere long
You shall know me better.
Gonz. Why, if you are Aurelia,
How shall I dispose of the soldier?
Ast. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?
Aurel. Prefer your suits
Unto Bertoldo; we will give him hearing,
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*
Ast. This is rare!
Gonz. What are we come to?
Rod. Grown up in a moment
A favourite!

Ferd. He does take state already.

Bert. No, no; it cannot be:—yet, but Camiola,
There is no step between me and a crown.
Then my ingratitude! a sin in which
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost.

Gonz. May it please your excellence——
Second me, sir.

Bert. Then my so horrid oaths,
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!

Ast. The king, your brother, will thank you for the advancement
Of his affairs.

Bert. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries as her power and greatness
Raise up against my weak defences!

Gonz. Sir,

Re-enter AURELIA.

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!
Walks she on woollen feet!

Aurel. You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a cripple's pace to that which you should fly to.

Bert. It is confessed: yet why should I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By false play send you off a loser from me?
I am already too, too much engaged
To the king my brother's anger; and who knows
But that his doubts and politic fears, should you
Make me his equal, may draw war upon
Your territories? Were that breach made up,
I should with joy embrace what now I fear
To touch but with due reverence.

Aurel. That hindrance
Is easily removed. I owe the king
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;
And having first reconciled you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meet with us.

Bert. I am wholly yours.

Aurel. On this book seal it.

Gonz. What, hand and lip too! then the bargain's sure.——
You have no employment for me?

Aurel. Yes, Gonzaga;
Provide a royal ship.

Gonz. A ship! St. John,
Whither are we bound now?

Aurel. You shall know hereafter.
My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your patience.

Ador. Camiola! [*Aside to* BERTOLDO.

Aurel. How do you?

Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you.

[*Exeunt all but* ADORNI.

Ador. The heavy curse that waits on perjury,
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever!
Yet why from me this? in his breach of faith
My loyalty finds reward: what poisons him,
Proves mithridate[1] to me. I have performed
All she commanded, punctually; and now,
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings
To bear me to Palermo! This once known,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit.*

[1] An antidote against poison.

SCENE V.—*Palermo. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, *and* CLARINDA, *at several doors.*

Syl. Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am, on the sudden,
Turned to the pitifullest animal
O' the lineage of the Syllis!

Cam. What's the matter?

Syl. The king—break, girdle, break!

Cam. Why, what of him?

Syl. Hearing how far you doated on my person,
Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,
Could get a sheep's eye from you, I being present,
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl
Of his authority to bore my nose,
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!

Cam. Do not roar so:
The king!

Syl. The king. Yet loving Sylli is not
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune;
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,
What a loser should you be! He can but make you
A queen, and what a simple thing is that,
To the being my lawful spouse! the world can never
Afford you such a husband.

Cam. I believe you.
But how are you sure the king is so inclined?
Did not you dream this?

Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his train, and, lighting from his coach,
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.

Cam. If so,
I guess the business.

Syl. It can be no other,
But to give me the bob,[1] that being a matter
Of main importance. Yonder they are: I dare not

Enter ROBERTO *and* FULGENTIO.

Be seen, I am so desperate: if you forsake me,
Send me word, that I may provide a willow garland,
To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!

[*Exit crying.*

Ful. It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off
With terror, cannot fright her.

Rob. May she answer
My expectation! [*Aside.*

Ful. There she is.

Cam. My knees thus
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty
Due for so great an honour, in this favour
Done to your humblest handmaid.

Rob. You mistake me;
I come not, lady, that you may report
The king, to do you honour, made your house
(He being there) his court; but to correct
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased
With this humility.

Cam. A pardon, sir!
Till I am conscious of an offence,
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.
What is my crime, sir?

[1] *i.e.* Give me the door.

Rob. Look on him I favour,
By you scorned and neglected.
Cam. Is that all, sir?
Rob. No, minion; though that were too much. How can you
Answer the setting on your desperate bravo
To murder him?
Cam. With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
While I reply to this: but thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you, as a man,
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity,
Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you,)
'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,
To such an undeserver is no virtue.
Ful. What think you now, sir?
Cam. Say, you should love wine,
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not kings,
By violence from humble vassals force
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him;
And to compel affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.
Rob. Excellent virgin! [*Aside.*
How I admire her confidence!
Cam. He complains
Of wrong done him: but, be no more a king,
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,
And of your laws and statutes make a fire
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,
If he escape unpunished. Do your edicts
Call it death in any man that breaks into
Another's house to rob him, though of trifles;

And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,
In the pollution of my clear fame,
By his malicious slanders?
Rob. Have you done this?
Answer truly, on your life.
Ful. In the heat of blood,
Some such thing I reported.
Rob. Out of my sight!
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digged already.
Ful. By my own folly
I have made a fair hand of't. [*Aside, and exit.*
Rob. You shall know, lady,
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.
Cam. Ay, now you shew whose deputy you are:
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot
Be censured superstition.
Rob. You must rise;
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [*Kisses her.*
Cam. Happy are subjects, when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter CAMIOLA *and* SYLLI.

CAM. You see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great ones
I put off in your favour.

Syl. You do wisely,
Exceeding wisely; and when I have said,
I thank you for't, be happy.

Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing.

Syl. When you have it;
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,
I have wiped your royal nose without a napkin;
You may cry, "Willow, willow!" for your brother
I'll only say, "Go by!"[1] for my fine favourite,
He may graze where he please; his lips may water
Like a puppy's o'er a furmenty pot, while Sylli
Out of his two leaved cherry-stone dish drinks nectar!
I cannot hold out any longer; Heaven forgive me!

[1] One of the customary sneers at the popular melodrama of the day, *The Spanish Tragedy.*

'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take
A little for a preparative. | *Offers to kiss and embrace her.*
Cam. By no means.
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:
I'll rather lose my longing.
Syl. Pretty soul!
How careful it is of me! let me buss yet
Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure, is
Out of my oath.
Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoe-maker steals.
Syl. O most rare leather! | *Kisses her shoe often.*
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.
Cam. Fie! you dwell too long there:
Rise, prithee rise.
Syl. O, I am up already.

Enter CLARINDA, *hastily.*

Cam. How I abuse my hours!—What news with thee, now?
Clar. Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by your promise:
Signior Adorni is returned! now upon entrance!
Off with it, off with it, madam!
Cam. Be not so hasty:
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.
Syl. You have my grant too;
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter ask my leave, before
You part with things of moment.
Cam. Very good;
When I'm yours I'll be governed.

Syl. Sweet obedience!

Enter ADORNI.

Cam. You are well returned.
Ador. I wish that the success
Of my service had deserved it.
Cam. Lives Bertoldo?
Ador. Yes, and returned with safety.
Cam. 'Tis not then
In the power of fate to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness; and yet he should
Have made me his first visit.
Ador. So I think too;
But he——
Syl. Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his excuse, I warrant you.
Cam. Speak, where is he?
With whom? who hath deserved more from him? or
Can be of equal merit? I in this
Do not except the king.
Ador. He's at the palace,
With the Duchess of Sienna. One coach brought them hither,
Without a third: he's very gracious with her;
You may conceive the rest.
Cam. My jealous fears
Make me to apprehend.
Ador. Pray you dismiss
Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.
Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the court.
Syl. I will outrun
A footman for your pleasure.

Cam. There observe
The duchess' train, and entertainment.
Syl. Fear not;
I will discover all that is of weight,
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.
This is fit employment for me. [*Exit*
Cam. Gracious with
The duchess! sure, you said so?
Ador. I will use
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged
With faith and loyal duty.
Cam. I believe it;
You ransomed him, and supplied his wants—imagine
That is already spoken; and what vows
Of service he made to me, is apparent;
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous;
Does not your story end so?
Ador. Would the end
Had answered the beginning!—In a word,
Ingratitude and perjury at the height
Cannot express him.
Cam. Take heed.
Ador. Truth is armed,
And can defend itself. It must out, madam:
I saw (the presence full) the amorous duchess
Kiss and embrace him; on his part accepted
With equal ardour; and their willing hands
No sooner joined, but a remove was published,
And put in execution.
Cam. The proofs are
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo!
Ador. He's not worth
Your sorrow, madam.

Cam. Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now to hear it?
Ador. His precipice from goodness raising mine,
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,
I had little reason.
Cam. In this you confess
The devilish malice of your disposition.
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,
To glory in it. When good men pursue
The path marked out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits
To see a scene of grace so well presented,
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turned to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damned
Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well
In you, Adorni.
Ador. What a temper dwells
In this rare virgin! [*Aside.*] Can you pity him,
That hath shewn none to you?
Cam. I must not be
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek recovery
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees
Beg his compassion. No; my towering virtue,
From the assurance of my merit, scorns
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And, confident in the justice of my cause,
The king his brother, and new mistress, judges,

Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,
In which he swore to marry me?

Ador. 'Tis here, madam.

Cam. He shall be, then, against his will, my husband;
And when I have him, I'll so use him!—Doubt not,
But that, your honesty being unquestioned,
This writing, with your testimony, clears all.

Ador. And buries me in the dark mists of error.

Cam. I'll presently to court; pray you, give order
For my caroch.[1]

Ador. A cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to the gallows. [*Aside, and exit.*

Cam. O false men!
Inconstant! perjured! My good angel help me
In these my extremities!

Re enter SYLLA.

Syl. If you e'er will see brave sight,
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the duchess
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp
And preparation!

Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never.

Syl. Why, with all my heart;
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make,
And then it is quit.

Cam. Follow me to my cabinet;
You know my confessor, Father Paulo?

Syl. Yes: shall he
Do the feat for us?

Cam. I will give in writing
Directions to him, and attire myself

[1] Coach.

Like a virgin bride ; and something I will do
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.
Syl. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

Loud music. Enter ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, *a* Bishop, *and* Attendants.

Rob. Had our division been greater, madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord,
Must make a perfect union.—Once more,
With a brotherly affection, we receive you
Into our favour : let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far
Beyond your merit.
Bert. As the princess' grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours,
With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,
Shall know no bounds : nor will I, being made
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.
Aurel. I expect not
But fair equality, since I well know,
If that superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancelled,
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming

To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign
Over their husbands, in some kind commit
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,
In my intent of such a crime.

Gonz. This done,
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for
A precedent to great women: but, when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloyed,
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,
Most of your eagle breed, I'll say not all,
Ever excepting you, challenge again
What, in hot blood, they parted from.

Aurel. You are ever
An enemy of our sex; but you, I hope, sir,
Have better thoughts.

Bert. I dare not entertain
An ill one of your goodness.

Rob. To my power
I will enable[1] him, to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the articles.

Enter FULGENTIO, CAMIOLA, SYLLI, *and* ADORNI.

Ful. In you alone
Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me;
But pity in you will become you better
(Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)
Than too much rigour.

Cam. I will make your peace
As far as it lies in me; but must first
Labour to right myself.

Aurel. Or add or alter
What you think fit; in him I have my all:
Heaven make me thankful for him!

[1] Furnish him with power or means.

Rob. On to the temple.

Cam. Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injured maid.

Aurel. How's this?

Bert. O, I am blasted!

Rob. I have given some proof, sweet lady, of my promptness
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;
And rest assured that, this great work dispatched,
You shall have audience, and satisfaction
To all you can demand.

Cam. To do me justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,
As a delinquent look on him, and not
As on a brother: Justice painted blind,
Infers her ministers are obliged to hear
The cause, and truth, the judge, determine of it:
And not swayed or by favour or affection,
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.

Rob. Nor will I, madam.

Aurel. You seem troubled, sir.

Gonz. His colour changes too.

Cam. The alteration
Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay

Rhetorical flourishes may palliate
That which, stripped naked, will appear deformed.
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,
Delivered in the plainest language, will
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,
To sit assistants with him.

Aurel. I ne'er wronged you.

Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it;
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man,
Which I lay claim to.

Rob. Let us take our seats.
What is your title to him?

Cam. By this contract,
Sealed solemnly before a reverend man,
[*Presents a paper to the* KING.
I challenge him for my husband.

Syl. Ha! was I
Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!
Some cordial, or I faint.

Rob. The writing is
Authentical.

Aurel. But, done in heat of blood,
Charmed by her flatteries, as no doubt he was,
To be dispensed with.

Fer. Add this, if you please,
The distance and disparity between
Their births and fortunes.

Cam. What can Innocence hope for
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?
Or Syren charms? or, at his best, in me

Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,
And, as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferior. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga
Trampling on his afflictions; the great sum
Proposed for his redemption; the king
Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,
With his protesting followers and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities; and then weigh duly
What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,
That, as his better angel, in her bounties
Appeared unto him, his great ransom paid,
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied:
Whether, then, being my manumised slave,
He owed not himself to me?

Aurel. Is this true?

Rob. In his silence 'tis acknowledged.

Gonz. If you want
A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.

Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me;
The cause required it. And though now I add
A little, in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deter
Others from imitation, let it meet with
A fair interpretation. This serpent,
Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warmed
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,
But, in return, he ruined his preserver,
The prints the irons had made in his flesh

Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remembered!
And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes
To gain this duchess' favour?

Aurel. Yes; the object,
Look on it better, lady, may excuse
The change of his affection.

Cam. The object!
In what? forgive me, modesty, if I say
You look upon your form in the false glass
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a duchess, as I take it, was not
Charactered on your face; and, that not seen,
For other feature, make all these, that are
Experienced in women, judges of them,
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,
I may take the right-hand file.

Gonz. Well said, i' faith!
I see fair women on no terms will yield
Priority in beauty.

Cam. Down, proud heart!
Why do I rise up in defence of that
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me?
No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty,
Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am,
In my lowness, from your height you may look on me,
And, in your suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all men else I did appear
The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound
To hold me as the masterpiece.

Rob. By my life,
You have shewn yourself of such an abject temper,
So poor and low-conditioned, as I grieve for
Your nearness to me.
Fer. I am changed in my
Opinion of you, lady; and profess
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune
For an absolute monarch.
Gonz. Since you are resolved
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, do it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another phœnix.
Aurel. On the sudden
I feel all fires of love quenched in the water
Of my compassion.—Make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I do disclaim
All interest in you: and, to further your
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,
The dispensation procured by me,
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.
Bert. Oh, how have I strayed,
And wilfully, out of the noble track
Marked me by virtue! till now, I was never
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late
Captivity, I might allege the malice
Of fortune; you, that conquered me, confessing
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.
But now I have surrendered up my strengths
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
DISLOYAL, and INGRATEFUL. Though barred from

Human society, and hissed into
Some desert ne'er yet haunted with the curses
Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Upon my guilty self, I must confess
It justly falls upon me ; and one tear,
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more
Than I can hope for.

Cam. This compunction
For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.

Bert. In your pity
My cruelty shews more monstrous : yet I am not,
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,
To ask your pardon. If, as now I fall
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe
To act your own revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is insupportable.

Cam. Pray you, rise ;
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
I do forgive you heartily : yet, excuse me,
Though I deny myself a blessing that,
By the favour of the duchess, seconded
With your submission, is offered to me ;
Let not the reason I allege for 't grieve you,—
You have been false once.—I have done : and if,
When I am married, as this day I will be,
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,
You wish me joy, I will receive it for

Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.
Bert. I will do it,
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
To see myself undone, beyond all hope
To be made up again.
Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart again.
Cam. Pray you, signior Sylli,
Call in the holy friar: he's prepared
For finishing the work.
Syl. I knew I was
The man: Heaven make me thankful!
Rob. Who is this?
Ast. His father was the banker of Palermo,
And this the heir of his great wealth; his wisdom
Was not hereditary.
Syl. Though you know me not,
Your majesty owes me a round sum; I have
A seal or two to witness; yet, if you please
To wear my colours, and dance at my wedding,
I'll never sue you.
Rob. And I'll grant your suit.
Syl. Gracious madonna, noble general,
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,
[*Gives them favours.*
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought but that way current. [*Exit.*
Aurel. For my part
I cannot guess the issue.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* Father PAULO.

Syl. Do your duty;
And with all speed you can, you may dispatch us.

Paul. Thus, as a principal ornament to the church,
I seize her.

All. How!

Rob. So young, and so religious!

Paul. She has forsook the world.

Syl. And Sylli too!
I shall run mad.

Rob. Hence with the fool! [SYLLI *is thrust off.*]—
Proceed, sir.

Paul. Look on this MAID OF HONOUR, now
Truly honoured in her vow
She pays to Heaven: vain delight
By day, or pleasure of the night,
She no more thinks of. This fair hair
(Favours for great kings to wear)
Must now be shorn; her rich array
Changed into a homely gray:
The dainties with which she was fed,
And her proud flesh pamperèd,
Must not be tasted; from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring;
And with fasting mortify
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewels, beads; and she must look
Not in a glass, but holy book,
To teach her the ne'er-erring way
To immortality. O may
She, as she purposes to be
A child new-born to piety,
Persèver in it, and good men,
With saints and angels, say, Amen!

Cym. This is the marriage! this the port to which
My vows must steer me! Fill my spreading sails
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,

That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternal happiness keeps her residence,
Temptations to frailty never entering!
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it:
The first to the fair nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last and better part
Of my frail life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service;
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,
And to his merits love him, and no further.

Rob. I thus confirm it. [*Gives his hand to* ADORNI.

Cam. And, as e'er you hope, [*To* BERTOLDO.
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting
Bravely against the enemies of our faith
Redeem your mortgaged honour.

Gonz. I restore this: [*Gives him the white cross.*
Once more brothers in arms.

Bert. I'll live and die so.

Cam. To you my pious wishes! And, to end
All differences, great sir, I beseech you
To be an arbitrator, and compound
The quarrel long continuing between
The duke and duchess.

Rob. I will take it into
My special care.

Cam. I am then at rest. Now, father,
Conduct me where you please.

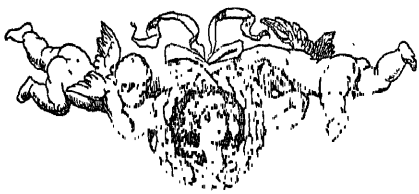
[*Exeunt* PAULO *and* CAMIOLA.

Rob. She well deserves
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR! May she stand
To all posterity a fair example
For noble maids to imitate! Since to live
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part with
Such poisoned baits is rare; there being nothing
Upon this stage of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

THE CITY MADAM.

THE comedy of *The City Madam* was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, May 25th, 1632, and was acted by the King's Company. It was printed in quarto in 1658. A play founded on *The City Madam*, entitled *Riches; or, the Wife and Brother*, by Sir James Bland Burges, was brought out with success at the Lyceum in 1810.



To the truly Noble and Virtuous

LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

HONOURED LADY,

In that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured [1] by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many,) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises, it is commendation enough to call it MASSINGER'S: if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

ANDREW PENNYCUICKE.

[1] Judged. [2] He was one of the actors in the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LACY.
SIR JOHN FRUGAL, a Merchant.
SIR MAURICE LACY, Son of Lord LACY.
MR. PLENTY, a Country Gentleman.
LUKE FRUGAL, Brother of Sir JOHN.
GOLDWIRE, Senior, } Two Gentlemen.
TRADEWELL, Senior, }
GOLDWIRE, Junior, } their Sons, Apprentices to
TRADEWELL, Junior, } Sir JOHN FRUGAL.
STARGAZE, an Astrologer.
HOIST, a Decayed Gentleman.
FORTUNE, } Decayed Merchants.
PENURY, }
HOLDFAST, Steward to Sir JOHN FRUGAL.
RAMBLE, } Two Hectors.
SCUFFLE, }
DING'EM, a Pimp.
GETTALL, a Box-keeper.[1]
Page, Sheriff, Marshal, Serjeants.

LADY FRUGAL.
ANNE, } her Daughters.
MARY, }
MILLICENT, her Woman.
SHAVE'EM, a Courtezan.
SECRET, a Bawd.

Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians,
Porters, Servants.

SCENE.—LONDON.

[1] Groom-porter to a gambling-house, who used to sit in a raised box or chair, and declare the state of the game.

THE CITY MADAM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter GOLDWIRE junior *and* TRADEWELL junior.



OLD. The ship is safe in the Pool then?

Trade. And makes good
In her rich fraught, the name she bears, "The Speedwell:"
My master will find it; for, on my certain knowledge,
For every hundred that he ventured in her,
She hath returned him five.

Gold. And it comes timely;
For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.

Trade. Who? Nan and Mall?

Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition,
Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Than *scandalum magnatum.*

Trade. 'Tis great pity

Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate
And keep his name alive.

Gold. The want of one
Swells my young mistresses and their madam-mother
With hopes above their birth and scale; their dreams are
Of being made countesses; and they take state
As they were such already. When you went
To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:
There are few great ladies going to a mask
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.

Trade. 'Tis strange my master in his wisdom can
Give the reins to such exorbitance.

Gold. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home:
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured
For his indulgence, and, for Sir John Frugal,
By some styled Sir John Prodigal.

Trade. Is his brother,
Master Luke Frugal, living?

Gold. Yes; the more
His misery, poor man!

Trade. Still in the counter?

Gold. In a worse place. He was redeemed from the hole,
To live, in our house, in hell;[1] since, his base usage

[1] The worst part of a gaol was termed the *hole*, and the worst part of the hole was known as *hell*.

Considered, 'tis no better. My proud lady
Admits him to her table; marry, ever
Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject
Of her contempt and scorn; and dinner ended
His courteous nieces find employment for him
Fitting an under-prentice or a footman,
And not an uncle.

Trade. I wonder, being a scholar,
Well read, and travelled, the world yielding means
For men of such desert, he should endure it.

Gold. He does, with a strange patience; and to us,
The servants, so familiar, nay humble!

Enter STARGAZE, Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLICENT, *in several affected postures, with looking-glasses at their girdles.*

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these
Like a citizen's wife and daughters?

Trade. In their habits
They appear other things: but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?

Gold. The young wagtails
Expect their suitors: the first, the son and heir
Of the Lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,
As his daughter does his honour; the second, Mr. Plenty,
A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate; and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.

L. Frug. You have done your parts here:
To your study; and be curious in the search
Of the nativities. [*Exit* STARGAZE.

Trade. Methinks the mother,
As if she could renew her youth, in care,

Nay curiosity,[1] to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.
Gold. Keeps the first place;
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her
Than if they taxed her honesty: t'other day,
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,
But one she never saw, being brought before her,
For saying only, "Good young mistress, help me
To the speech of your lady-mother," so far pleased her,
That he got his lease renewed for't.
Trade. How she bristles!
Prithee, observe her.
Mill. As I hope to see
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you
When you are a countess, as you may be one
When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I, continuing
Your principal woman, take the upper hand
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must
By the place you give me; you look now as young
As when you were married.
L. Frug. I think I bear my years well.
Mill. Why should you talk of years? Time hath not ploughed
One furrow in your face; and were you not known
The mother of my young ladies, you might pass
For a virgin of fifteen.
Trade. Here's no gross flattery!
Will she swallow this?
Gold. You see she does, and glibly.
Mill. You never can be old; wear but a mask
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young

[1] Anxiety.

In your other parts. What a waist is here! O Venus!
That I had been born a king! and here a hand
To be kissed ever;—pardon my boldness, madam.
Then, for a leg and foot, you will be courted
When a great grandmother.

L. Frug. These, indeed, wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face;
Their comeliness lasts longer.

Mill. Ever, ever!
Such a rare featured and proportioned madam
London could never boast of.

L. Frug. Where are my shoes?

Mill. Those that your ladyship gave order should
Be made of the Spanish perfumed skins?

L. Frug. The same.

Mill. I sent the prison-bird this morning for them;
But he neglects his duty.

Anne. He is grown
Exceeding careless.

Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle!

L. Frug. He is your slave,
And as such use him.

Anne. Willingly; but he's grown
Rebellious, madam.

Gold. Nay, like hen, like chicken.

L. Frug. I'll humble him.

Enter LUKE, *with shoes, garters, fans, and roses.*[1]

Gold. Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shews like a walking frippery.[2]

L. Frug. Very good, sir:

[1] Large knots of ribands for the shoes. [2] Old-clothes shop.

Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you?

Luke. Drunk, an't please you!

L. Frug. Drunk, I said, sirrah! dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
(Thy patrimony spent,) ragged and lousy,
When the sheriff's basket,[1] and his broken meat,
Were your festival-exceedings! and is this
So soon forgotten?

Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, madam.

L. Frug. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Anne. Who did new clothe you?

Marg. Admitted you to the dining-room?

Mill. Allowed you
A fresh bed in the garret?

L. Frug. Or from whom
Received you spending money?

Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

Gold. Here was a walk
To breathe a footman!

[1] In which victuals were sent to the prisons from the sheriff's table.

Anne. 'Tis a curious fan.
Mary. These roses will shew rare: would 'twere in fashion
That the garters might be seen too!
Mill. Many ladies
That know they have good legs, wish the same with you;
Men that way have the advantage.
Luke. I was with
The lady, and delivered her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;
This night she vows she'll pay you. [*Aside to* GOLDWIRE.
Gold. How I am bound
To your favour, Master Luke!
Mill. As I live, you will
Perfume all rooms you walk in.
L. Frug. Get your fur,[1]
You shall pull them on within. [*Exit* LUKE.
Gold. That servile office
Her pride imposes on him.
Sir John. [*within.*] Goldwire! Tradewell!
Trade. My master calls.—We come, sir.
[*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE *and* TRADEWELL.

Enter HOLDFAST, *and* Porters *with baskets, &c.*

L. Frug. What have you brought there?
Hold. The cream o' the market;
Provision enough to serve a garrison.
I weep to think on't: when my master got
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,
And necks of beef on Sundays.——
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;
Butcher's-meat will not go down.

[1] A piece of undressed skin used as a shoeing-horn.

L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it
At your expense? what cooks have you provided?
Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought at my lord-mayor's.
Anne. Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane and Pie-corner.
Mary. And think the happiness of man's life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.
L. Frug. I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver.
Hold. You may want, though,
A dish or two when the service ends.
L. Frug. Leave prating;
I'll have my will: do you as I command you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II *The Street before* FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter Sir MAURICE LACY *and* Page.

Sir Maur. You were with Plenty?
Page. Yes, sir.
Sir Maur. And what answer
Returned the clown?
Page. Clown, sir! he is transformed,
And grown a gallant of the last edition;
More rich than gaudy in his habit; yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the merchant's threshold until you

Of his two daughters had made choice of her
Whom you designed to honour as your wife,
He smiled in scorn.

Sir Maur. In scorn!

Page. His words confirmed it;
They were few, but to this purpose: "Tell your master,
Though his lordship in reversion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,
And will not yield, in the way of affection,
Precedence to him: I will visit them
Though he sate porter to deny me entrance:
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.
Deliver thou this:" then gave me a piece,
To help my memory, and so we parted.

Sir Maur. Where got he this spirit?

Page. At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers; where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter PLENTY *and three* Servants.

Sir Maur. You, sir!

Plenty. What with me, sir?
How big you look! I will not loose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move mine;
Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out; though I keep not
A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not show

A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs, 'tis scurvy,
And the women will laugh at us.
Sir Maur. You presume
On the protection of your hinds.
Plenty. I scorn it:
Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a footman and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,
And clothe them too, my gay sir.
Sir Maur. What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!
Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary,
I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgive it!
I have other faults, too, very incident
To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison
With my neighbours in the country, and present not
My pheasants, partridges, and grouse to the usurer;
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
With the first cherries or peascods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.
I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too
As are not encumbered; no annuity
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,
An it please your future honour, and why, therefore,
You should forbid my being suitor with you,
My dullness apprehends not.

Page. This is bitter. [*Aside.*

Sir Maur. I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shewn
Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.
This only,—thy great-grandfather was a butcher,
And his son a grazier; thy sire, constable
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,
You and your thrashers.

Plenty. Stir not, on your lives.
This for the grazier,—this for the butcher. [*They fight.*

Sir Maur. So, sir!

Page. I'll not stand idle; draw! [*to the* Servants.] My little rapier,
Against your bumb blades! I'll one by one dispatch you,
Then house this instrument of death and horror.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, LUKE, GOLDWIRE junior, *and* TRADEWELL junior.

Sir John. Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffian's hall!
What insolence is this?

Luke. Noble Sir Maurice,
Worshipful Master Plenty ——

Sir John. I blush for you.
Men of your quality expose your fame
To every vulgar censure! this at midnight,
After a drunken supper in a tavern,
(No civil man abroad to censure it,)
Had shewn poor in you; but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by, monstrous!

Plenty. Very well, sir;
You looked for this defence.

Sir Maur. 'Tis thy protection;
But it will deceive thee.
Sir John. Hold, if you proceed thus,
I must make use of the next justice's power,
And leave persuasion; and in plain terms tell you,

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLICENT.

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it! can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swords? i' the street too?
Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace: he that draws back, parts with
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] This is as it should be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathise with yours, they shall not come,
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.
Sir Maur. May I have the honour
To support you, lady? [*To* ANNE.
Plenty. I know not what's supporting.
But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you. [*To* MARY.
[*Exeunt all but* LUKE.

Enter HOIST, PENURY, *and* FORTUNE.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I will help you
To the speech of my brother.
For. Have you moved him for us?
Luke. With the best of my endeavours, and I hope
You'll find him tractable.

Pen. Heaven grant he prove so!
Hoist. Howe'er, I'll speak my mind.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Do so, Master Hoist.
Go in: I'll pay my duty to this lord,
And then I am wholly yours.
[*Exeunt* HOIST, PENURY, *and* FORTUNE.
Heaven bless your honour!
L. Lacy. Your hand, Master Luke: the world's much changed with you
Within these few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which Master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.
Luke. I have paid dear
For those follies, my good lord; and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warned by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.
Your honour, in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses,
Too late repented.
L. Lacy. I nor do, nor will;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes: how deals your brother with you?
Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for't.
I am a free man, all my debts discharged;
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty's a blessing to me,

And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever lived till now.

L. Lacy. You bear it well;
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whose ruins he builds upon.

Luke. In that, report
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his heap, and will not lose
What the law gives him: such as are worldly wise
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet.[1]
But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men, whose making or undoing
Depends upon his pleasure.

L. Lacy. To my wish:
I know no object that could more content me. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Counting-room in* FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, HOIST, FORTUNE, PENURY, *and* GOLDWIRE junior.

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a chair.
When I lent my moneys I appeared an angel;
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.

Hoist. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,
For as I am a gentleman——

[1] As mayor or alderman.

Re-enter LUKE, *behind, with* Lord LACY, *whom he places near the door.*

Luke. There you may hear all.

Hoist. I pawned you my land for the tenth part of the value:
Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,
And a livery punk[1] or so, and trade not with
The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me:
'Tis a hard case; you must give me longer day,
Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.
I know no obligation lies upon me
With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose,
How much owes Penury?

Gold. Two hundred pounds:
His bond three times since forfeited.

Sir John. Is it sued?

Gold. Yes, sir, and execution out against him.

Sir John. For body and goods?

Gold. For both, sir.

Sir John. See it served.

Pen. I am undone; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.

Sir John. More infidel thou,
In not providing better to support them.
What's Fortune's debt?

Gold. A thousand, sir.

Sir John. An estate
For a good man! You were the glorious trader,
Embraced all bargains; the main venturer
In every ship that launched forth; kept your wife
As a lady; she had her caroch,[2] her choice
Of summer houses, built with other men's moneys

[1] Prostitute. [2] Coach.

Ta'en up at interest, the certain road
To Ludgate[1] in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me,
How were my thousand pounds employed?
For. Insult not
On my calamity; though, being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.
Sir John. Suppose this true,
What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.
For. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.
Luke. [*comes forward.*] Not as a brother, sir, but with such duty,
As I should use unto my father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.
Sir John. What would you say?
Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing
Derived from Heaven, and by your industry
Pulled down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies

[1] The prison so called, appropriated to citizens.

As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty,
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries, (I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.

Luke. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your [thankful][1] debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondered at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine that by odds
Of strength usurp and tyrannize o'er others
Brought under their subjection.

L. Lacy. A rare fellow!
I am strangely taken with him.

Luke. Can you think, sir,
In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,[2]
His wife turned out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate,
By wrong extorted, can advantage you? [him,

Hoist. If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will damn
If he be not converted.

Luke. You are too violent.——

[1] Inserted by Gifford. A foot is wanting in the original editions.
[2] Public auction.

Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteemed, though now decayed,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge, (pray you pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement,) in this
You satisfy your anger and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemned, though offered; entertained by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.

L. Lacy. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be
Talked out of my money?

Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.

Sir John. How, my good brother? [eat,

Luke. By making these your beadsmen.[1] When they
Their thanks, next Heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you everywhere.

Sir John. If this could be——

[1] Saxon for prayersmen—those who offer up prayers on behalf of their benefactors.

Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessèd act, and poor me rich,
In being the instrument.
Sir John. You shall prevail;
Give them longer day: but, do you hear, no talk of't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laughed at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time,
But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar;
Drink a health, and thank your orator.
Pen. On our knees, sir.
For. Honest Master Luke!
Hoist. I bless the counter where
You learned this rhetoric.
Luke. No more of that, friends.
[*Exeunt* LUKE, HOIST, FORTUNE, *and* PENURY.
Lord LACY *comes forward.*
Sir John. My honourable lord.
L. Lacy. I have seen and heard all.
Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your debtors
I do commend; but where you should express
Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you
You shew yourself an atheist.
Sir John. Make me know
My error, and for what I am thus censured,
And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty cause.
L. Lacy. It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.
Sir John. Is that all?
L. Lacy. 'Tis more
Than can admit defence. You keep him as

A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife; an underling
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?

Sir John. Pray you, take me with you[1];
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him, the younger, robbed me of my birthright:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on him,
And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.

L. Lacy. You could not do less.

Sir John. Was I bound to it, my lord?
What I possess I may, with justice, call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposure?

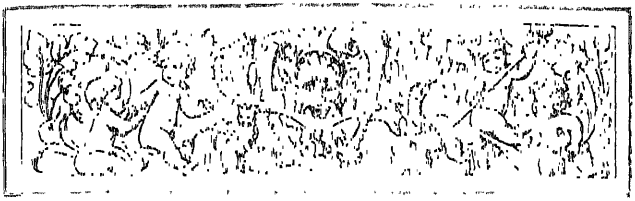
L. Lacy. I would have you,
What's passed forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.

Sir John. Outward gloss
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him!
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,
And what trust or employment you think fit
Shall be conferred upon him: if he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

L. Lacy. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] See note, *ante*, p. 267.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter LUKE, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE junior, *and* TRADEWELL junior.



OLD. The like was never seen.

Luke. Why in this rage, man?

Hold. Men may talk of country-christmasses and court-gluttony,
Their thirty-pound buttered eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drenched with ambergris, the carcases
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's.

Trade. What dear dainty
Was it, thou murmur'st at?

Hold. Did you not observe it?
There were three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,[1]
That stood my master in twenty marks[2] apiece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made
Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that dressed it
Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.

[1] A sweet wine, see note *ante*, p. 178. [2] The mark was worth 13*s.* 4*d.*

Gold. Yet all this
Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.
Hold. I am rather
Starved to look on't. But here's the mischief,—though
The dishes were raised one upon another,
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in London ransacked
To furnish out a banquet;[1] yet my lady
Called me penurious rascal, and cried out
There was nothing worth the eating.
Gold. You must have patience,
This is not done often.
Hold. 'Tis not fit it should;
Three such dinners more would break an alderman,
And make him give up his cloak: I am resolved
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accounts,
And since my master longs to be undone,
The great fiend be his steward: I will pray,
And bless myself from him! [*Exit.*
Gold. The wretch shews in this
An honest care.
Luke. Out on him! with the fortune
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now
Busy on all hands; one side eager for
Large portions, the other arguing strictly
For jointures and security; but this
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look! in the mean time, how intend you
To spend the hours?

[1] Dessert; composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c., and served in a separate room from that in which dinner was partaken of.

Gold. We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our wills.
Trade. Being 'prentices,
We are bound to attendance.
Luke. Have you almost served out
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience
By starts to use your liberty! Hast thou traded
[*To* TRADEWELL.
In the other world,[1] exposed unto all dangers,
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure?
Or wilt thou [*to* GOLD.] being keeper of the cash,
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
Of gentry in you? you are no mechanics,
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
His every-day takings: you have in your keeping
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discovered. He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at your poverty of spirit; you,
The brave sparks of the city!
Gold. Master Luke,
I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What misery follows riot.
Trade. And the penance
You endured for't in the counter
Luke. You are fools,
The case is not the same; I spent mine own money,
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon wasted:
But you without the least doubt or suspicion,
If cautelous,[2] may make bold with your master's.

[1] The other hemisphere; the East Indies. [2] Cautious.

As, for example, when his ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty;
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,
A piece of each deducted from the gross
Will ne'er be missed, a dash of a pen will do it.

Trade. Ay, but our fathers' bonds, that lie in pawn
For our honesties, must pay for't.

Luke. A mere bugbear,
Invented to fright children! As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing lechery it is to enter
An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimmed like a gallant,
For which, in trunks concealed, he ever furnished;
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your crammed pockets,
Commands from the attendants, and poor porters——

Trade. O rare!

Luke. Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrents from all corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure them; the city wits
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them;
Judgment having nought to do there.

Trade. Admirable!

Luke. My lord no sooner shall rise out of his chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant; drink your health as freely,

And, striking in a lucky hand or two,
Buy out your time.
Trade. This may be; but suppose
We should be known?
Luke. Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible. Or, if
You love a madam-punk,[1] and your wide nostril
Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,
Wrought and perfumèd——
Gold. There, there, Master Luke,
There lies my road of happiness!
Luke. Enjoy it.
And, pleasure stolen being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a coach
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.
Gold. 'Tis enchanting.
I have proved it.
Luke. Hast thou?
Gold. Yes, in all these places
I have had my several pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and, after ten-pound suppers,
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night
"The shaking of the sheets," which I have danced
Again and again with my cockatrice:—Master Luke,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn brothers;
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be called to account, I have a trick
How to evade it and make up the sum.
Trade. Is't possible?
Luke. You can instruct your tutor.
How, how, good Tom?
Gold. Why, look you. We cash-keepers

[1] Courtesan.

Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions: I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest; and, when they want,
As my master's moneys come in I do repay it:
Ka me, ka thee![1]

Luke. An excellent knot! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloosed; for me it shall not.
You are shewn the way, friend Tradewell, you may make use on't
Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company
With the cater,[2] Holdfast.

Trade. No, I am converted.
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then, a crash at the ordinary!

Gold. I am for
The lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.

Luke. Go to, Tom;
What did you make me?

Gold. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.

Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.

Trade. Kind Master Luke!

Gold. We'll break my master to make you. You know——

Luke. I cannot love money. Go, boys!
[*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE *and* TRADEWELL.
When time serves.
It shall appear I have another end in't. [*Exit.*

[1] Scotch proverb meaning, Do me a good turn and I'll do you another.

[2] Caterer.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Lord LACY, Sir MAURICE LACY, PLENTY, Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLICENT.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them, for their jointures,
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail
A thousand more upon the heirs male
Begotten on their bodies.

L. Lacy. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.

Plenty. You, my lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange
We should conclude of portions and of jointures
Before our hearts are settled.

L. Frug. You say right:
There are counsels of more moment and importance,
On the making up of marriages, to be
Considered duly, than the portion or the jointures,
In which a mother's care must be exacted;
And I, by special privilege, may challenge
A casting voice.

L. Lacy. How's this?

L. Frug. Even so, my lord;
In these affairs I govern.

L. Lacy. Give you way to't?

Sir John. I must, my lord.

L. Frug. 'Tis fit he should, and shall.
You may consult of something else, this province
Is wholly mine.

Sir Maur. By the city custom, madam?

L. Frug. Yes, my young sir; and both must look my daughters
Will hold it by my copy.
Plenty. Brave, i' faith!
Sir John. Give her leave to talk, we have the power to do;
And now, touching the business we last talked of,
In private, if you please.
L. Lacy. 'Tis well remembered:
You shall take your own way, madam.
[*Exeunt* Lord LACY *and* Sir John FRUGAL.
Sir Maur. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?
L. Frug. Such as wisdom warrants
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes?
Mill. Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure.
Sir Maur. Stargaze! lady: what is he?
L. Frug. Call him in.—[*Exit* MILLICENT.] You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
He's every thing, indeed; parcel[1] physician,
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretells
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me: but an absolute master
In the calculation of nativities;
Guided by that ne'er-erring science called
Judicial astrology.
Plenty. Stargaze! sure
I have a penny almanack about me

[1] Part.

Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,
In his name published.

L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Governed by his predictions; for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

Re-enter MILLICENT, *followed by* STARGAZE, *with two schemes.*

Sir Maur. I believe so.

Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?

L. Frug. Be silent;
And ere we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.

Star. *In omni*
Parte, et toto.

Plenty. Good learned sir, in English;
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.

Star. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

L. Frug. Pray you observe him.

Star. Venus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in conjunction of Luna; and Mars almuthen, or lord of the horoscope.

Plenty. Hey-day!

L. Frug. The angels' language! I am ravished: forward.

Star. Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she in her exaltation, and he in his triplicite trine and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent, prosperous, and happy.

L. Frug. Kneel, and give thanks. [*The* Women *kneel.*

Sir Maur. For what we understand not?

Plenty. And have as little faith in?

L. Frug. Be incredulous;
To me 'tis oracle.

Star. Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches, you mean?

L. Frug. Touch that point home:
It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,
Of main consideration.

Star. This is infallible: Saturn out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust: and Venus in the south angle elevated above him, lady of both their nativities, in her essential and accidental dignities; occidental from the sun, oriental from the angle of the east, in cazini of the sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he dejected: the disposers of marriage in the radix of the native in feminine figures argue, foretell, and declare rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women.

L. Frug. Is't possible!

Star. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroaster the first and greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

L. Frug. Are you yet satisfied?

Plenty. In what?

L. Frug. That you
Are bound to obey your wives; it being so
Determined by the stars, against whose influence
There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must
Be married by the almanack, as I may be,

'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the calendar.
Sir Maur. With the date
Of my apprenticeship.
L. Frug. Make your demands;
I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard conditions.
Sir Maur. Mine hath the van;
I stand your charge, sweet.
Star. Silence.
Anne. I require first,—
And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,
In civil manners you must grant,— my will
In all things whatsoever, and that will
To be obeyed, not argued.
L. Frug. And good reason.
Plenty. A gentle *imprimis!*
Sir Maur. This in gross contains all:
But your special items, lady.
Anne. When I am one,
And you are honoured to be styled my husband,
To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher,
My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms,
Postillion, and footmen.
Sir Maur. Is there aught else
To be demanded?
Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor;
French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters,
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:
A friend at court to place me at a masque;
The private box ta'en up at a new play
For me and my retinue; a fresh habit,
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw

The gallants' eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me;
Some decayed lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams;
And there ends my ambition.

Sir Maur. Your desires
Are modest, I confess!

Anne. These toys subscribed to,
And you continuing an obedient husband,
Upon all fit occasions you shall find me
A most indulgent wife.

L. Frug. You have said; give place,
And hear your younger sister.

Plenty. If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend, booted and spurred,
With a scythe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat!

Sir Maur. Curse not the judge,
Before you hear the sentence.

Mary. In some part
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's; and must say,
Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.

Sir Maur. How like you this exordium?

Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief!

Mary. Yes, too modest:
I know my value, and prize it to the worth,
My youth, my beauty——

Plenty. How your glass deceives you!

Mary. The greatness of the portion I bring with me,
And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

Sir Maur. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you, in your wisdom,
Or rustical simplicity, imagine
You have met some innocent country girl, that never

Looked further than her father's farm, nor knew more
Than the price of corn in the market, or at what rate
Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?
That could give directions at what time of the moon
To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas,
Or when to raise up goslings?

Plenty. These are arts
Would not misbecome you, though you should put in
Obedience and duty.

Mary. Yes, and patience,
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
Then make provision for your slavering hounds,
When you come drunk from an alehouse, after hunting
With your clowns and comrades,-as if all were yours,
You the lord paramount, and I the drudge:
The case sir, must be otherwise.

Plenty. How, I beseech you?

Mary. Marry, thus; I will not, like my sister, challenge
What's useful or superfluous from my husband,
That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me
What I think fit; I'll have the state conveyed
Into my hands, and he put to his pension,
Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—
I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hanged first.

Mary. Make sale or purchase: nay, I'll have my neighbours
Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to answer,
The Lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?
The Lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose oxen?
The Lady Plenty's.

Plenty. A plentiful pox upon you!

Mary. And when I have children, if it be inquired

By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still echo,
My Lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on.
Plenty. In their begetting: I think so.
Mary. Since you'll marry
In the city for our wealth, in justice we
Must have the country's sovereignty.
Plenty. And we nothing.
Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,
With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,
Now if you like me, so.
L. Frug. At my entreaty,
The articles shall be easier.
Plenty. Shall they, i' faith?
Like bitch, like whelps.
Sir Maur. Use fair words.
Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one:
A whirlwind overturn it!
Sir Maur. On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady?
Plenty. A lady in a morris:
I'll wed a pedlar's punk[1] first——
Sir Maur. Tinker's trull,
A beggar without a smock.
Plenty. Let Monsieur Almanac,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.
Sir Maur. The general pimp to a brothel.
Plenty. Though that now
All the loose desires of man were raked up in me,
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench them,

[1] Strumpet.

I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder,
On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace thee.

Anne. Wooing do you call this!

Mary. A bear-baiting rather.

Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and I hope I shall live to see it.

Sir Maur. I'll not rail, nor curse you:
Only this, you are pretty peats,[1] and your great portions
Add much unto your handsomeness; but as
You would command your husbands, you are beggars,
Deformed and ugly.

L. Frug. Hear me.

Plenty. Not a word more.

[*Exeunt* Sir MAURICE LACY *and* PLENTY

Anne. I ever thought it would come to this.

Mary. We may
Lead apes in hell for husbands,[2] if you bind us
To articulate thus with our suitors. [*Both speak weeping.*

Star. Now the cloud breaks,
And the storm will fall on me. [*Aside.*

L. Frug. You rascal! juggler!

[*She breaks* STARGAZE'S *head, and beats him.*

Star. Dear madam.

L. Frug. Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me!

Star. My art cannot err;
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own star
I did foresee this broken head and beating;
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.

L. Frug. Did you?

[1] Delicate creatures.

[2] Compare *The London Prodigal*, I. ii. 27-8:—

"For 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell."

Star. Madam,
Have patience but a week, and if you find not
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the planets
Appointed for their husbands; there will come
Gallants of another metal.

Mill. Once more trust him.

Anne. Mary. Do, lady-mother.

L. Frug. I am vexed, look to it;
Turn o'er your books; if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere: come, girls.

Star. I am glad I scaped thus. [*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Lord LACY *and* Sir JOHN FRUGAL.

L. Lacy. The plot shows very likely.

Sir John. I repose
My principal trust in your lordship; 'twill prepare
The physic I intend to minister
To my wife and daughters.

L. Lacy. I will do my parts,
To set it off to the life.

Enter Sir MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY.

Sir John. It may produce
A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors;
When we understand how they relish my wife's humours,
The rest is feasible.

L. Lacy. Their looks are cloudy. [forth

Sir John. How sits the wind? are you ready to launch
Into this sea of marriage?

Plenty. Call it rather,
A whirlpool of afflictions.
Sir Maur. If you please
To enjoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the north passage to the Indies sooner
Than plough with your proud heifer.
Plenty. I will make
A voyage to hell first.
Sir John. How, sir!
Plenty. And court Proserpine,
In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter,
Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies
With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I Jeffrey
Take you, Mary, for my wife.
L. Lacy. Why, what's the matter?
Sir Maur. The matter is, the mother (with your pardon,
I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable,
Proud, insolent lady.
Plenty. And the daughters worse.
The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her belly.
Sir Maur. I must tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same leaven.
Plenty. Take my counsel;
'Tis safer for your credit to profess
Yourself a cuckold, and upon record,
Than say they are your daughters.
Sir John. You go too far, sir.
Sir Maur. They have so articled with us!
Plenty. And will not take us
For their husbands, but their slaves; and so aforehand
They do profess they'll use us.

Sir John. Leave this heat:
Though they are mine, I must tell you, the perverseness
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.
Sir Maur. True; but what's bred in the bone,
Admits no hope of cure.
Plenty. Though saints and angels
Were their physicians.
Sir John. You conclude too fast.
Plenty. God be wi' you! I'll travel three years, but
I'll bury
This shame that lives upon me.
Sir Maur. With your license,
I'll keep him company.
L. Lacy. Who shall furnish you
For your expenses.
Plenty. He shall not need your help,
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.
Sir Maur. Ere we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.
Plenty. And till then leave you.
[*Exeunt* Sir MAURICE LACY *and* PLENTY.
L. Lacy. They are strangely moved.
Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.
L. Lacy. Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.
Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* SECRET'S *House.*

Enter SHAVETUM *and* SECRET.



ECRET. Dead doings, daughter.

Shave. Doings! sufferings, mother:
For poor men have forgot what doing is;
And such as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or eunuchs.

Secret. You have a friend yet,
And a striker too, I take it.

Shave. Goldwire is so, and comes
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one friend?
I would have a hundred;—for every hour, and use,
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one:
'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,
And not a single lambkin. I am starved,
Starved in my pleasures; I know not what a coach is,
To hurry me to the Burse,[1] or old Exchange:
The neathouse[2] for musk-melons, and the gardens,
Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me,
In the other world.

[1] The New Exchange in the Strand, then full of fancy-shops.
[2] A celebrated nursery-garden and place of entertainment near Chelsea.

Secret. There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.
Shave. You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon there
In expectation of nuts and pippins;
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of drum-wine for me.
Secret. You are so impatient!
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole sisterhood.
Shave. What's that?
Secret. I am told
Two ambassadors are come over; a French monsieur,
And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi,
A hot-reined marmoset. Their followers,
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,
Will make a full term with us.
Shave. They indeed are
Our certain and best customers.—[*knocking within.*]—
Who knocks there?
Ramb. [*within.*] Open the door.
Secret. What are you?
Ramb. [*within.*] Ramble.
Scuff. [*within.*] Scuffle.
Ramb. [*within.*] Your constant visitants.
Shave. Let them not in;
I know them, swaggering, suburbian roarers,
Sixpenny truckers.
Ramb. [*within.*] Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.
Scuff. [*within.*] Force the doors!
Secret. They are outlaws, Mistress Shave'em, and there is

No remedy against them. What should you fear?
They are but men; lying at your close ward,
You have foiled their betters.

Shave. Out, you bawd! you care not
Upon what desperate service you employ me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.

Secret. Sweet lady-bird,
Sing in a milder key.

Exit, and re-enters with RAMBLE *and* SCUFFLE.

Scuff. Are you grown proud?

Ramb. I knew you a waistcoateer[1] in the garden alleys,
And would come to a sailor's whistle.

Secret. Good Sir Ramble,
Use her not roughly; she is very tender.

Ramb. Rank and rotten, is she not?

[SHAVE'EM *draws her knife.*

Shave. Your spittle[2] rogueships

[RAMBLE *draws his sword.*

Shall not make me so.

Secret. As you are a man, Squire Scuffle,
Step in between them: a weapon of that length
Was never drawn in my house.

Shave. Let him come on.
I'll scour it in your guts, you dog!

Ramb. You brache![3]
Are you turned mankind?[4] you forgot I gave you,
When we last joined issue, twenty pound——

Shave. O'er night,
And kicked it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the constable.

[1] Cant term for a strumpet.
[2] Hospital of the lowest kind, lazar-house.
[3] Bitch.
[4] Mannish.

Enter GOLDWIRE junior, *disguised like a Justice of Peace,* DING'EM *like a constable, and* Musicians *like watchmen.*

Secret. Ah me! here's one unsent for,
And a justice of peace, too.
Shave. I'll hang you both, you rascals!
I can but ride[1]:—you for the purse you cut
In Paul's at a sermon; I have smoked you, ha!
And you for the bacon you took on the highway,
From the poor market woman, as she rode
From Rumford.
Ramb. Mistress Shave'em.
Scuff. Mistress Secret,
On our knees we beg your pardon.
Ramb. Set a ransom on us.
Secret. We cannot stand trifling: if you mean to save them,
Shut them out at the back-door.
Shave. First, for punishment,
They shall leave their cloaks behind them; and in sign
I am their sovereign, and they my vassals,
For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish!
[*Exeunt* RAMBLE *and* SCUFFLE.
Gold. My brave virago! The coast's clear; strike up.
[GOLDWIRE, *and the rest discover themselves.*
Shave. My Goldwire made a justice!
Secret. And your scout
Turned constable, and the musicians watchmen!
Gold. We come not to fright you, but to make you merry:
A light lavolta.[2] [*They dance.*
Shave. I am tired; no more.
This was your device?

[1] Be carted for a strumpet.
[2] A bounding waltz. See note *ante*, p. 268.

Ding. Wholly his own; he is
No pig-sconce,[1] mistress.
Secret. He has an excellent headpiece.
Gold. Fie! no, not I; your jeering gallants say,
We citizens have no wit.
Ding. He dies that says so:
This was a masterpiece.
Gold. A trifling stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.
Shave. I must kiss thee for it,
Again, and again. [*They kiss.*
Ding. Make much of her. Did you know
What suitors she had since she saw you——
Gold. I' the way of marriage?
Ding. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other thing too;
The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offered her
Five pound a week.
Secret. And a cashiered captain, half
Of his entertainment.
Ding. And a new-made courtier,
The next suit he could beg.
Gold. And did my sweet one
Refuse all this, for me?
Shave. Weep not for joy;
'Tis true. Let others talk of lords and commanders,
And country heirs for their servants; but give me
My gallant 'prentice! he parts with his money
So civilly and demurely, keeps no account
Of his expenses, and comes ever furnished.
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.
Gold. I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for nothing.
Shave. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirrah, [*To* DING'EM.

[1] Dull fellow.

His cap and pantofles[1] ready.
Gold. There's for thee,
And thee: that for a banquet.
Secret. And a caudle
Again you rise.
Gold. There. [*Gives them money.*
Shave. Usher us up in state.
Gold. You will be constant?
Shave. Thou art the whole world to me.
[*Exeunt;* GOLDWIRE *and* SHAVE'EM *embracing, music playing before them.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter LUKE.

Anne. [*within.*] Where is this uncle?
L. Frug. [*within.*] Call this beadsman-brother;
He hath forgot attendance.
Mary. [*within.*] Seek him out;
Idleness spoils him.
Luke. I deserve much more
Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but justice
That I should live the family's drudge, designed
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me; since, if now I sat
A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
I am not worth their pity. Such as want
Discourse and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion; but I,
That knew profuseness of expense the parent
Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
To riot out mine own, to live upon

[1] Slippers.

The alms of others, steering on a rock
I might have shunned! O Heaven! it is not fit
I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, STARGAZE, *and* MILLICENT.

L. Frug. What are you devising, sir?
Anne. My uncle is much given
To his devotion.
Mary. And takes time to mumble
A paternoster to himself.
L. Frug. Know you where
Your brother is? it better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)
To give your attendance.
Luke. In my will I do:
But since he rode forth yesterday with Lord Lacy,
I have not seen him.
L. Frug. And why went not you
By his stirrup? How do you look! were his eyes closed
You'd be glad of such employment.
Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.
L. Frug. I know you can speak well;
But say, and do.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Here comes my lord.
L. Frug. Further off:
You are no companion for him, and his business
Aims not at you, as I take it.
Luke. Can I live
In this base condition! [*He stands aside.*
L. Frug. I hoped, my lord,

You had brought Master Frugal with you ; for I must ask
An account of him from you.

L. Lacy. I can give it, lady ;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortified patience, I desire you
To give it hearing.

Luke. My heart beats.

L. Frug. My lord, you much amaze me.

L. Lacy. I shall astonish you. The noble merchant,
Who, living, was, for his integrity
And upright dealing, (a rare miracle
In a rich citizen,) London's best honour ;
Is——I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wondrous strange !

L. Frug. I do suppose the worst ; not dead, I hope ?

L. Lacy. Your supposition's true, your hopes are false ;
He's dead.

L. Frug. Ah me !

Anne. My father !

Mary. My kind father !

Luke. Now they insult not.

L. Lacy. Pray hear me out.
He's dead ; dead to the world and you, and now
Lives only to himself.

Luke. What riddle's this ?

L. Frug. Act not the torturer in my afflictions ;
But make me understand the sum of all
That I must undergo.

L. Lacy. In few words take it :
He is retired into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.

Luke. More strange.

L. Lacy. I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,
And ere long will be at Louvain.

L. Frug. Could I guess
What were the motives that induced him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.
L. Lacy. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride
Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk sucked from you:
At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrowed from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispersed upon you,
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict retirement: and, thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.
L. Frug. I confess
A guilty cause to him; but, in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wronged you.
L. Lacy. In fact, you have.
The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son, and Plenty, men that loved
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in them
For three years travel.
L. Frug. I am much grieved for it.
L. Lacy. One thing I had forgot; your rigour to
His decayed brother, in which your flatteries
Or sorceries made him a co-agent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.
Luke. Hum! this sounds well.
L. Frug. 'Tis now past help: after these storms, my lord,
A little calm, if you please.
L. Lacy. If what I have told you
Shewed like a storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,

With all the movables he stood possessed of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is passed o'er to his brother. [*Giving the will to* LUKE, *who comes forward.*] With it take
The key of his counting house. Not a great left you,
Which you can call your own.

L. Frug. Undone for ever!

Anne. Mary. What will become of us?

Luke. Hum! [*Aside.*

L. Lacy. The scene is changed,
And he that was your slave, by Fate appointed
[Lady FRUGAL, MARY *and* ANNE *kneel.*
Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you: I discharge the trust
Imposed upon me. This humility,
From him may gain remission, and, perhaps,
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

L. Frug. Am I come to this?

L. Lacy. Enjoy your own, good sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour; to these shew it,
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you,
Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise, [*Raises them.*
And rise with this assurance, I am still,
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised
In anything, 'tis in my power to serve you.
My will is still the same. O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge

A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for; and, much less,
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth conferred on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

L. Lacy. Honest soul,
With what feeling he receives it!

L. Frug. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it,
To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means;
The weight shall rather sink me, than you part
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures
Which you were born to, in your care to aid me:
You shall have all abundance. In my nature,
I was ever liberal; my lord, you know it;
Kind, affable. And now methinks I see
Before my face the jubilee of joy,
When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,
His debtors, in full cups, crowned to my health,
With pæans to my praise will celebrate!
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,
The interest never paid after three years,
When I demand my principal: and his servants,
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
Hath not the power to alter.

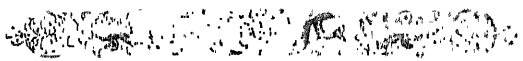
L. Lacy. Yet take heed, sir,

You ruin not, with too much lenity,
What his fit severity raised.
L. Frug. And we fall from
That height we have maintained.
Luke. I'll build it higher,
To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen
Blessed with abundance.
L. Lacy. There, sir, I join with you;
A fit decorum must be kept, the court
Distinguished from the city.
Luke. With your favour,
I know what you would say; but give me leave
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.
Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
May challenge their prerogatives: and it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
To be their handmaids. And when you appear,
Like Juno, in full majesty, and my nieces,
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old poets fancy, (your crammed wardrobes richer
Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy
Of our western world upon you; only hold me
Your vigilant Hermes with aërial wings,
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,)
Prest[1] to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.
L. Lacy. A strange frenzy! [*Aside.*

[1] Prepared.

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed; there dream
Of future greatness, which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you. [*Exit.*
L. Lacy. Are we all turned statues? have his strange words charmed us?
What muse you on, lady?
L. Frug. Do not trouble me.
L. Lacy. Sleep you too, young ones?
Anne. Swift winged time till now
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night!
Mary. Nay, morning rather.
L. Lacy. Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your good husband?
L. Frug. He was a vanity
I must no more remember.
L. Lacy. Excellent!
You, your kind father?
Anne. Such an uncle never
Was read of in story!
L. Lacy. Not one word in answer
Of my demands?
Mary. You are but a lord! and know
My thoughts soar higher.
L. Lacy. Admirable! I'll leave you
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this,
It will exceed belief; but he must know it.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Star. Now I may boldly speak. May it please you, madam,
To look upon your vassal; I foresaw this,
The stars assured it.

L. Frug. I begin to feel
Myself another woman.
Star. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepared for my young ladies.
Mill. Princely husbands.
Anne. I'll go no less.[1]
Mary. Not a word more;
Provide my night-rail.[2]
Mill. What shall we be to-morrow! [*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LUKE.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream; I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld,
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment passed o'er,)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician—[*Taking out a key*]—that without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir
Imagined only by the alchemist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,

[1] I'll not play for a smaller stake; a gaming phrase.
[2] Night-dress.

Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugged ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heaped up
Like billets sawed and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flowed about the room, concealed itself.
There needs no artificial light: the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banished!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they opened,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fixed it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeemed this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not! I walk on air!—Who's there?

Enter Lord LACY, *with* Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Sir MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY, *painted and disguised as* Indians.

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!

L. Lacy. What strange passion's this!
Have you your eyes? do you know me?

Luke. You, my lord,

I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
Things as they now are with me well considered,
I do not like such visitants.

L. Lacy. Yesterday,
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
You could have sung secure before a thief;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good brother;
But let not this exalt you.

Luke. A good brother!
Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,
Which your lordship may conceive great, no way answers
The general opinion: alas!
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

L. Lacy. A poor man, say you?

Luke. Poor, compared with what
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters;
And, to the utmost of my power, obey
His will in all things.

L. Lacy. I'll not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour,
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours

Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make them Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity; to send infidels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family? I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.

L. Lacy. Do not slight it; 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplished.

Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose,
To worldly cares again! I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and, with the converted,
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove
The greater feeders.

Sir John. *Oh, ha, cuccah Chrish bully leika.*

Plenty. *Enaula.*

Sir Maur. *Harrico bolikia bonnery.*

Luke. Ha! in this heathen language,
How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with them, or I use the means
For their conversion?

L. Lacy. That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes: they have lived long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect; the business does concern you:
Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man. [*Exit.*

Luke. That is, interpreted,
A slave and beggar.

Sir John. You conceive it right;
There being no religion nor virtue
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus.

Luke. Oracle!

Sir John. Temples raised to ourselves in the increase
Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man;
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,
Of which we have no sense but in belief,
A superstitious fool.

Luke. True worldly wisdom!

Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.

Sir Maur. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better angel is
Entered your house.

Plenty. There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.

Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us; but when you undrestand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.

Luke. There's something whispers to me
These are no common men.—[*Aside.*]—My house is yours,
Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter:
You are learned Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.

Sir John. You shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter DING'EM, GETTALL, *and* HOLDFAST.

DING. Not speak with him! with fear survey me better,
Thou figure of famine!
Gett. Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles[1] now,
The brave spark Tradewell—
Ding. And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire!

Enter LUKE.

Hold. I know them for his 'prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.
Ding. Not yours, you rascal!
Hold. No, Don Pimp; you may seek them
In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of your common rogues.
Luke. One of them looks as he would cut my throat:
Your business, friends?
Hold. I'll fetch a constable;
Let him answer him in the stocks.

[1] Favourites.

Ding. Stir, an thou dar'st:
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks! they are flea-bitings
I am familiar with. [*Draws.*
Luke. Pray you put up:
And, sirrah, hold your peace. [*To* HOLDFAST.
Ding. Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money, for as such
I now salute thee, the suburbian gamesters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am, in person,
Sent to congratulate.
Gett. The news hath reached
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls[1]
Of worshipful Master Luke. I come from Tradewell,
Your fine facetious factor.
Ding. I from Goldwire:
He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee!
For, I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee,
To quit old scores.
Gett. Blind chance hath frowned upon
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can assure you,
There's half a million stirring.
Luke. What hath he lost?
Gett. Three hundred.
Luke. A trifle.
Gett. Make it up a thousand,

[1] Cant word for fists.

And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:
What's mine, is theirs. They are my friends, not servants,
But in their care to enrich me; and these courses,
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

Gett. Gettall.
I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue.

Luke. Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up: he shall not
Sit long on Penniless Bench.

Gett. There spake an angel!

Luke. You know Mistress Shave'em?

Gett. The pontifical punk?

Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some two hours hence:
And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him,
Furnished beyond his hopes; and let your mistress
Appear in her best trim.

Ding. She will make thee young,
Old Æson: she is ever furnished with
Medea's drugs, restoratives. I fly
To keep them sober till thy worship come;
They will be drunk with joy else.

Gett. I'll run with you.

[*Exeunt* DING'EM *and* GETTALL.

Hold. You will not do as you say, I hope?

Luke. Enquire not;
I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]—To the door. [*Exit* HOLDFAST.
New visitants!

Re-enter HOLDFAST.

What are they?

Hold. A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoist.

Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fallen upon me.

Hold. Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple; they
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.

Hold. All will come to ruin! I see beggary
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—
[*Speaking to those without.*
But use a conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;
'Twill shew like charity in you.

Enter FORTUNE, PENURY, *and* HOIST.

Luke. Welcome, friends:
I know your hearts and wishes! you are glad
You have changed your creditor.

Pen. I weep for joy,
To look upon his worship's face.

For. His worship's!
I see lord mayor written on his forehead;
The cap of maintenance and city sword
Borne up in state before him.

Hoist. Hospitals,
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.

Pen. The city poet on the pageant day
Preferring him before Gresham.

Hoist. All the conduits
Spouting canary sack.

For. Not a prisoner left,
Under ten pounds.
Pen. We, his poor beadsmen,[1] feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.
Luke. May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour
To the utmost of my power!
Hold. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.
Luke. You are ever prating, sirrah.
Your present business, friends?
For. Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,
And will, I know, as soon as asked, be granted.
Luke. 'Tis very probable.
For. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be praised for't!
Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes
Returned from Barbary, and richly freighted.
Luke. Where are they?
For. Near Gravesend,
Luke. I am truly glad of it.
For. I find your worship's charity, and dare swear so.
Now may I have your license, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment, against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabled
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.

[1] See note *ante*, p. 418.

Luke. You much wrong me,
If you only doubt it. Yours, Master Hoist?
Hoist. 'Tis the surrendering back the mortgage of
My lands, and on good terms, but three days' patience;
By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I sealed to,
In my riots, to the merchant; for I am
Resolved to leave off play, and turn good husband.
Luke. A good intent, and to be cherished in you.
Yours, Penury?
Pen. My state stands as it did, sir;
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commodity of a sailor,
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for. [*Gives him a paper.*
Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfied.
Pen. Heaven preserve you!
For. Happy were London, if, within her walls,
She had many such rich men!
Luke. No more: now leave me:
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt* FORTUNE, HOIST, *and* PENURY.]—Be careful, Holdfast;
I have much to do.
Hold. And I something to say,
Would you give me hearing.
Luke. At my better leisure.
Till my return look well unto the Indians;
In the mean time, do you as this directs you.
[*Gives him a paper.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SHAVE'EM'S *House.*

Enter GOLDWIRE junior, TRADEWELL junior, SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GETTALL, *and* DING'EM.

Gold. "All that is mine is theirs." Those were his words?

Ding. I am authentical.

Trade. And that "I should not
Sit long on Penniless-Bench?"

Gett. But suddenly start up
A gamester at the height, and cry "At all!"[1]

Shave. And did he seem to have an inclination
To toy with me?

Ding. He wished you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolved
To make a jovial day on't.

Gold. Hug him close, wench,
And thou mayst eat gold and amber. I well know him
For a most insatiate drabber: he hath given,
Before he spent his own estate, which was
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possessed of,
A hundred pound a leap.

Shave. Hell take my doctor!
He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc,[2]
These ceruses[3] are common.

Secret. Troth, sweet lady,
The colours are well laid on.

Gold. And thick enough:
I find that on my lips.

Shave. Do you so, Jack Sauce!
I'll keep them further off.

[1] This expression signifies that the caster will play for any stakes that may be laid against him.

[2] A favourite cosmetic.

[3] White paint for the complexion.

Gold. But be assured first
Of a new maintainer, ere you cashier the old one.
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt
Be my revenue; the whole college study
The reparation of thy ruined face;
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coachman;
Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel
To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange
Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget
There e'er was a St. Martin's;[1] thy procurer
Shall be sheathed in velvet, and a reverend veil
Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the door,
And let loud music, when this monarch enters,
Proclaim his entertainment.
Ding. That's my office. [*Flourish of cornets within.*
The consort's[2] ready.

Enter LUKE.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.
Gold. Set your face in order,
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal master?
Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,
Rusty for want of use, appear again!
Gett. Make my ordinary flourish!
Shave. Welcome, sir,
To your own palace! [*The music plays.*
Gold. Kiss your Cleopatra,
And shew yourself, in your magnificent bounties,
A second Antony!

[1] This may allude equally to the sanctuary, bridewell, hospital, or almshouse of St. Martin's parish.
[2] Concert; a number of instruments playing together.

Ding. All the nine worthies!
Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you,
And a strong back!
Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.
I am astonished! all this preparation
For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
To feed my appetite?
All. We are all your creatures.
Luke. A house well furnished!
Gold. At your own cost, sir,
Glad I the instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore
Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was
Derived from your brother's cash: the lease of the house,
And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.
Shave. But now you are master both of it and me,
I hope you'll build elsewhere.
Luke. And see you placed,
Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Tradewell,
I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become you.
What is your loss? speak truth.
Trade. Three hundred, sir.
Gett. But, on a new supply, he shall recover
The sum told twenty times o'er.
Shave. There's a banquet,
And after that a soft couch, that attends you.
Luke. I couple not in the daylight. Expectation
Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!
Your music's harsh, discharge it; I have provided
A better consort, and you shall frolic it
In another place. [*The music ceases.*

Gold. "But have you brought gold and store, sir?"[1]
Trade. I long to "Ware the caster!"[2]
Gold. I to appear
In a fresh habit.
Shave. My mercer and my silkman
Waited me, two hours since.
Luke. I am no porter,
To carry so much gold as will supply
Your vast desires, but I have ta'en order for you;

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, *and* Officers.

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
Will see it performed.—Do your offices: you have
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.
Sher. Seize them all.
Shave. The city marshal!
Gold. And the sheriff! I know him.
Secret. We are betrayed.
Ding. Undone.
Gett. Dear Master Luke.
Gold. You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
"Shew yourselves city-sparks, and hang up money!"
Luke. True; when it was my brother's, I contemned it;
But now it is mine own, the case is altered.
Trade. Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it?

[1] A quotation from an old ballad.
[2] "When a setter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into the ring, to cry, '*Ware caster!*' the caster then declares '*At all*' under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters the corresponding sums and cry, '*Ware covered*' only."

Luke. Argue that hereafter:
In the mean time, Master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at livery
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in London;
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,
Ka me, ka thee! and knew, in your accounts,
To cheat my brother; if you can, evade me.
If there be law in London, your father's bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

Gold. You often told us
It was a bugbear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright them
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble
Your mercer or your silkman; a blue gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft hands,
When they are inured to beating hemp, be scoured
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their powders
And bitter almonds.

Shave. Secret. Ding. Will you show no mercy?

Luke. I am inexorable.

Gett. I'll make bold
To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.

Luke. We must not part so, gentle Master Gettall.
Your box, your certain income, must pay back
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's half a million stirring in your house,
This a poor trifle.—Master Shrieve and Master Marshal,
On your perils, do your offices.

Gold. Dost thou cry now [*To* TRADEWELL.
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer
Like a Roman,[1] and now, in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
Thou wert my pander.

Luke. Shall I hear this from
My 'prentice?

Mar. Stop his mouth.

Sher. Away with them.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff, Marshal, *and* Officers, *with* GOLDWIRE, TRADEWELL, SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GETTALL, *and* DING'EM.

Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My altered nature! these house thieves removed,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes recovered
Will add unto my heap; increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:
In my way he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in crammed abundance,
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!
To me you are words only, and no more;
All human happiness consists in store. [*Exit.*

[1] Boman in the old editions. Cunningham suggested the present reading.

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Serjeants *with* FORTUNE, HOIST, *and* PENURY.

For. At Master Luke's suit! the action twenty thousand!

1*st Serj.* With two or three executions, which shall grind you
To powder, when we have you in the counter.

For. Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are used.

1*st Serj.* Yes, millstones.

Pen. He promised to lend me ten pound for a bargain,
He will not do it this way.

2*nd Serj.* I have warrant
For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,
And there being little to be got by you,
In charity, as I am an officer,
I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,
And for mine own security.

3*rd Serj.* You are a gallant,
And I'll do you a courtesy, provided
That you have money: for a piece an hour,
I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.

2*nd Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter,
And search if there be aught else out against him.

3*rd Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors: he's a prize,
And as we are city pirates by our oaths,
We must make the best on't.

Hoist. Do your worst, I care not.
I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab there
In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honest.

Enter LUKE.

3rd Serj. Here he comes,
You had best tell so.
For. Worshipful sir,
You come in time to free us from these bandogs,[1]
I know you gave no way to't.
Pen. Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.
Hoist. I must tell you
I do not like such trials.
Luke. Are you serjeants,
Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter
Is a safer place to parley in.
For. Are you in earnest?
Luke. Yes, faith; I will be satisfied to a token,
Or, build upon't, you rot there.
For. Can a gentleman
Of your soft and silken temper, speak such language?
Pen. So honest, so religious?
Hoist. That preached
So much of charity for us to your brother?
Luke. Yes, when I was in poverty it shewed well;
But I inherit with his state, his mind
And rougher nature. I grant then I talked,
For some ends to myself concealed, of pity,
The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings:
But what I thought you all shall feel, and with rigour;
"Kind Master Luke" says it. Who pays for your attendance?
Do you wait gratis?
For. Hear us speak.
Luke. While I,

[1] See note *ante*, p. 195.

Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,
Though you spake with the tongues of angels to me,
I am not to be altered.

For. Let me make the best
Of my ships, and their freight.

Pen. Lend me the ten pounds you promised.

Hoist. A day or two's patience to redeem my mortgage,
And you shall be satisfied.

For. To the utmost farthing.

Luke. I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I will not
Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to.—Your ships to my use
Are seized on.—I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum.—I will likewise take
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds; the use and principal
Shall not serve.—Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

For. Broker!

Hoist. Jew!

For. Impostor!

Hoist. Cut-throat!

For. Hypocrite!

Luke. Do, rail on;
Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me.

Pen. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife and children
Shall hourly pray for your worship.

For. Mine betake thee
To the devil, thy tutor.

Pen. Look upon my tears.

Hoist. My rage.

For. My wrongs.

Luke. They are all alike to me;
Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.
Do your duties, serjeants; I am elsewhere looked for.
[*Exit.*

3rd Serj. This your kind creditor!

2nd Serj. A vast villain, rather.

Pen. See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's marble.

Hoist. Buried alive!

For. There's no means to avoid it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, *and* MILLICENT.

Star. Not wait upon my lady?

Hold. Nor come at her;
You find it not in your almanack.

Mill. Nor I have license
To bring her breakfast?

Hold. My new master hath
Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long,
And, after a carnival, Lent ever follows.

Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll repent this;
I must know what gown she'll wear.

Hold. You are mistaken,
Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her daughters
Are turned philosophers, and must carry all
Their wealth about them; they have clothes laid in their chamber,
If they please to put them on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look, Master Stargaze,
As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold

The end of the world, and on what day: and you,
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,
And eaten up your apricots.

L. Frug. [*within.*] Stargaze! Millicent!

Mill. My lady's voice.

Hold. Stir not, you are confined here.
Your ladyship may approach them, if you please;
But they are bound in this circle. [*Aloud.*

L. Frug. [*within.*] Mine own bees
Rebel against me! When my kind brother knows this,
I will be so revenged!

Hold. The world's well altered.
He's your kind brother now; but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY, *in coarse habits, weeping.*

Mill. What witch hath transformed you?

Star. Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promised you should appear in?

Mill. My young ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear them off;
Rather shew all than be seen thus.

Hold. 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other whim-whams.

Mill. A French hood too,
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would shew better.

L. Frug. We are fooled indeed! by whose command
are we used thus?

Enter LUKE.

Hold. Here he comes can best resolve you.

L. Frug. O, good brother!
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?

Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape?
Anne. You talked of Hebe,
Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they
Dressed as we are? they were sure some chandler's daughters
Bleaching linen in Moorfields
Mary. Or Exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday,
At Pimlico, or Islington.
Luke. Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be looked on, now you appear
Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles
And pedigrees of long descent give warrant
For their superfluous bravery?[1] 'twas monstrous:
Till now you ne'er looked lovely.
L. Frug. Is this spoken
In scorn!
Luke. Fie! no; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes; and stand resolved
You shall continue so.
L. Frug. It is confessed, sir.
Luke. Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can bear it.
L. Frug. That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.
Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

[1] Finery.

L. Frug. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admired rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And raise up a new satirist: but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.
L. Frug. We are bound to hear you.
Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er called Master. Did your pride
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician and plebeian.
Mill. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other text;
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.
Luke. Peace, chattering magpie!
I'll treat of you anon:—but when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew

Contemptible, and the name lady-mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorned the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis followed!
No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality, entertained
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appeared in the last masque, and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest 'prentice' place,
To walk before you——

L. Frug. Pray you, end.

Hold. Proceed, sir;

I could fast almost a 'prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrowed hair,
Powdered and curled, was by your dresser's art
Formed like a coronet, hanged with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets[1]
That did adorn your neck, of equal value:
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio[2] ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroidered petticoats; and sickness feigned,
That your night-rails[3] of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family: you were served in plate,
Stirred not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew

[1] Necklaces. [2] Neck. [3] Night-dresses.

Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room.
Hold. Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.
Luke. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian die; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.
L. Frug. No more, I pray you.
Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example: 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!
Hold. Will you pack?
Mill. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.
Luke. Not a rag; you came
Hither without a box.
Star. You'll shew to me,
I hope, sir, more compassion.
Hold. Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed

An almanack, for this year, at his own charge ;
Let him have the impression with him, to set up with.
Luke. For once I'll be entreated ; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.
Star. O cursed stars
That reigned at my nativity ! how have you cheated
Your poor observer !
Anne. Must we part in tears ?
Mary. Farewell, good Millicent !
L. Frug. I am sick, and meet with
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn !
How justly am I punished !
Mary. Now we suffer
For our stubbornness and disobedience
To our good father.
Anne. And the base conditions
We imposed upon our suitors.
Luke. Get you in,
And caterwaul in a corner.
L. Frug. There's no contending.
[Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY, *go off at one door,* STARGAZE *and* MILLICENT *at the other.*
Luke. How,
Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast ?
Hold. Well in some parts ;
But it relishes, I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.
Luke. Thou art a fool :
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter LUKE, Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Sir MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY.



UKE. You care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our religion?

Sir John. We know no such word,
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.

Luke. I am glad that charge is saved.

Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means
To come to the city. Now, to you, we'll discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance,
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the colony was not to be purchased,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most precious venture, as you shall
Receive from us; far, far above your hopes
Or fancy to imagine.

Luke. It must be
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me
You will deal fairly,) that I would not hazard:
Give me the name of it.

Sir Maur. I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience, to grant it.
Luke. Conscience! no, no; so it may be done with safety,
And without danger of the law.
Plenty. For that,
You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an atom
To the mountain it brings with it.
Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.
Sir John. Thus then in a word:
The devil[1]—why start you at his name? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours
You must make haste to be familiar with him.—
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,)
Appeared to me in Virginia, and commanded,
With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom,
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian virgins that with their pure blood
Might dye his horrid altars; and a third,
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,
As an oblation unto Hecate,
And wanton Lust, her favourite.

[1] The apparent absurdity of this performance is lessened, if not altogether removed, when we remember the popular belief of the time, inculcated in all seriousness by the discoverers of America, that the natives worshipped the devil. "So rooted," says Gifford, "was the opinion, that the author of the *New English Canaan* (printed not many years before this play), a man well disposed towards the Indians, says, 'some correspondency they have with the devil, *out of all doubt!* (p. 34).'"

Luke. A devilish custom!
And yet why should it startle me?—There are
Enough of the sex fit for this use; but virgins,
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.

Plenty. A mine of gold, for a fee,
Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.

Sir Maur. Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary
Of their own country?

Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, than where
They have surfeited in felicity?

Luke. Give me leave—— [*Walks aside.*
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron!
And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister,
Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces,
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipped
For this employment? they are burthensome to me,
And eat too much; and if they stay in London
They will find friends that, to my loss, will force me
To composition: 'twere a masterpiece,
If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title: should I urge,
Matching with these they shall live Indian queens,
It may do much: but what shall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are designed? they absent,
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.——
[*Returns.*
I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service,
In mine own family, and my blood too.

Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall not contain
The gold we'll send you.

Luke. You have seen my sister
And my two nieces?
Sir John. Yes, sir.
Luke. These persuaded
How happily they shall live, and in what pomp,
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must
Work them a belief that you are kings——
Plenty. We are so.
Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly. Study you
For moving language. Sister! nieces!

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY.

How!
Still mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds
That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
My personated reprehension, though
It shewed like a rough anger, could be serious?
Forget the fright I put you in: my end,
In humbling you, was to set off the height
Of honour, principal honour, which my studies,
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to
Yourselves, nor let the strangeness of the means,
With the shadow of some danger, render you
Incredulous.
L. Frug. Our usage hath been such,
As we can faintly hope that your intents
And language are the same.
Luke. I'll change those hopes
To certainties.
Sir John. With what art he winds about them! [*Aside.*
Luke. What will you say, or what thanks shall I look for.

If now I raise you to such eminence as
The wife and daughters of a citizen
Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant,
Have written ladies of honour, and some few
Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise
You can in England hope for. What think you,
If I should mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?

Anne. We desire
A competence.

Mary. And prefer our country's smoke
Before outlandish fire.

L. Frug. But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.

Luke. I'll do it:
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;
It is but to Virginia.

L. Frug. How! Virginia!
High Heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech you,
What creatures are shipped thither.

Anne. Condemned wretches,
Forfeited to the law.

Mary. Strumpets and bawds,
For the abomination of their life
Spewed out of their own country.

Luke. Your false fears
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there; but you,
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them: they are kings of
Such spacious territories and dominions,
As our Great Britain measured will appear
A garden to it.

Sir Maur. You shall be adored there
As goddesses.
Sir John. Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.
Plenty. Pomp and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.
Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offered to you,
With outstretched arms and willing hands embrace it.
But this refused, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here; and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.[1]

[*Exeunt all but* Sir JOHN FRUGAL *and* LUKE.

Sir John. Be not moved, sir;
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,
Your worldly cares deferred, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.
Luke. You say well: and now
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.
Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast
As Persia in her height of pomp and riot
Did never equal; and such ravishing music
As the Italian princes seldom heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.
Luke. I must have none.
Sir John. Not the city senate?

[1] Tub.

Luke. No;
Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter
Of too much hospitality; a virtue
Grown obsolete and useless. I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it; my genius pampered
With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer
I have marked out to misery.

Sir John. You shall:
And something I will add you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-paced.

Luke. I have one business,
And, that dispatched, I am free.

Sir John. About it, sir,
Leave the rest to me.

Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magic. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Lord LACY, GOLDWIRE senior, *and* TRADEWELL senior.

L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozened in a fellow. He disguised
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn
This devil a saint. M. Goldwire, and M. Tradewell,
What do you mean to do? Put on.[1]

Gold. With your lordship's favour.

L. Lacy. I'll have it so.

Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.

[1] Be covered.

L. Lacy. You have received
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not.
Trade. They are our only sons.
Gold. And as we are fathers,
Remembering the errors of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.
Trade. And pay for them
In a moderate way.
Gold. In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator.
L. Lacy. All my power

Enter LUKE, *richly dressed.*

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well met,
And to my wish,—and wondrous brave! your habit
Speaks you a merchant royal.
Luke. What I wear
I take not upon trust.
L. Lacy. Your betters may,
And blush not for't.
Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.
L. Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you stay:—
I once held you
An upright honest man.
Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be altered, who can help it? Good my lord,
To the point; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty and opinions.
L. Lacy. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit

The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offered to you.
Luke. What is it? I am troubled.
L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's 'prentices.
Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.
L. Lacy. Goldwire, and Tradewell.
Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustained by their sons.
Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.
Trade. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.
Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation; for it would convince me
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.
L. Lacy. No moderation?
Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out: the masters never prospered
Since gentlemen's sons grew 'prentices: when we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to't.
A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.
L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not shew thyself
Such a devil!

Luke. Good words.

L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your monies
Cannot justify your villainies.

Luke. I endure this.
And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger[1]

L. Lacy. In thy danger?

Luke. Mine.
I find in my counting-house a manor pawned,
Pawned, my good lord: Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a lord,
An it please your good lordship! You are a nobleman;
Pray you pay in my monies: the interest
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship.
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Called an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve
An extent on lords' or lowns'[2] land. Pay it in:
I would be loth your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are angry
For my good counsel: look you to your bonds; had I known
Of your coming, believe't, I would have had serjeants ready.
Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near,

[1] *i.e.*, in my debt. [2] Loon, low fellow.

You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:
I know you'll drink a health to me. [*Exit.*

L. Lacy. To thy damnation.
Was there ever such a villain! Heaven forgive me
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.

Gold. We are undone.

Trade. Our families quite ruined.

L. Lacy. Take courage, gentlemen; comfort may appear,
And punishment overtake him, when he least expects it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL *and* HOLDFAST.

Sir John. Be silent, on your life.

Hold. I am o'erjoyed.

Sir John. Are the pictures placed as I directed?

Hold. Yes, sir.

Sir John. And the musicians ready?

Hold. All is done
As you commanded.

Sir John. [*goes to the door*] Make haste; and be careful;
You know your cue, and postures?

Plenty. [*within.*] We are perfect.

Sir John. 'Tis well. The rest are come, too?

Hold. And disposed of
To your own wish.

Enter Servants *with a rich banquet.*

Sir John. Set forth the table: so!

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,
His chair in state: he shall feast like a prince.
Hold. And rise like a Dutch hangman.[1]

Enter LUKE.

Sir John. Not a word more——
How like you the preparation? Fill your room,
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.
Luke. I can brook
No rival in this happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate!
Some wine. Jove's nectar! Brightness to the star
That governed at my birth! shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gained
By vows to saints above, and much less purchased
By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me
As a reward to piety, and religion,
Or service to my country: I owe all
This to dissimulation, and the shape
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,
To soar above the firmament. I am well;
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else
Such as malign my state can load me with,
I will not envy it. You promised music.

[1] With whom no one would sit at meat.

Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and power of it,
The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,
And, in those ravishing strains, with which he moved
Charon and Cerberus to give him way,
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.
—Appear! swifter than thought! [*Loudly.*

Music. Enter at one door, CERBERUS, *at the other,* CHARON, ORPHEUS, *and* Chorus.

Luke. 'Tis wondrous strange!
[*They represent the story of* Orpheus, *with dance and gesture.*

Sir John. Does not the object and the accent take you?

Luke. A pretty fable. [*Exeunt* ORPHEUS *and the rest.*] But that music should
Alter in fiends their nature, is to me
Impossible; since, in myself, I find,
What I have once decreed shall know no change.

Sir John. You are constant to your purposes; yet I think
That I could stagger you.

Luke. How?

Sir John. Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.

Luke. Not a mote.[1]
The music that your Orpheus made was harsh
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their cries and groans: if it be in your power,
I would now see them.

[1] Mite.

Sir John. Spirits, in their shapes,
Shall shew them as they are: but if it should move you?—
Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity!
Sir John. Be your own judge.——
Appear! as I commanded.

Sad Music. Enter GOLDWIRE junior, *and* TRADEWELL junior, *as from prison;* FORTUNE, HOIST, *and* PENURY; Serjeants *with* TRADEWELL senior *and* GOLDWIRE senior;—*these followed by* SHAVE'EM, *in a blue gown,*[1] SECRET, *and* DING'EM; *they all kneel to* LUKE, *lifting up their hands.* STARGAZE *is seen with a pack of almanacks, and* MILLICENT.

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!
This move me to compassion, or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face!
You are deceived: it rather renders me
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings
O'erflow the Alps, than knees or tears or groans
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so;
It sets my happiness off: I could not triumph
If these were not my captives.—Ha! my tarriers,
As it appears, have seized on these old foxes,
As I gave order; new addition to
My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—They now grow tedious,
Let them be removed. [*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE *and the rest.*
Some other object, if
Your art can shew it.
Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
Yet one thing real, if you please?
Luke. What is it?

[1] The livery of Bridewell.

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues.[1]

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY.

Luke. There they hang:
In things indifferent I am tractable.
Sir John. There pay your vows, you have liberty.
Anne. O sweet figure . [*Kneels.*
Of my abused Lacy! when removed
Into another world, I'll daily pay
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance;
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride
And insolence threw upon thee.
Mary. I had been
Too happy if I had enjoyed the substance;
But far unworthy of it, now I fall
Thus prostrate to thy statue. [*Kneels.*
L. Frug. My kind husband, [*Kneels.*
(Blessed in my misery,) from the monastery
To which my disobedience confined thee,
With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,
Look on my penitence. O, that I could
Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed,
With what humility would I observe
My long-neglected duty!
Sir John. Does not this move you?
Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow
My absent brother. If, by your magic art,
You can give life to these, or bring him hither
To witness her repentance, I may have,
Perchance, some feeling of it.

[1] Pictures.

Sir John. For your sport,
You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but
A superficies; colours, and no substance.
Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement,
I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice,
To make the great work perfect.

[*Burns incense, and makes mystical gesticulations.*
Sir MAURICE LACY *and* PLENTY *give signs of animation.*

Luke. Prodigious!

Sir John. Nay, they have life, and motion. Descend!

[Sir MAURICE LACY *and* PLENTY *descend and come forward.*

And for your absent brother,—this washed off,
Against your will you shall know him. [*Discovers himself.*

Enter Lord LACY, *with* GOLDWIRE senior *and* junior, TRADEWELL senior *and* junior, *the* Debtors, *&c. &c. as before.*

Luke. I am lost.
Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

L. Lacy. I have, and am ravished with it.

Sir John. What think you now
Of this clear soul? this honest, pious man?
Have I stripped him bare, or will your lordship have
A further trial of him? 'Tis not in
A wolf to change his nature.

L. Lacy. I long since
Confessed my error.

Sir John. Look up; I forgive you,
And seal your pardons thus.

[*Raises and embraces* Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY.

L. Frug. I am too full
Of joy, to speak it.
Anne. I am another creature ;
Not what I was.
Mary. I vow to shew myself,
When I am married, an humble wife,
Not a commanding mistress.
Plenty. On those terms,
I gladly thus embrace you. [*To* MARY.
Sir Maur. Welcome to
My bosom : as the one half of myself,
I'll love and cherish you. [*To* ANNE.
Gold. jun. Mercy !
Trade. jun. and the rest. Good sir, mercy !
Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall find me,
As far as lawful pity can give way to't,
Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss
Unto myself.—My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon ?
What a golden dream you have had, in the possession
Of my estate !—but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature !
Revengeful avaricious atheist,[1]
Transcending all example !—but I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—
What wilt thou do ? turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee ?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
Of sorrow for thee ? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase : this key, too,
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some desert,

[1] See note *ante*, p. 355.

Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.

Luke. I care not where I go: what's done, with words
Cannot be undone. [*Exit.*

L. Frug. Yet, sir, shew some mercy;
Because his cruelty to me and mine
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court. [*Exeunt*